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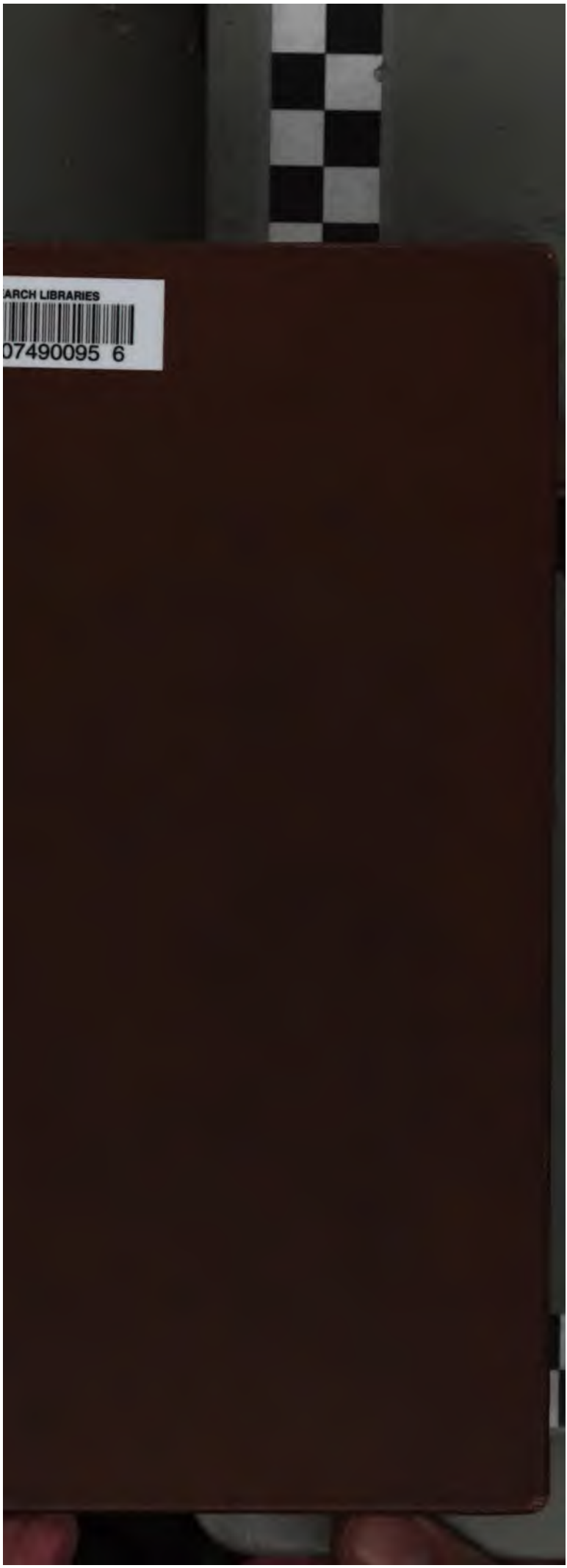
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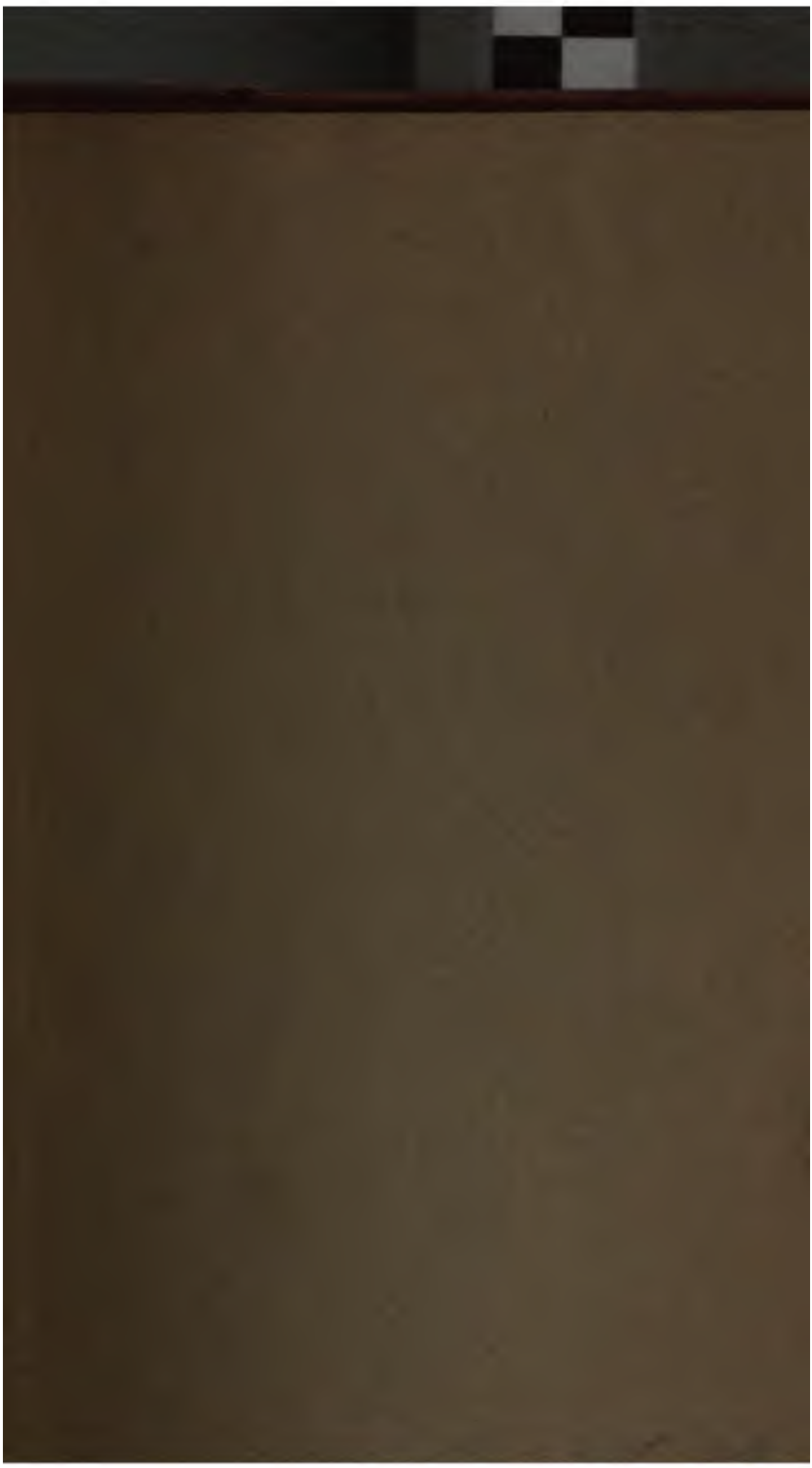
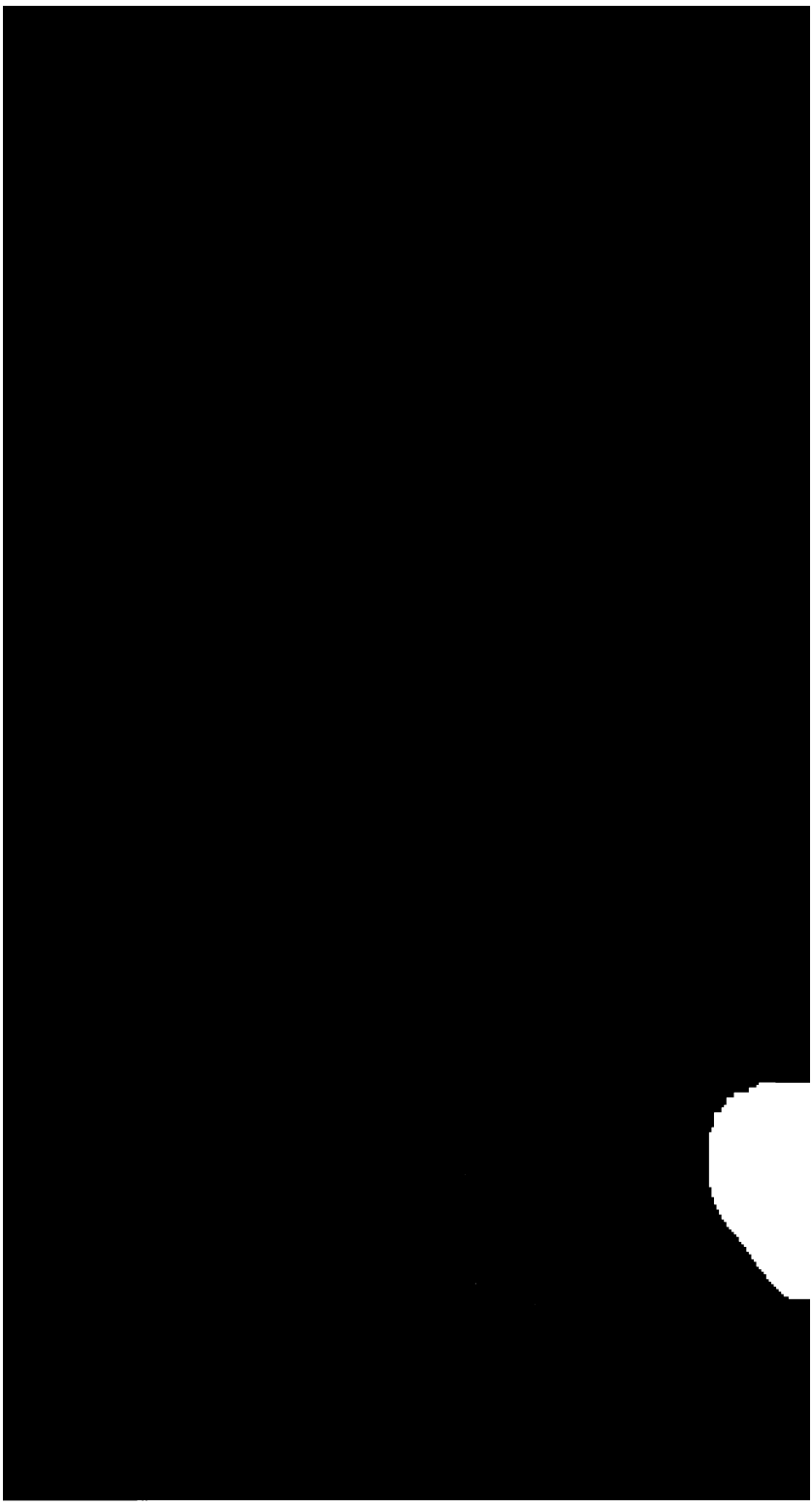
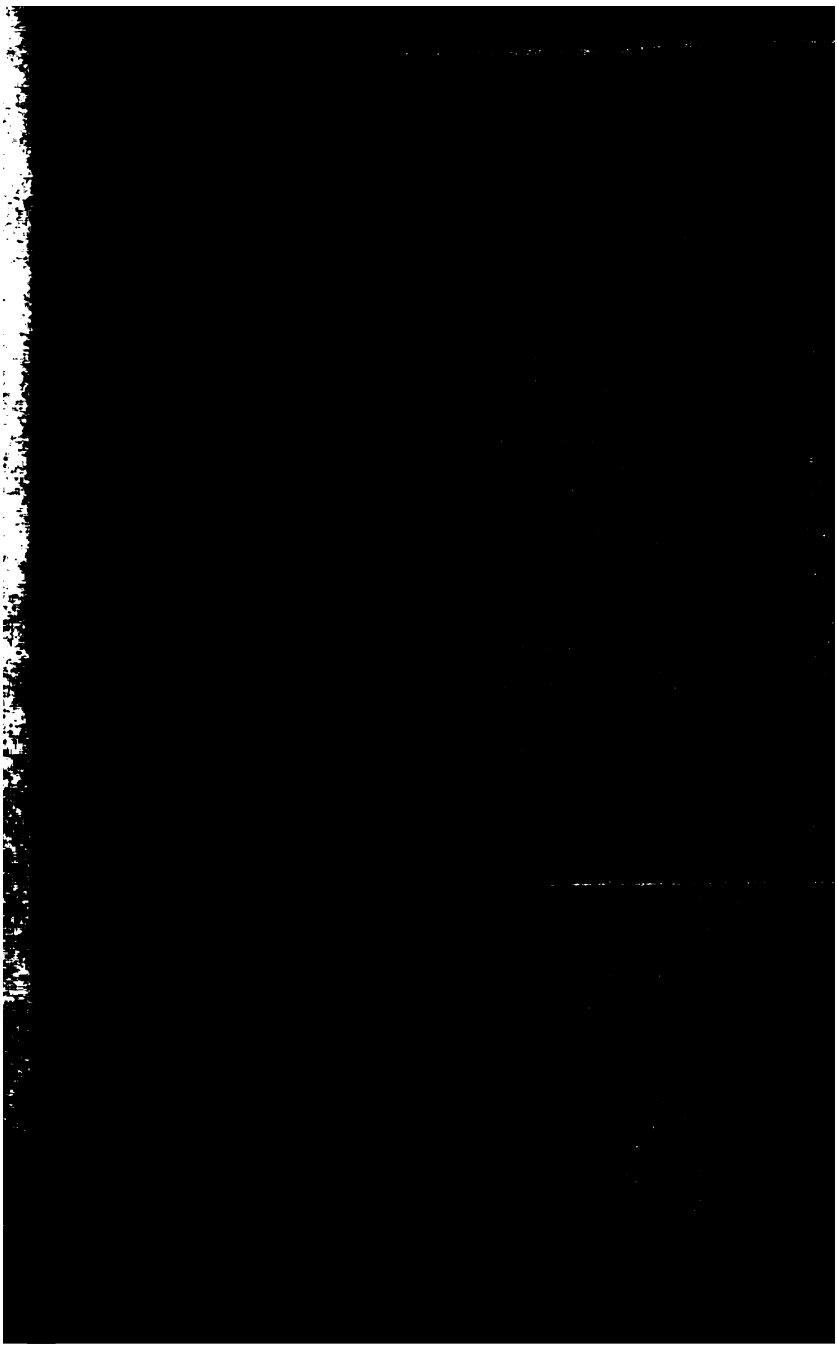
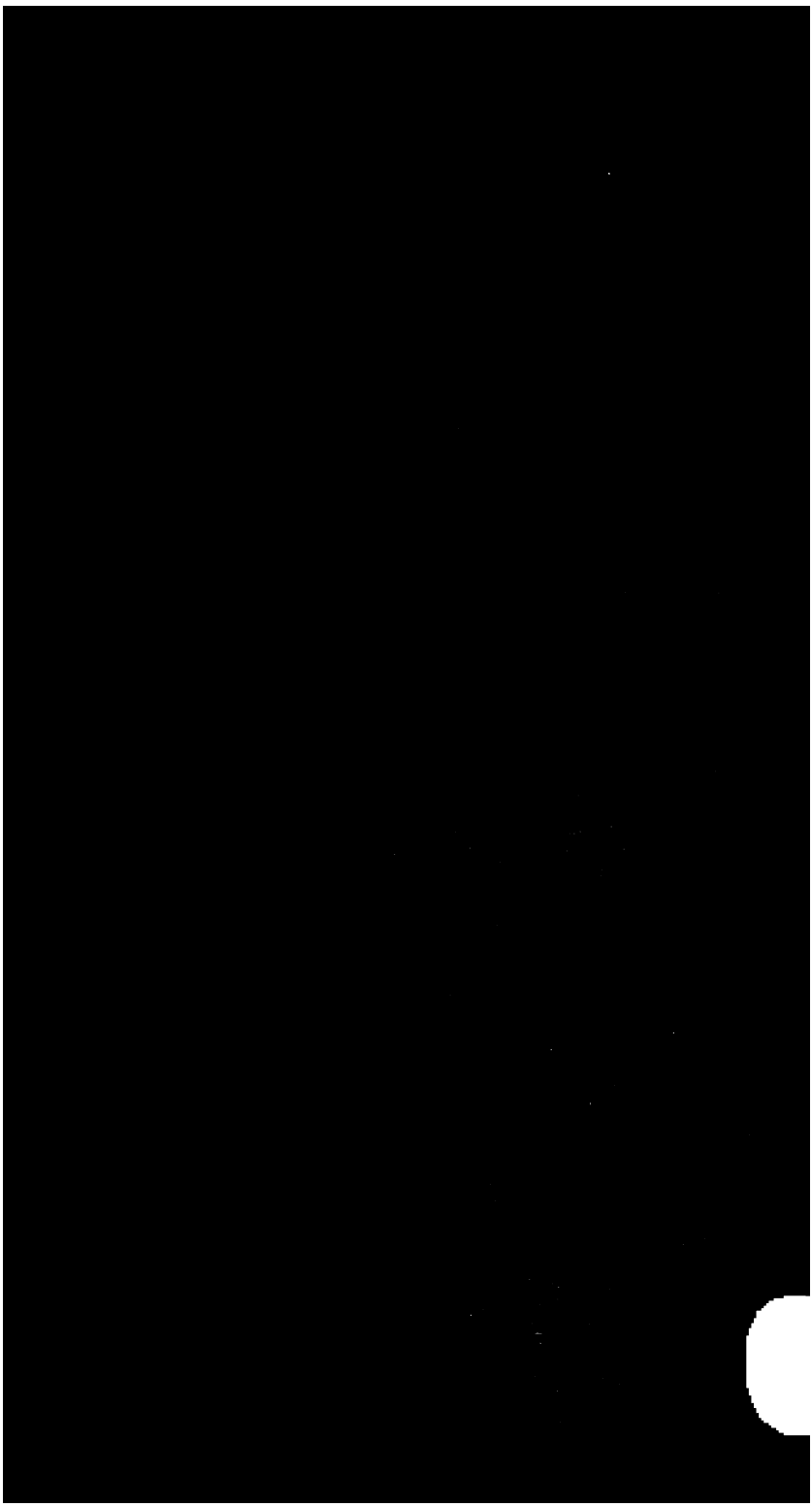
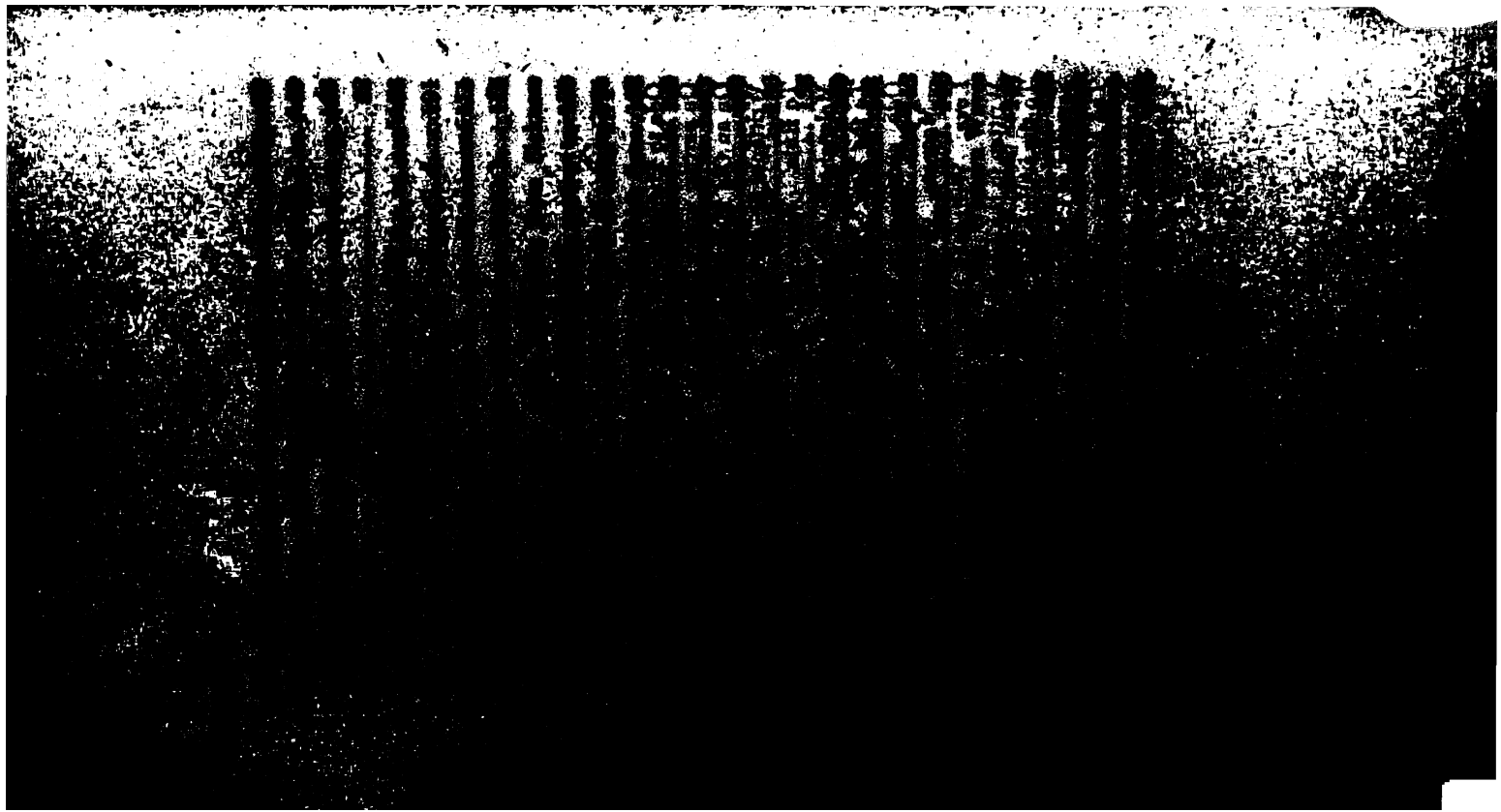
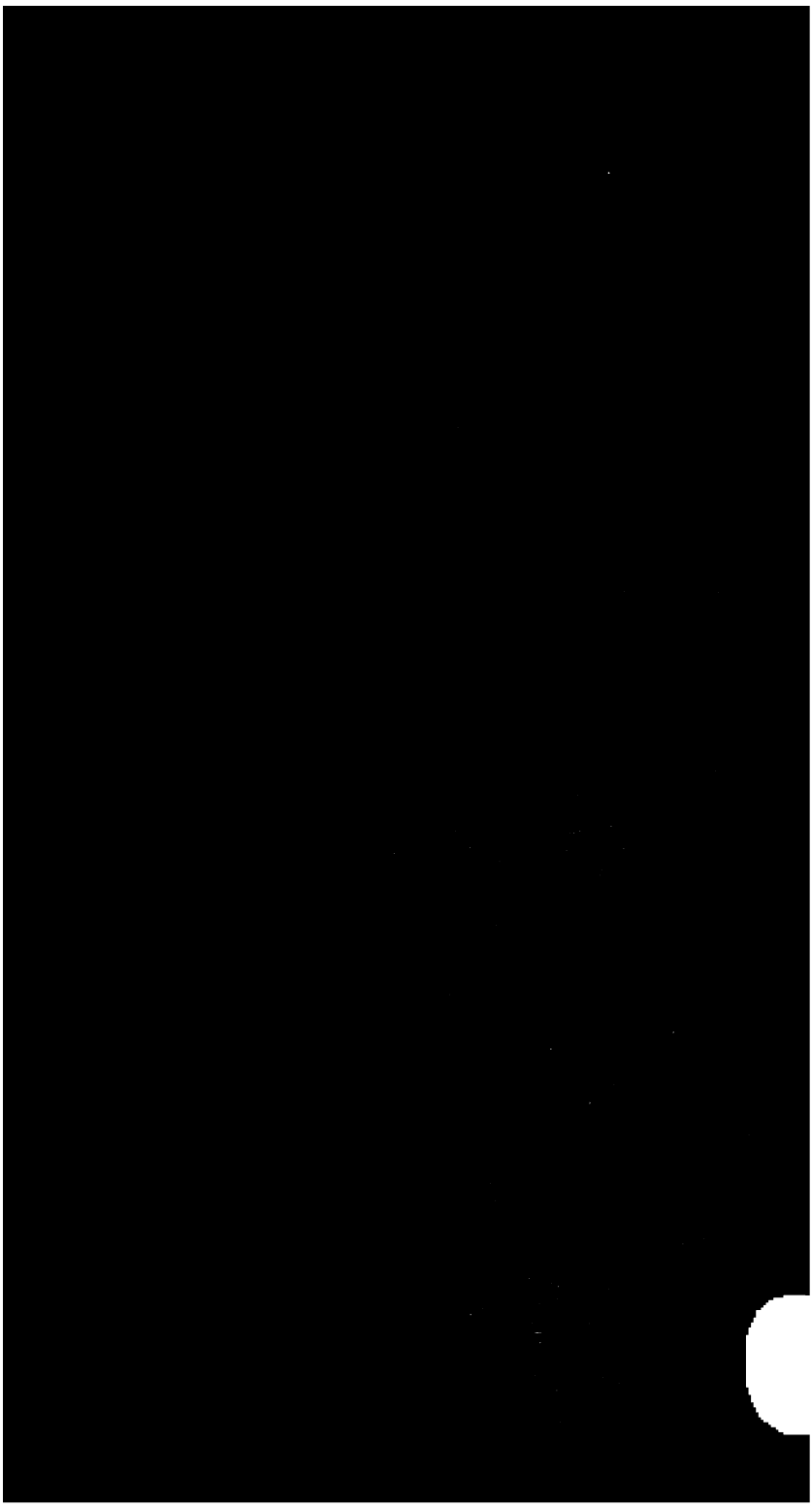


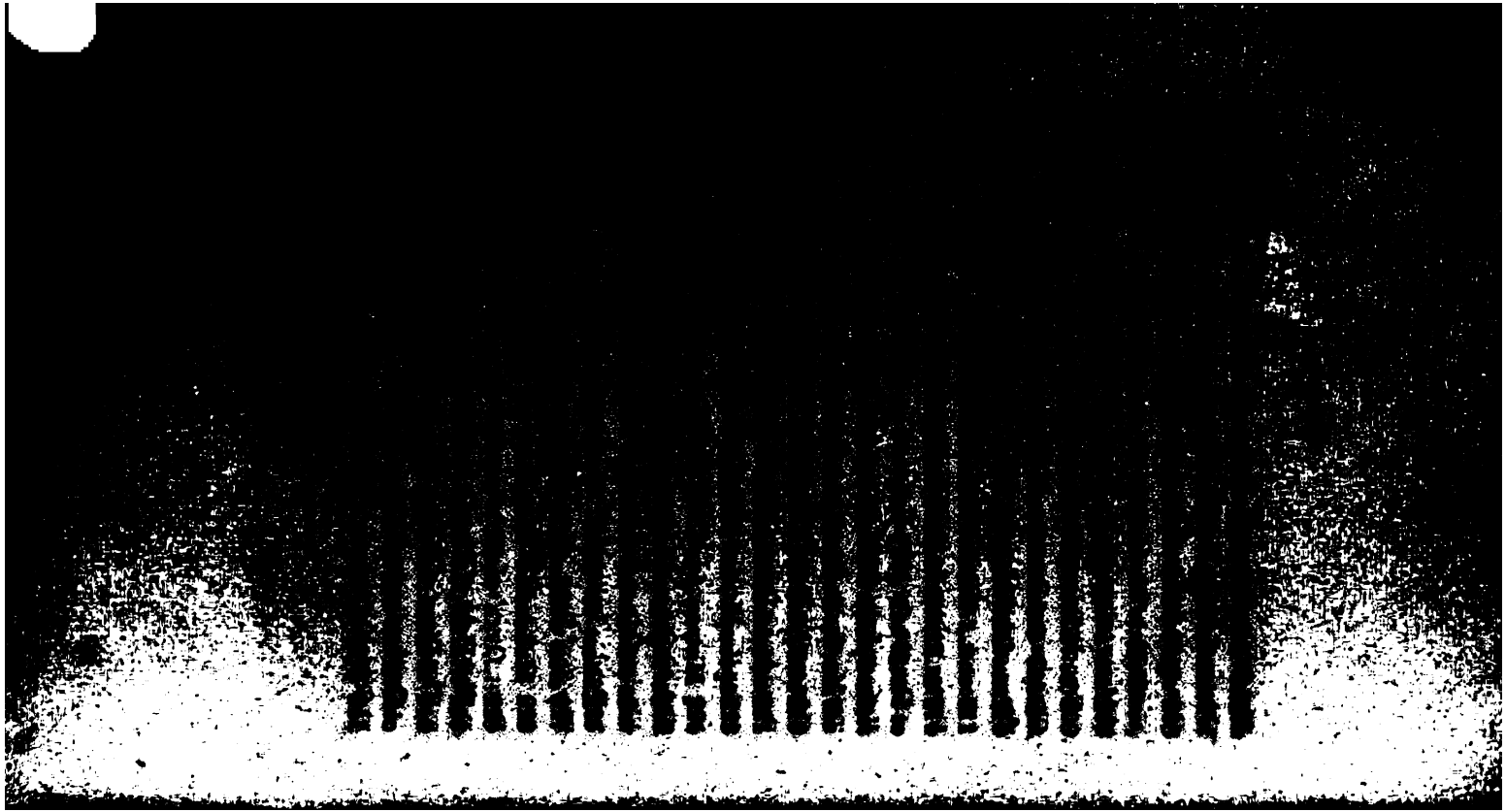


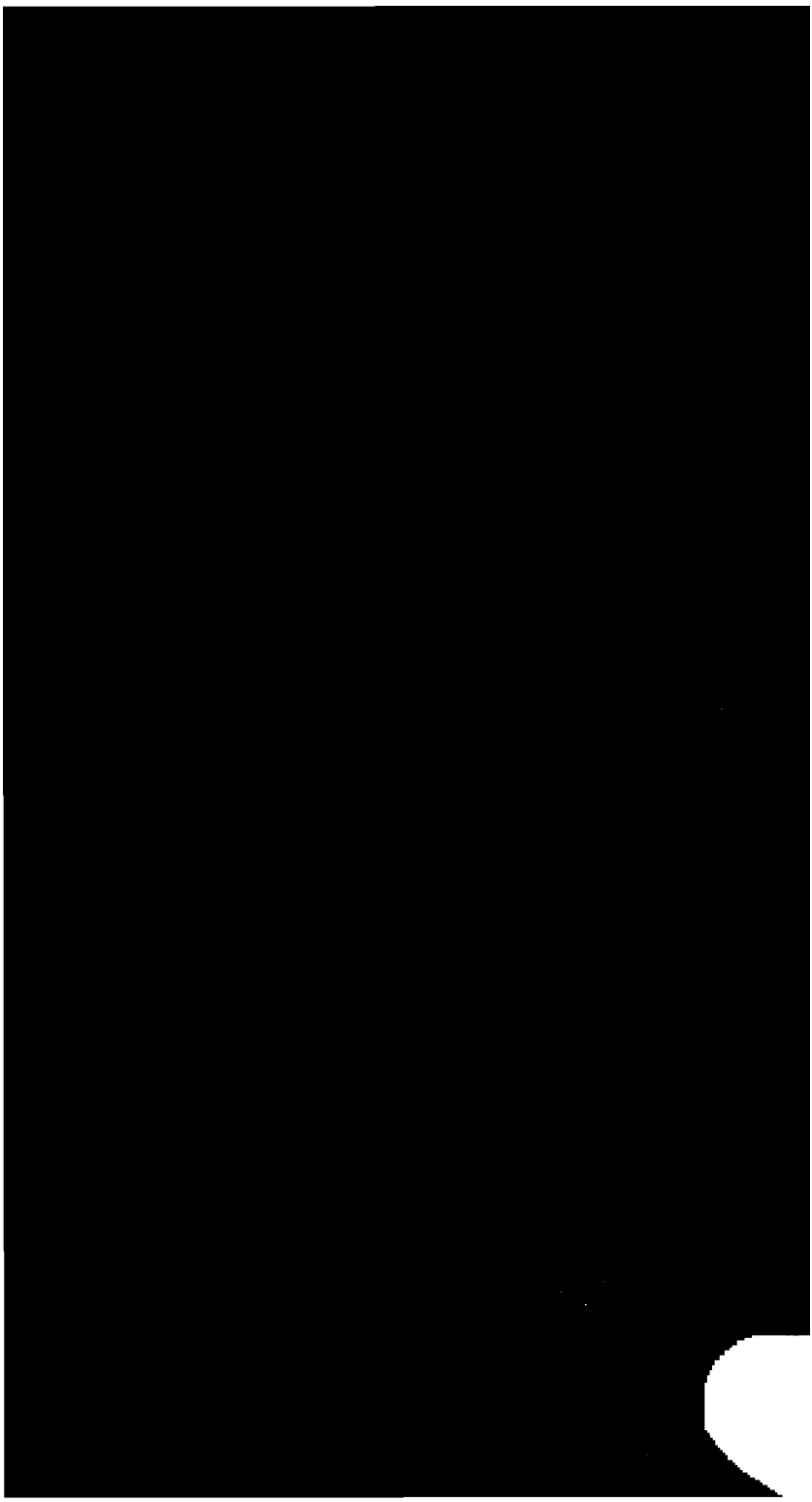


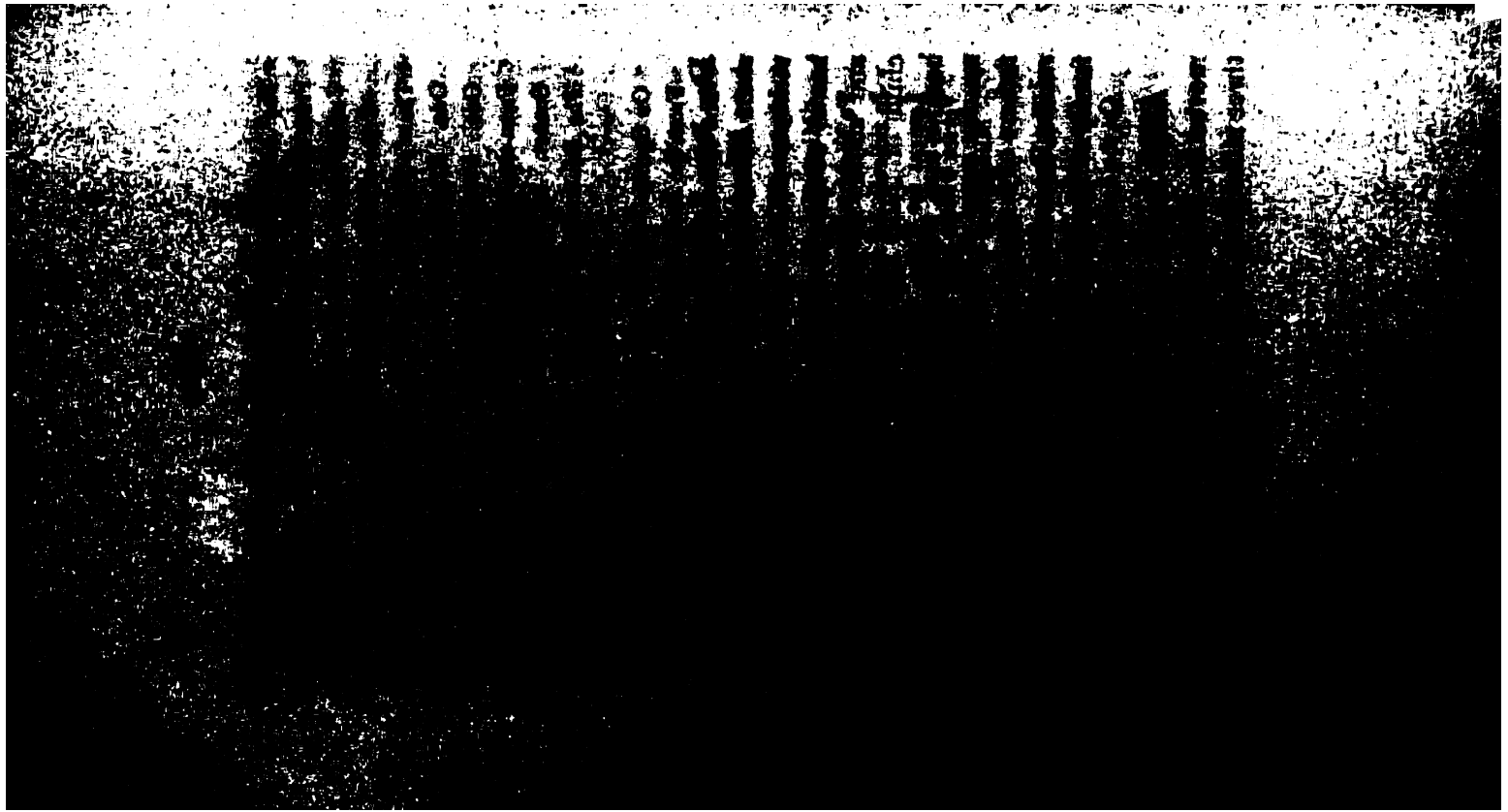


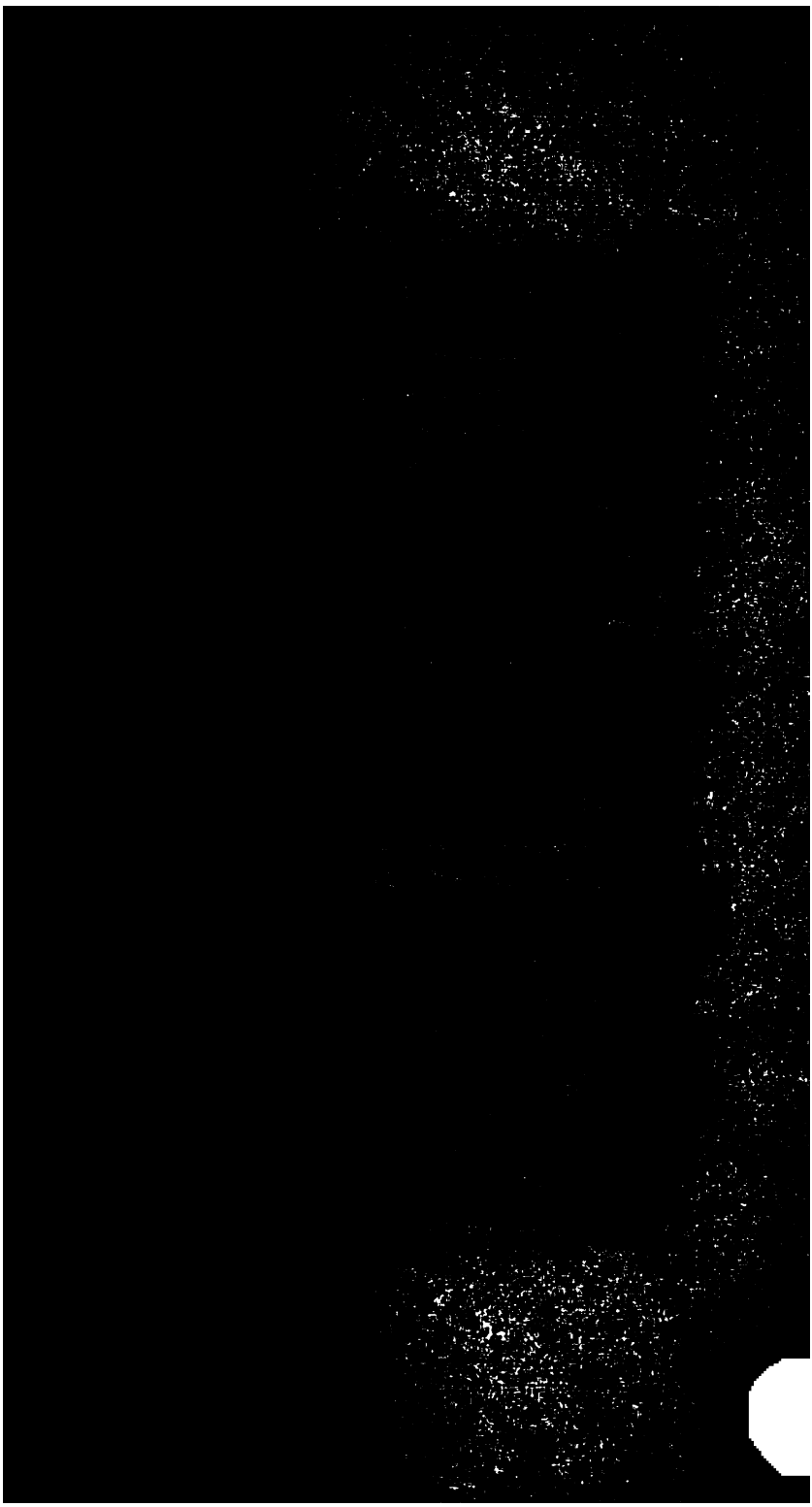


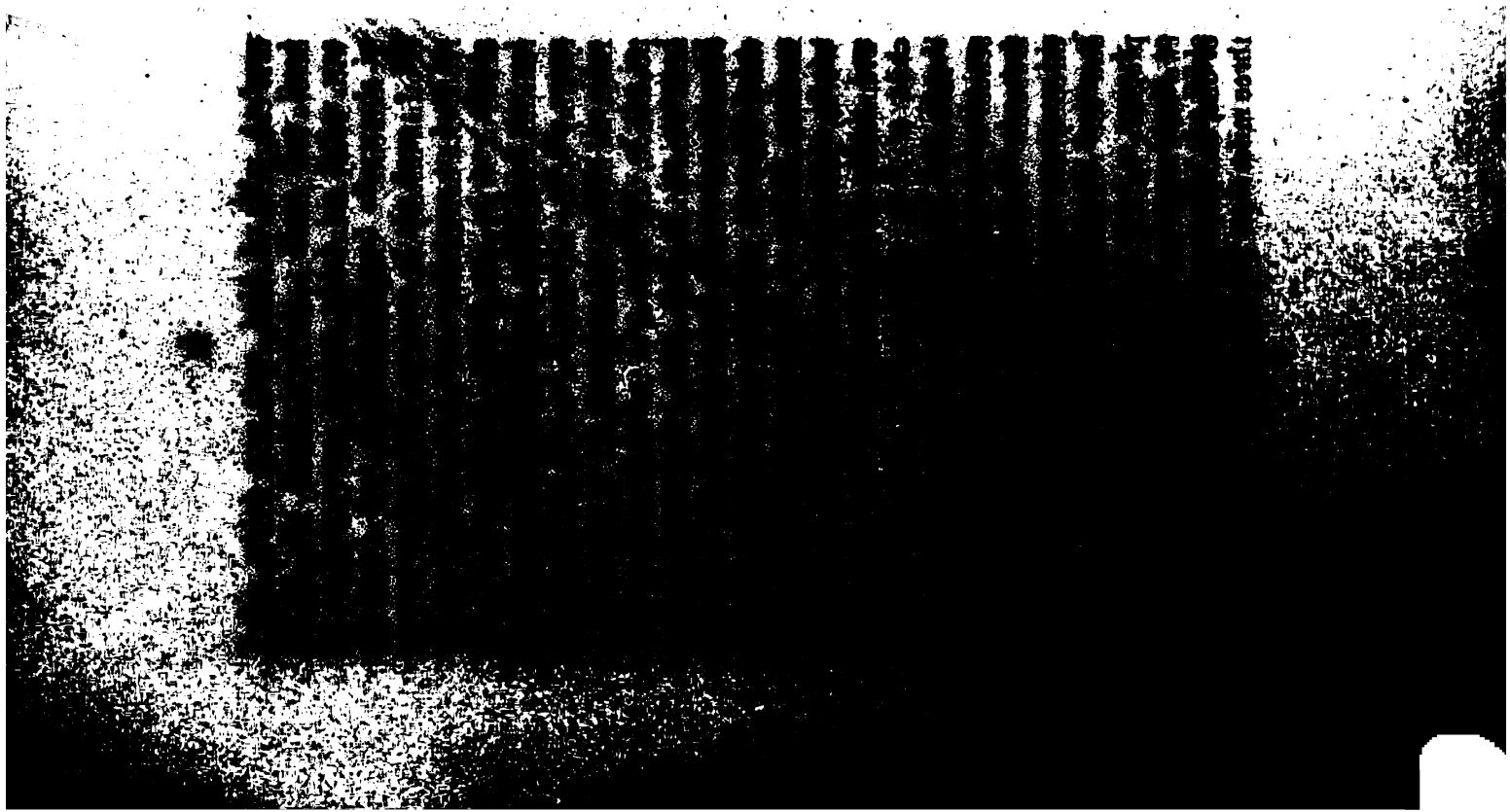


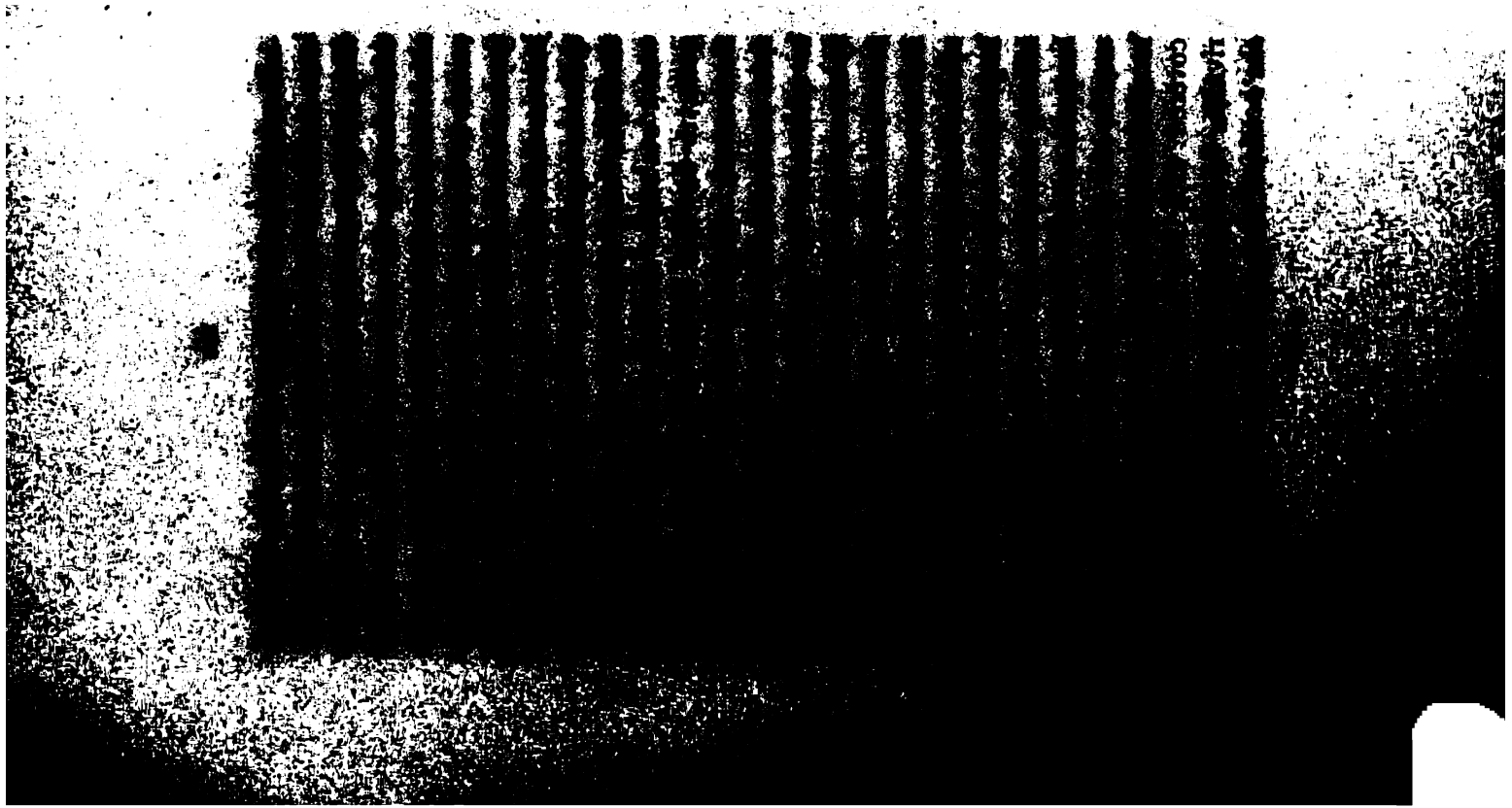


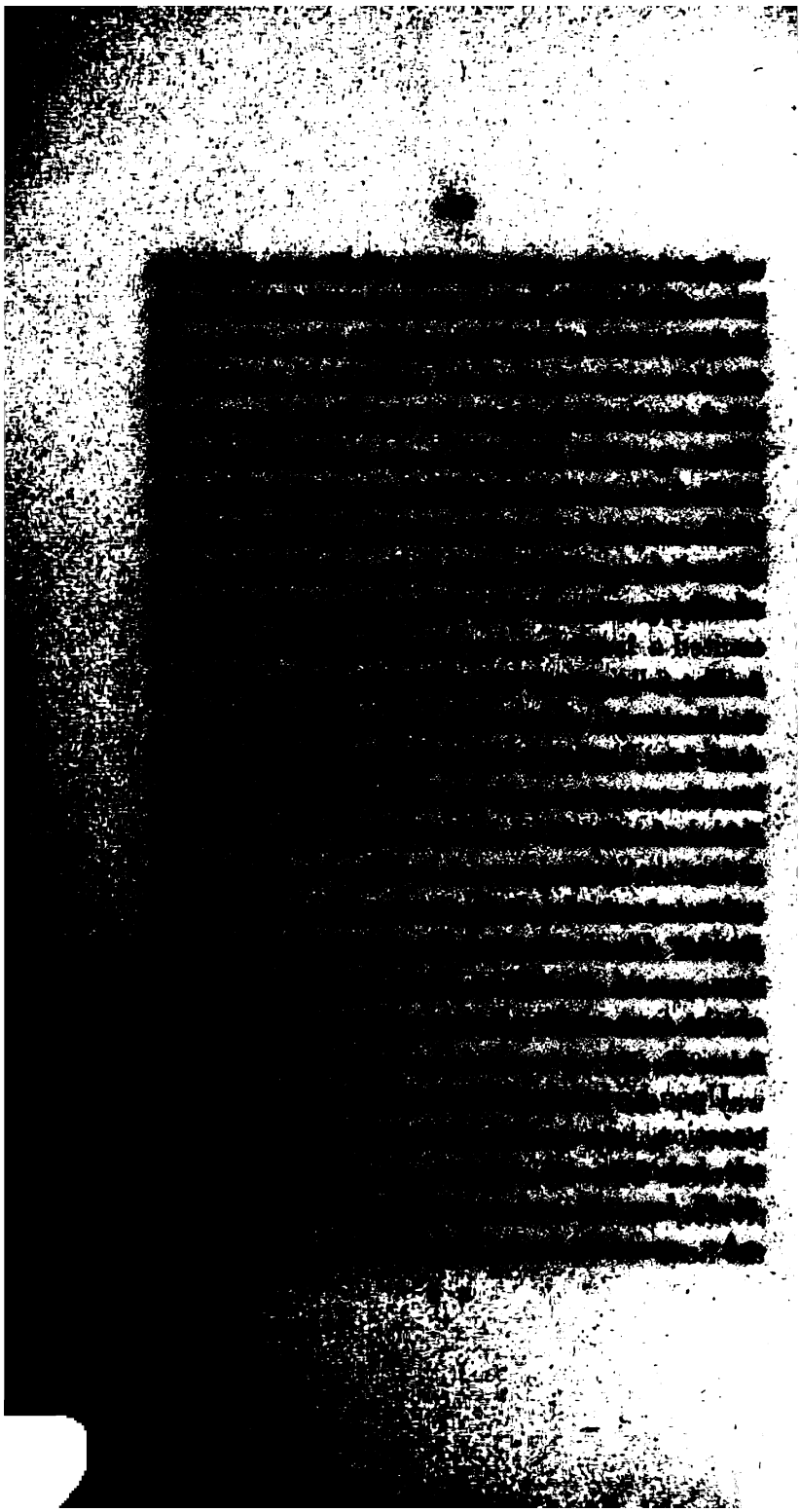


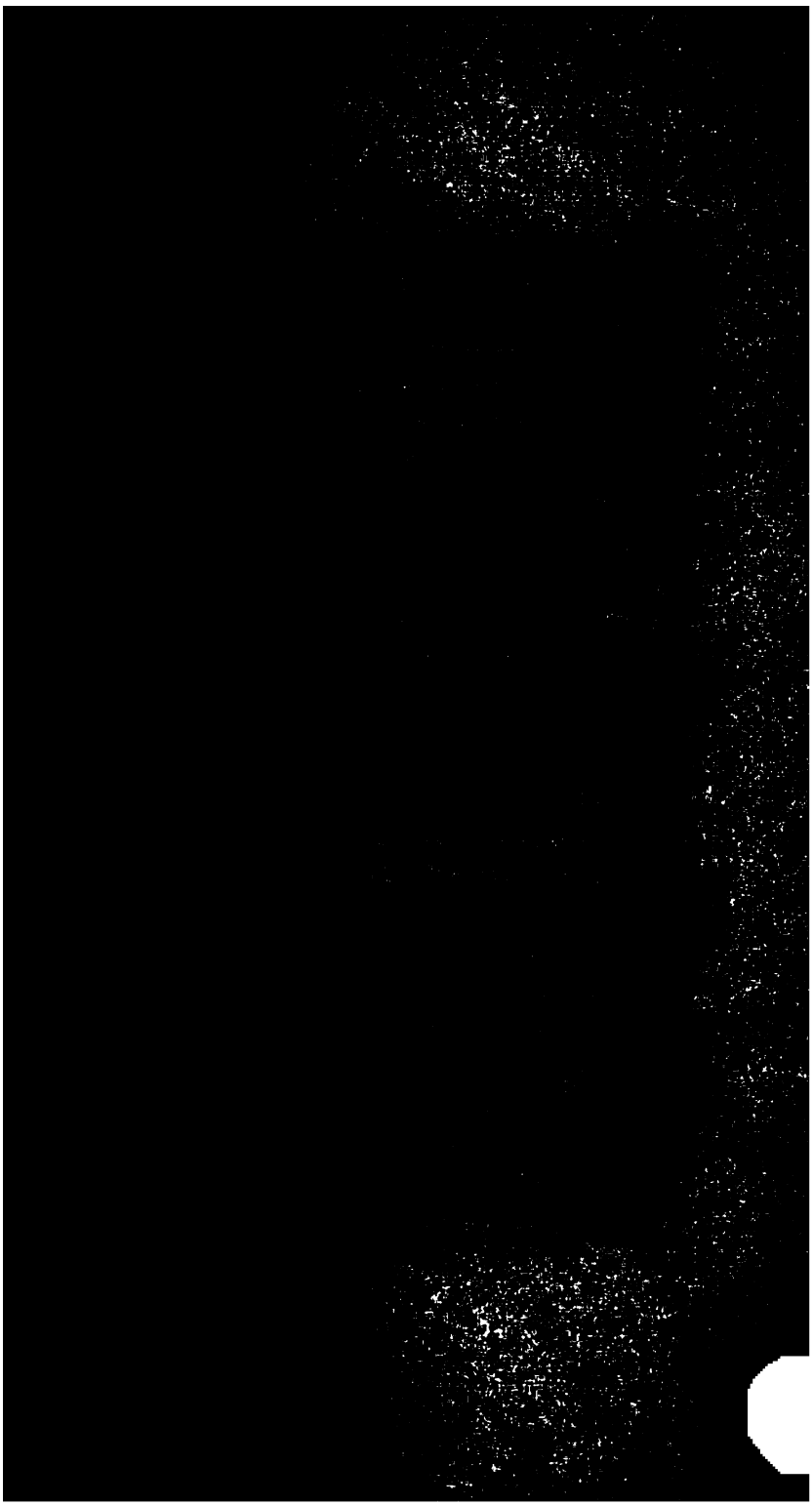


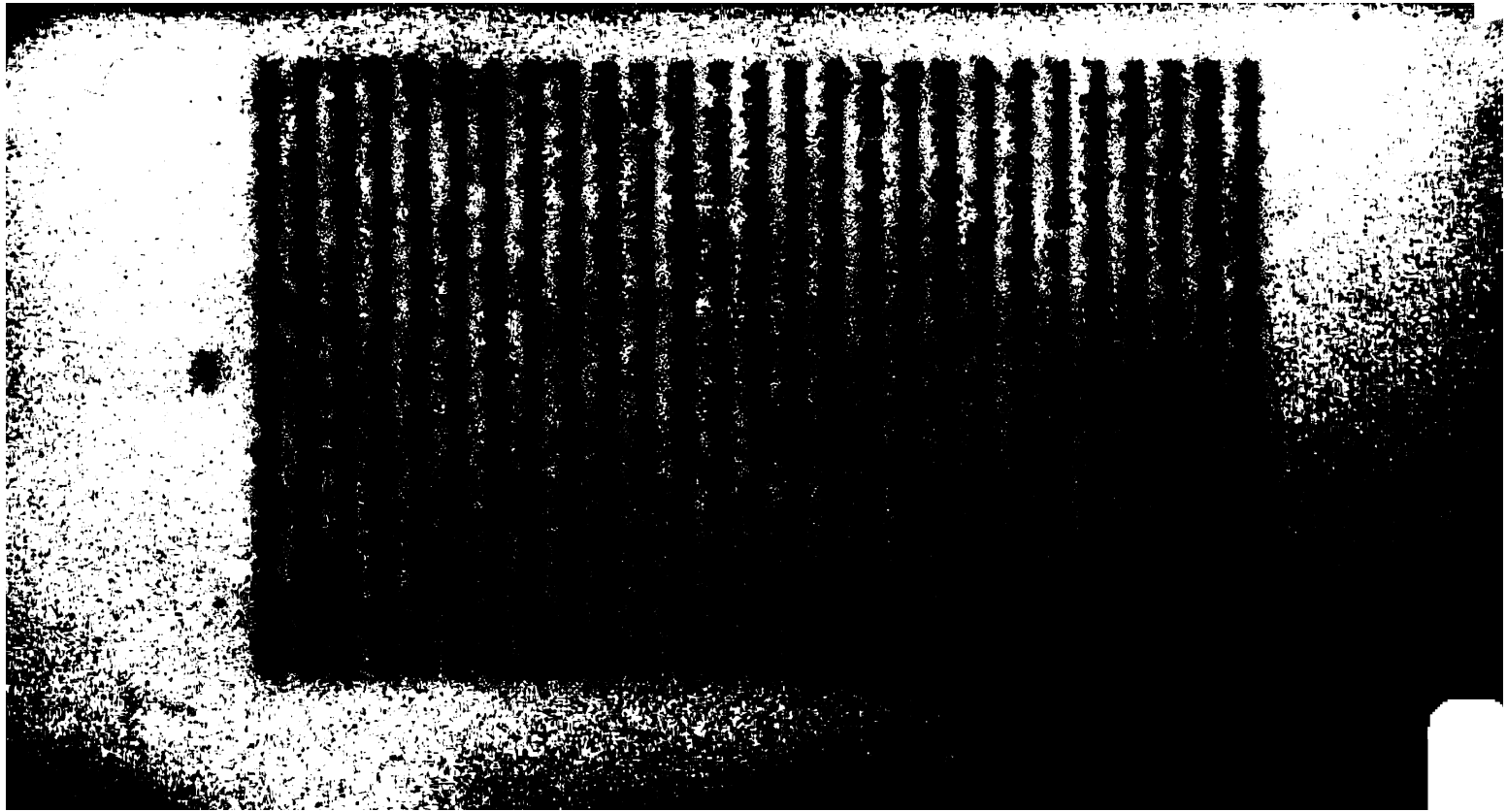


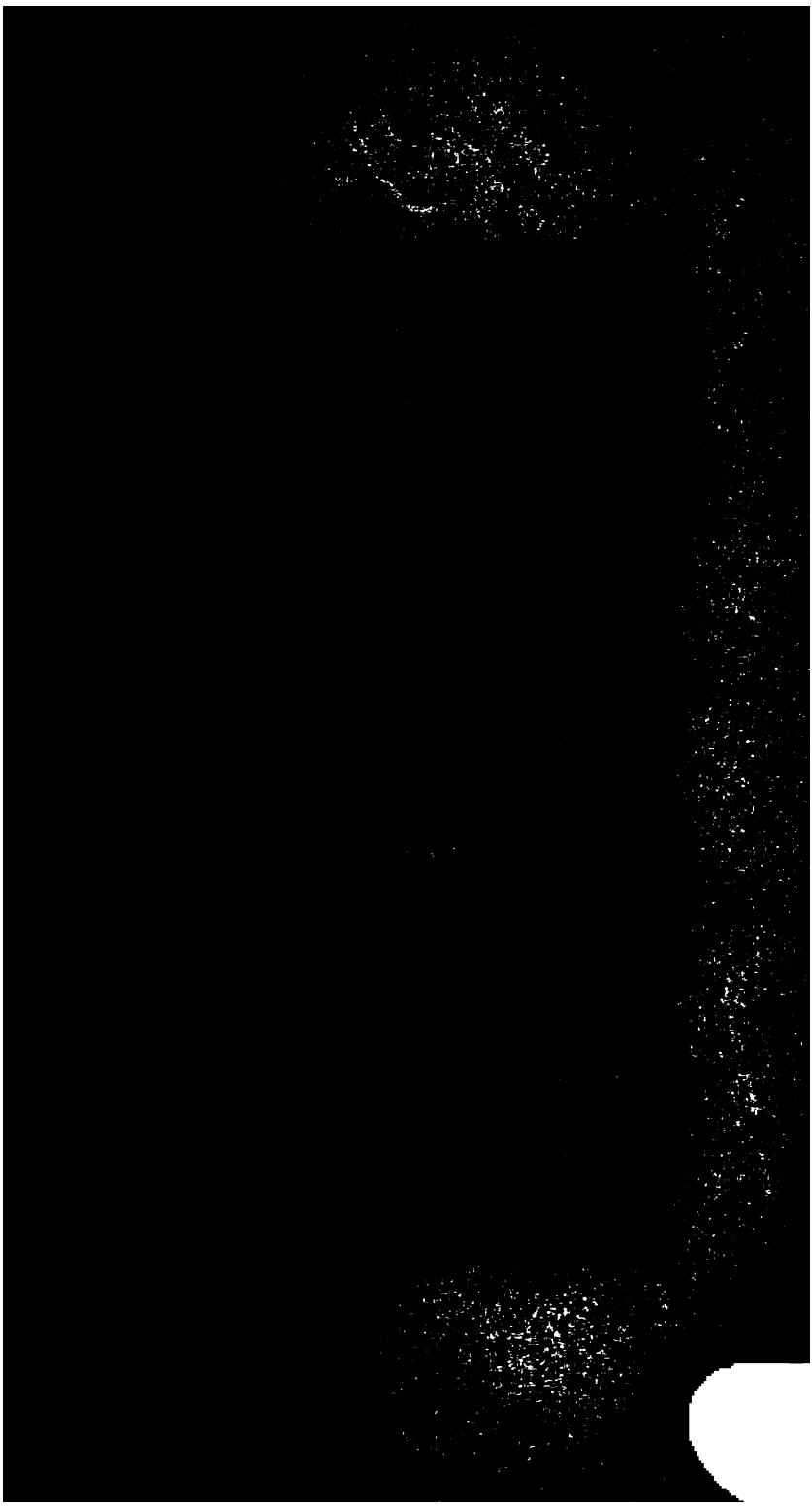


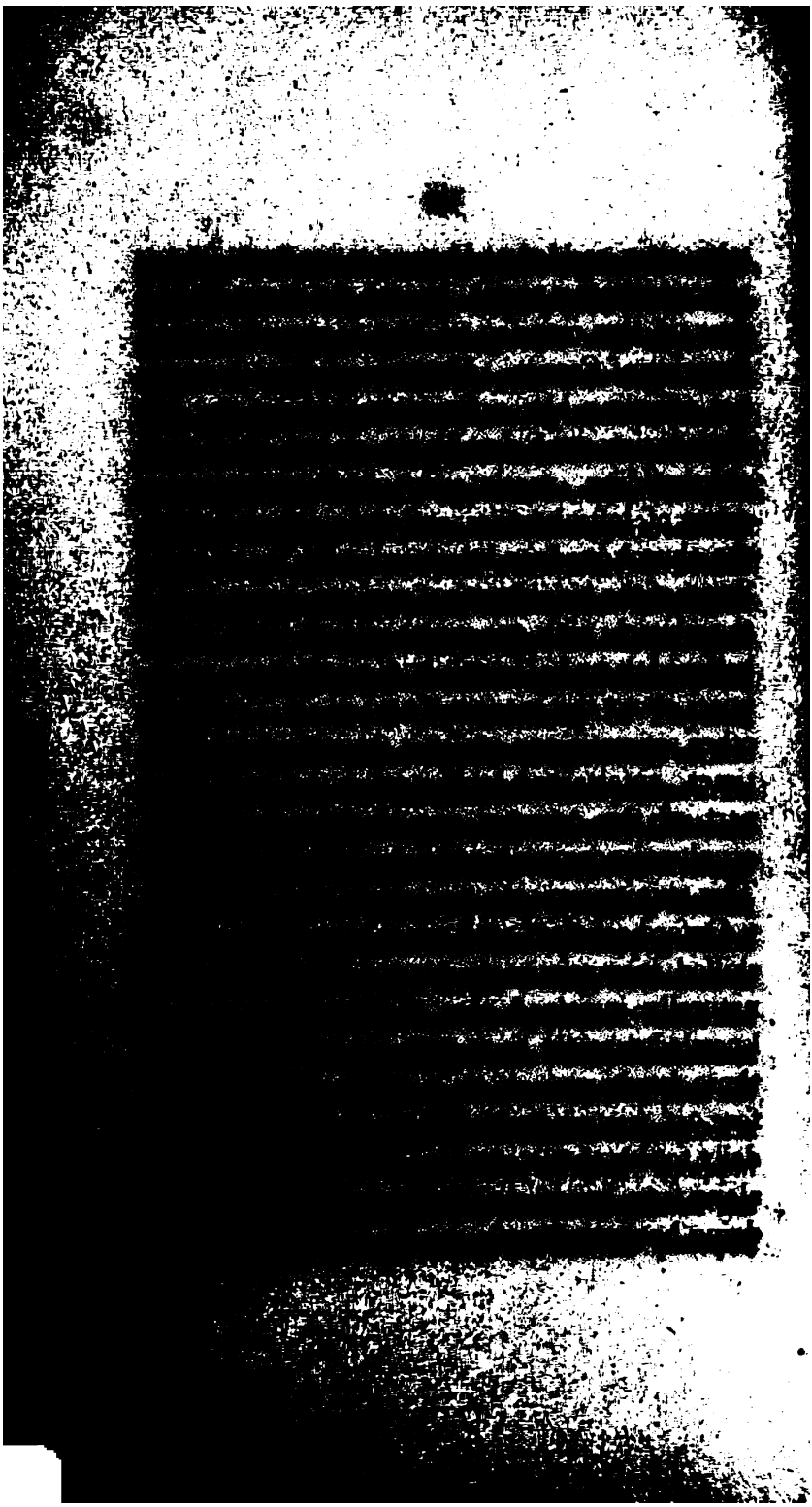


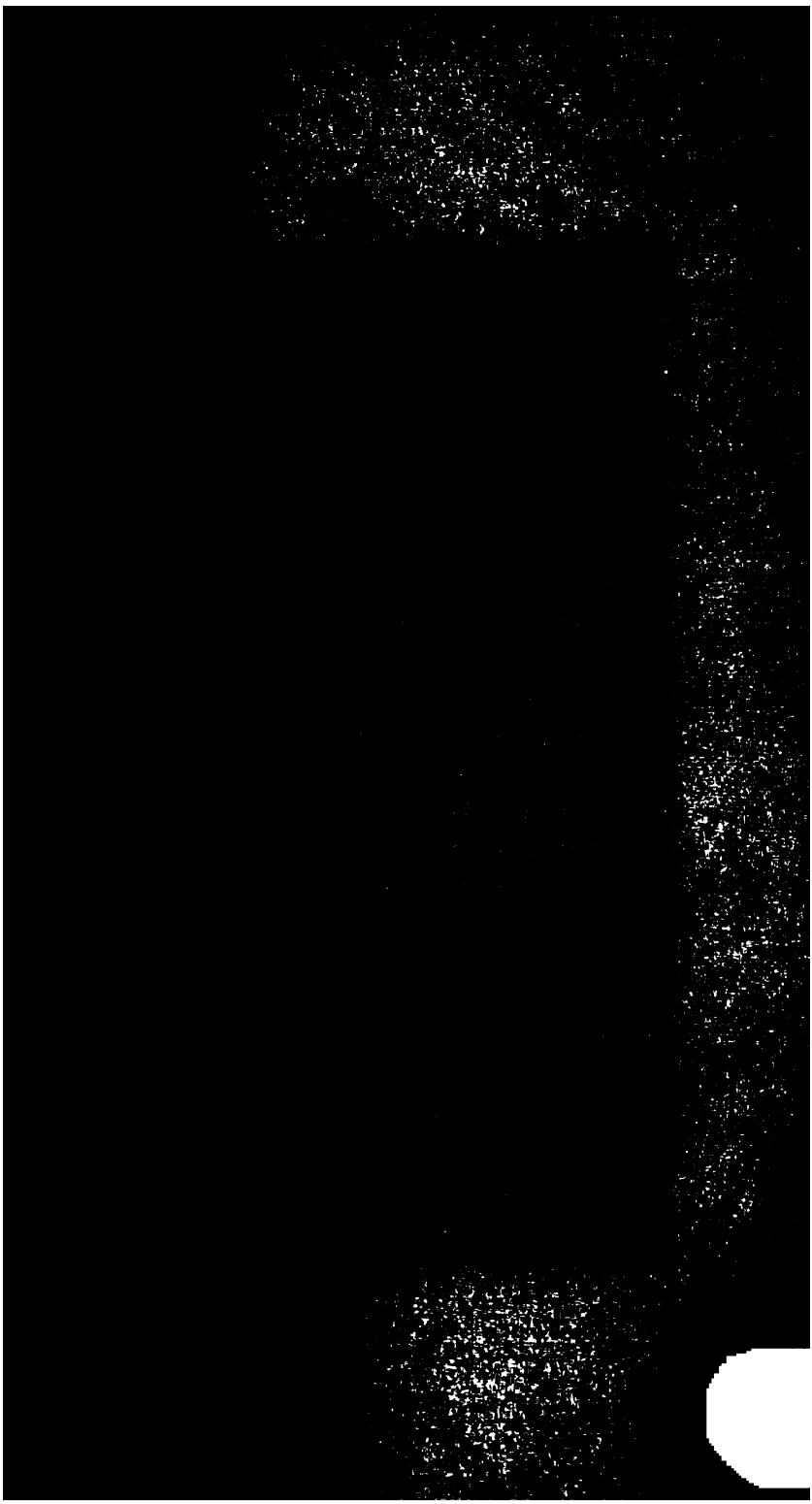


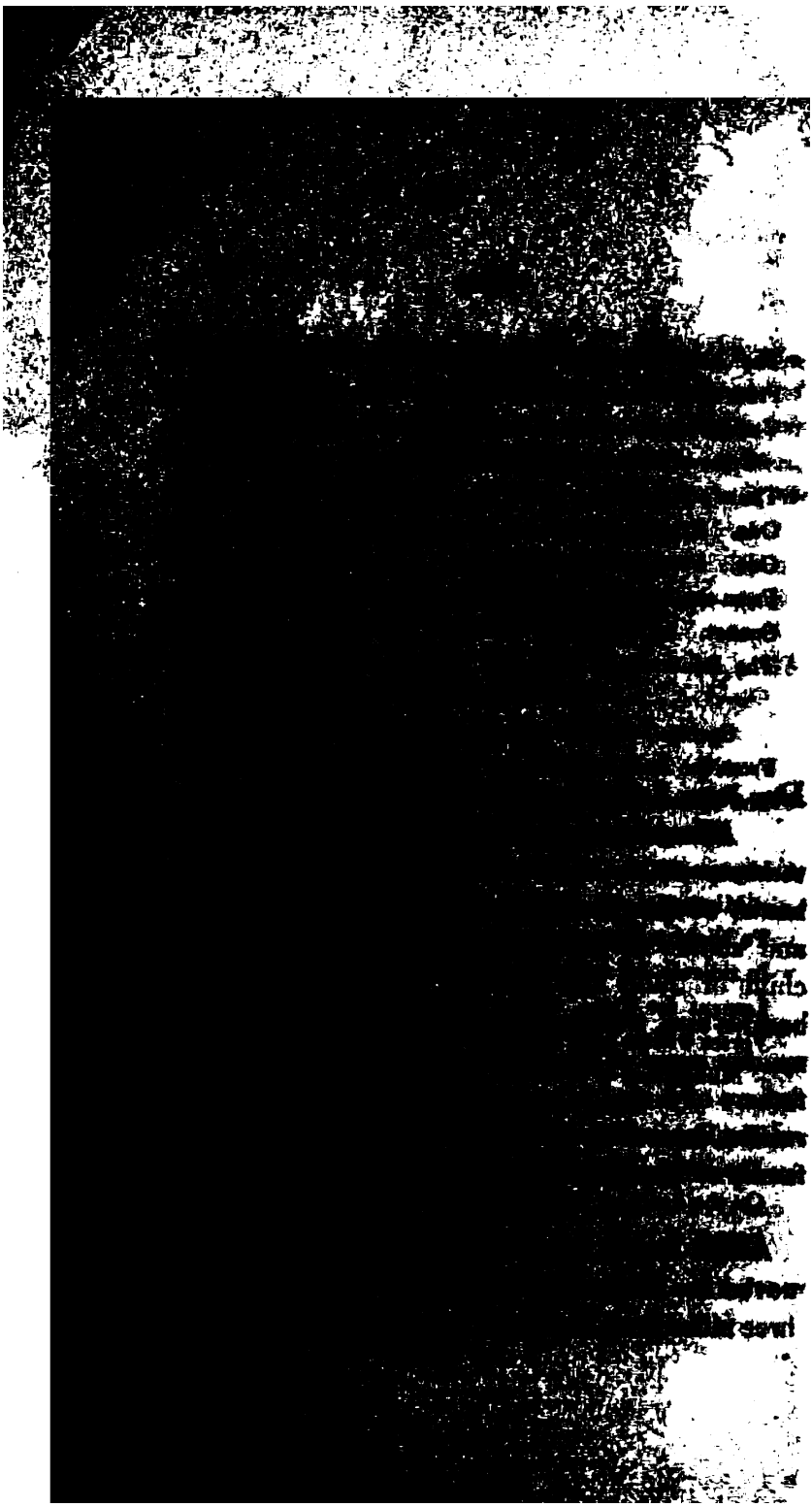


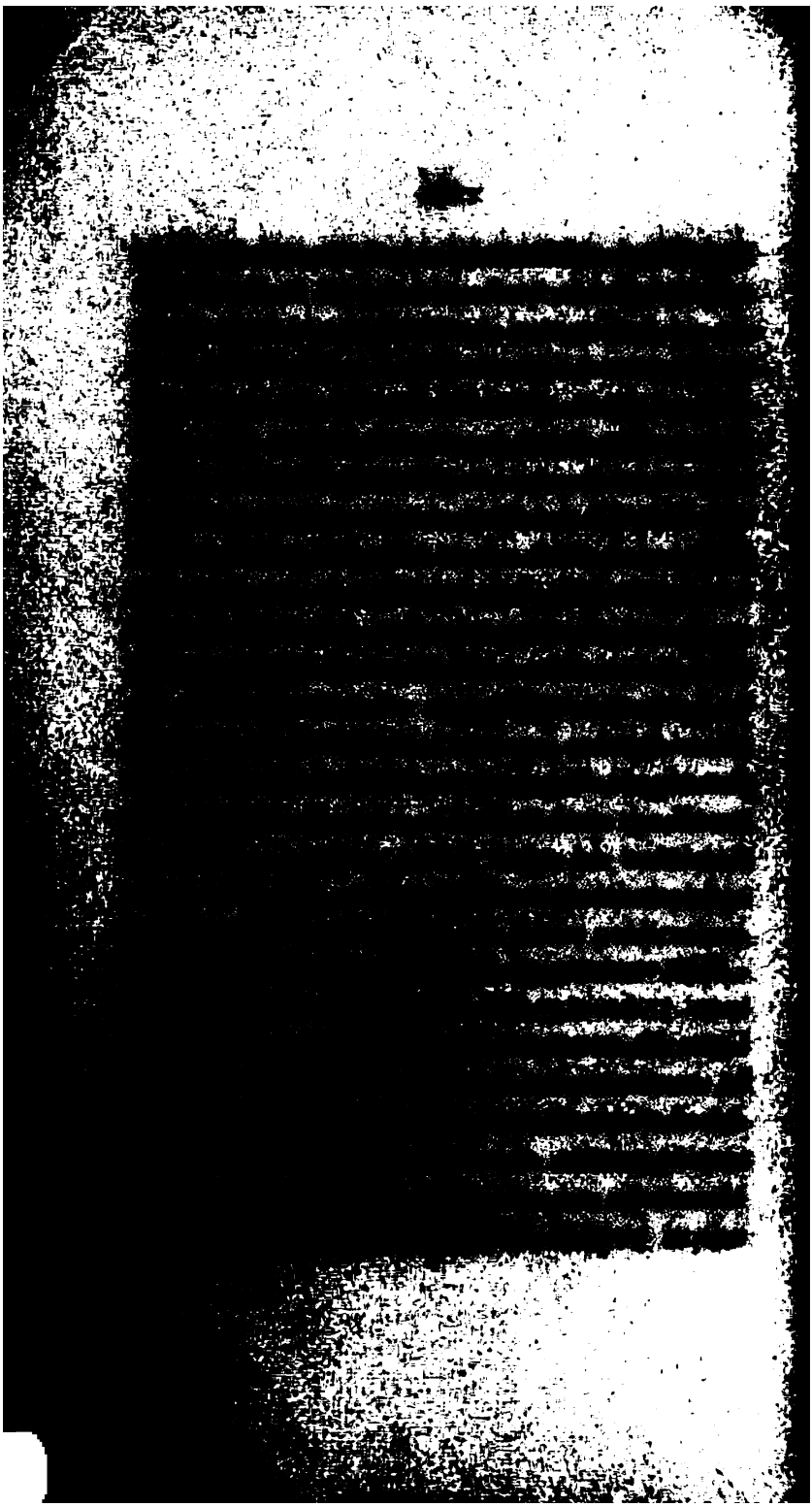


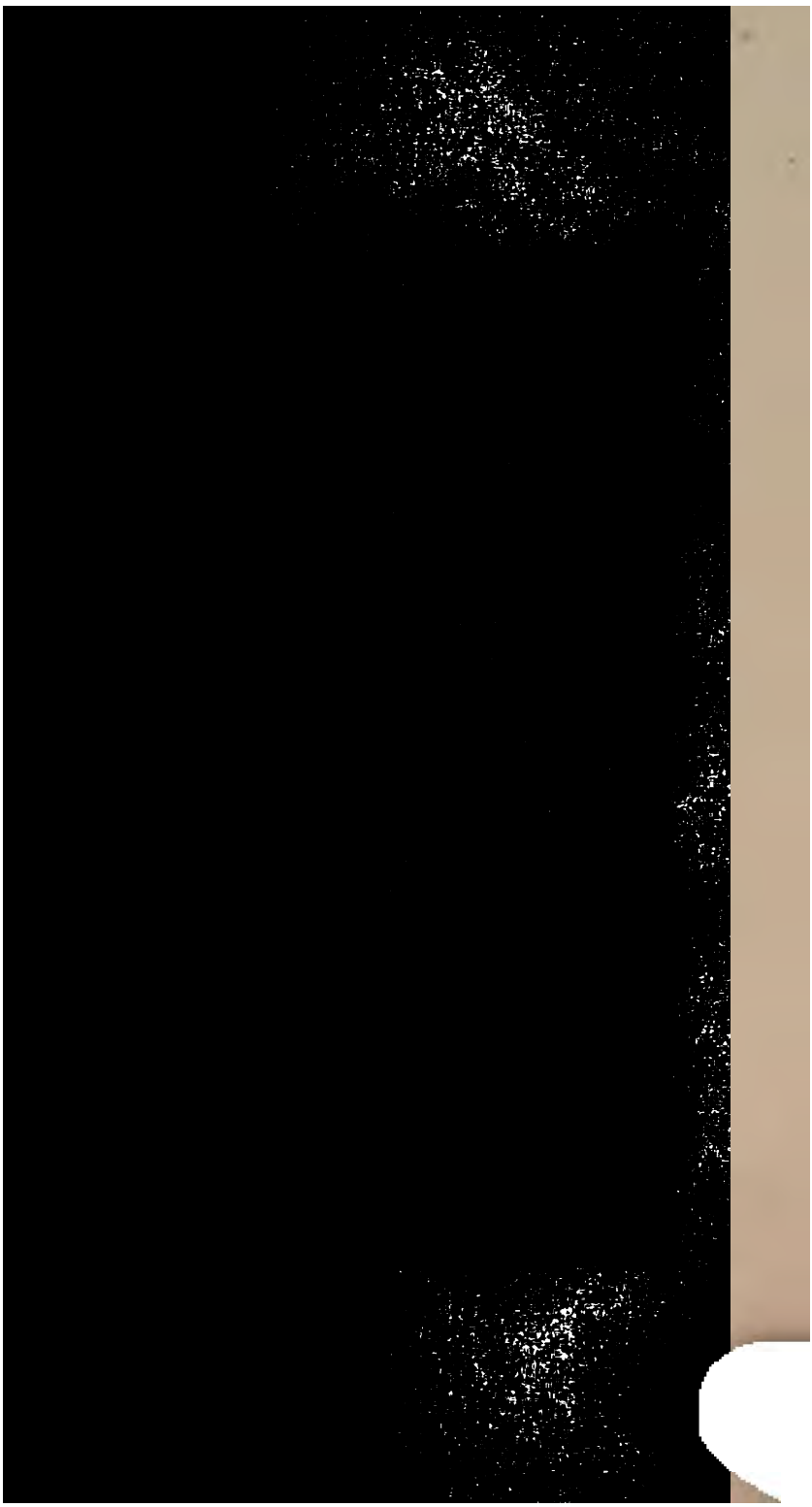


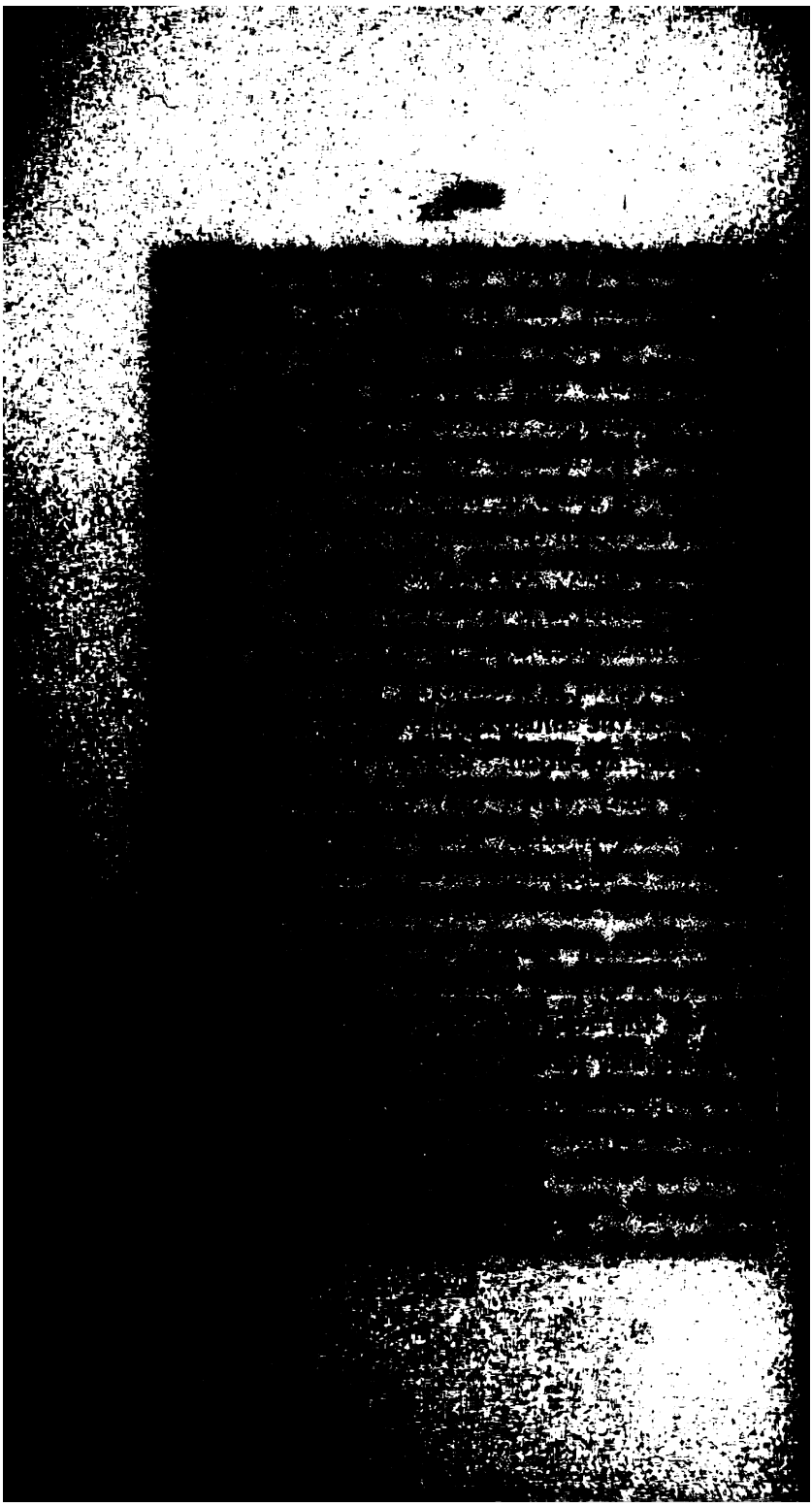


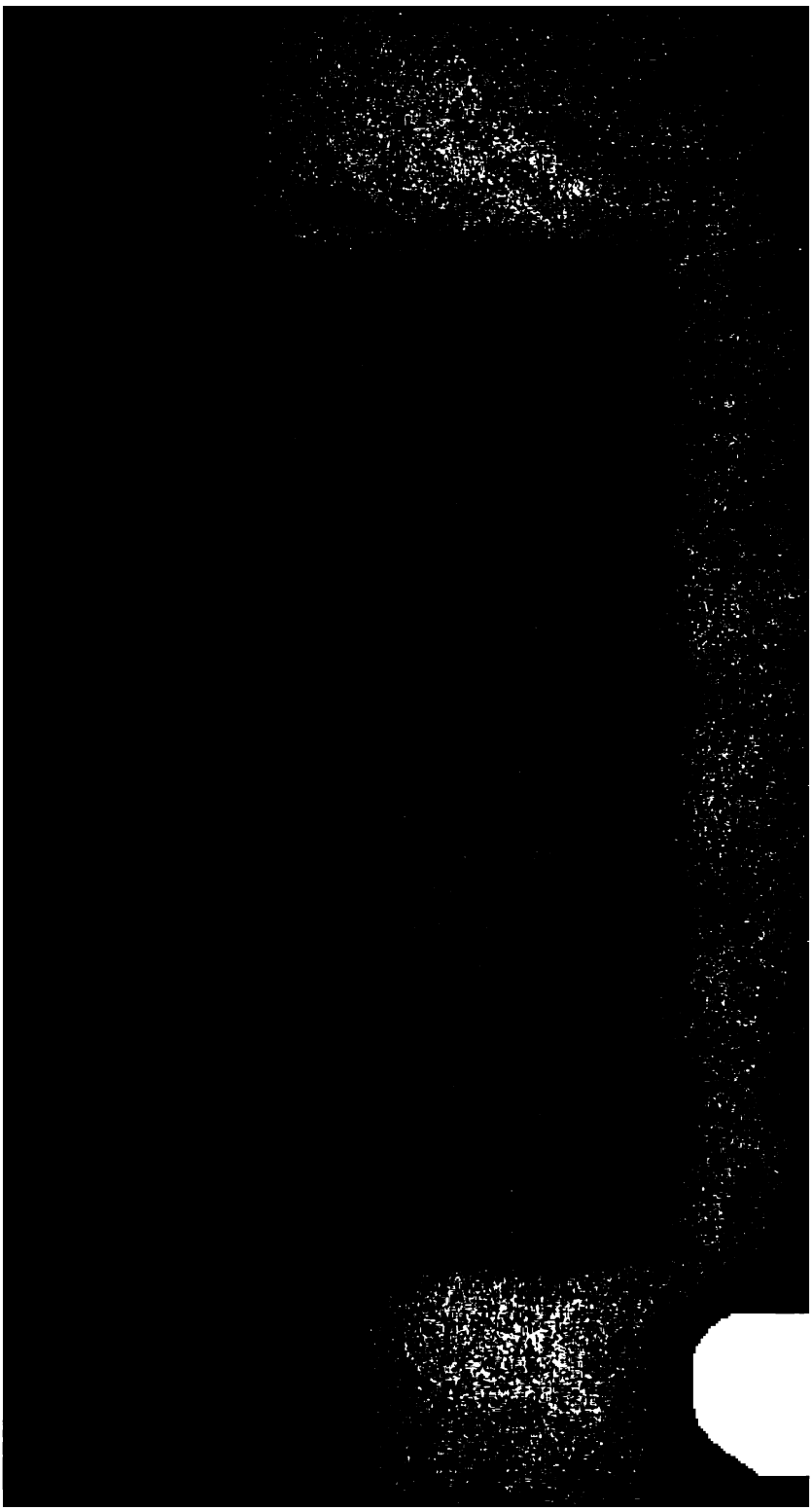


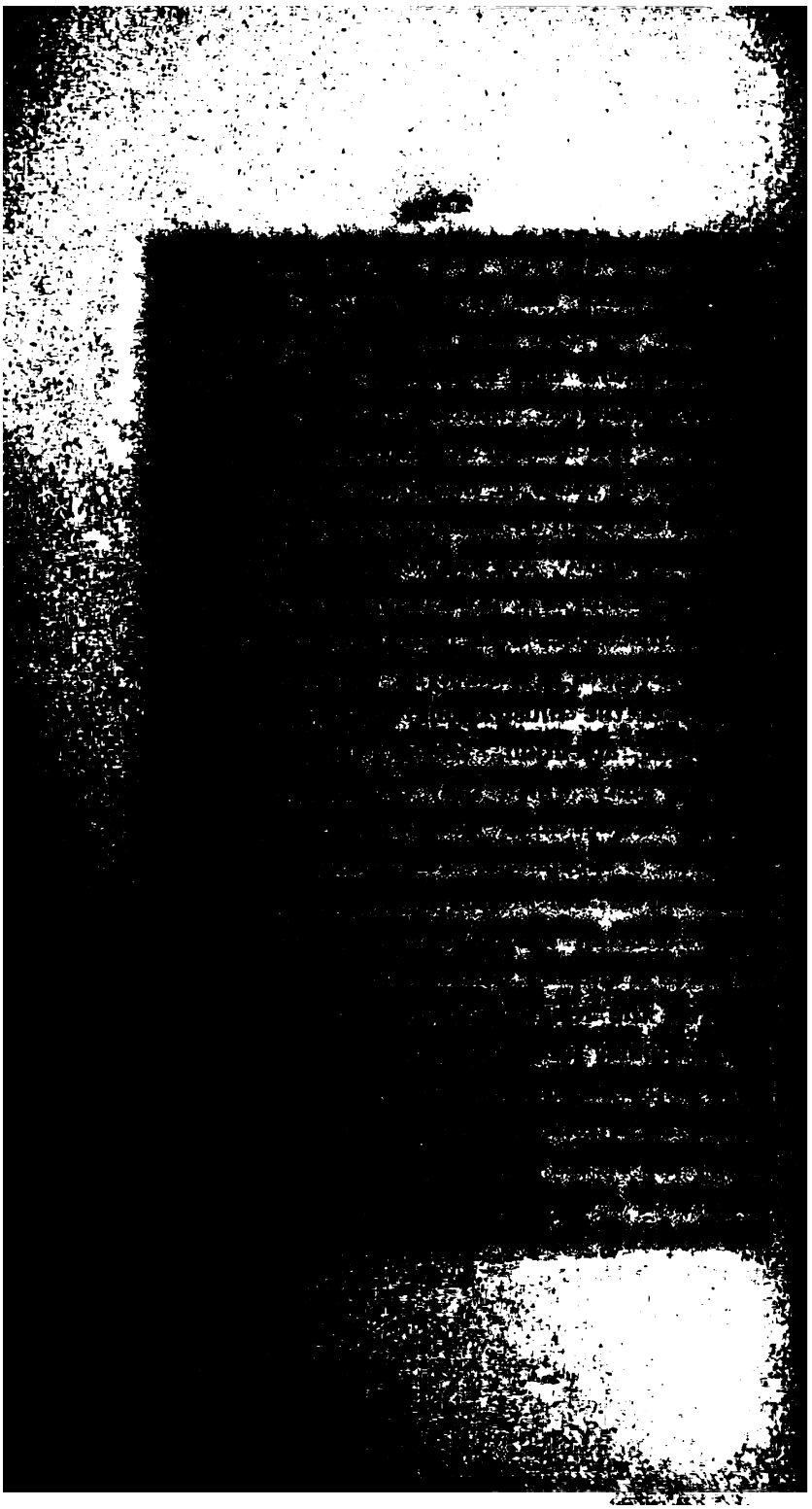


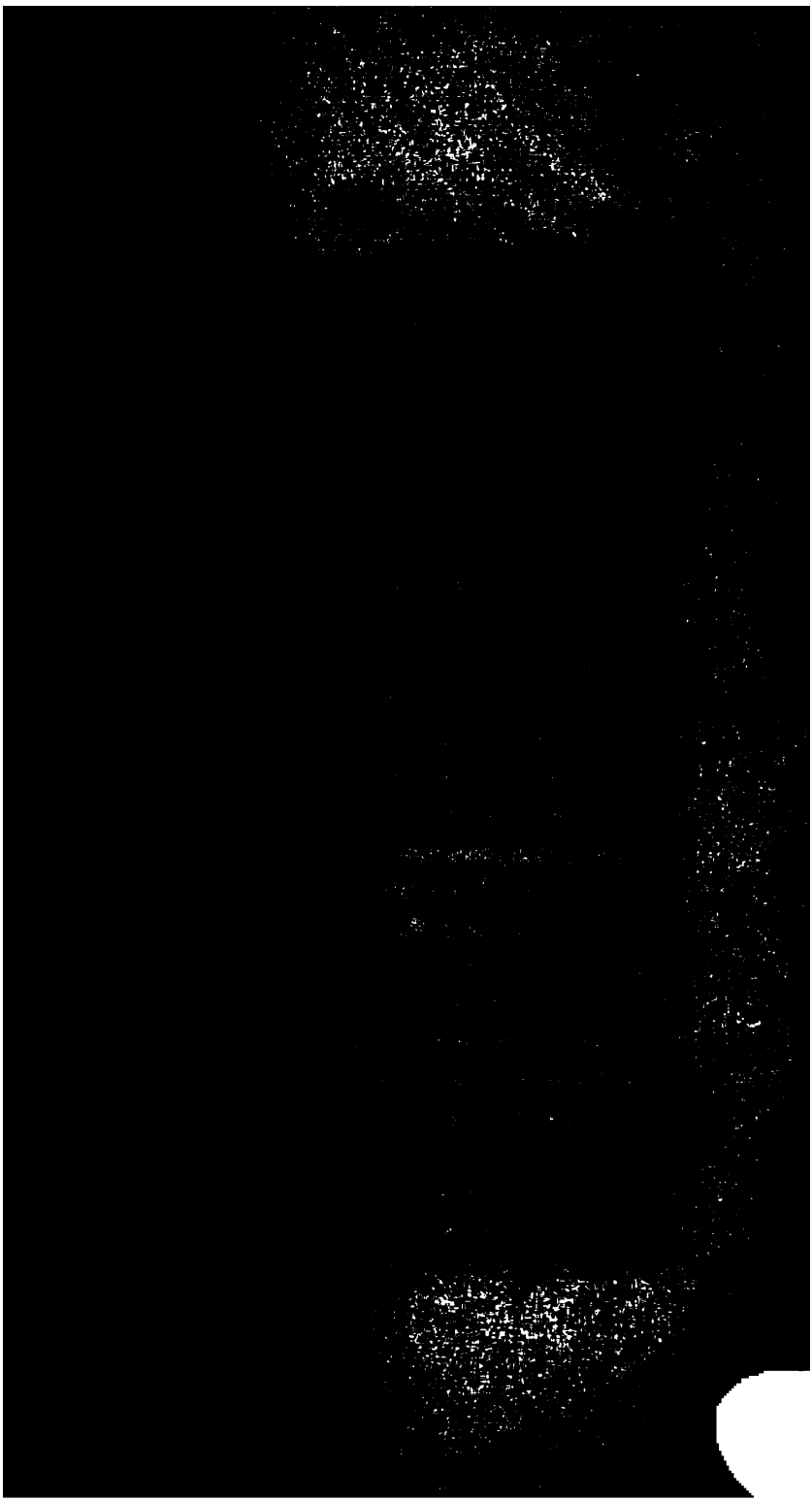


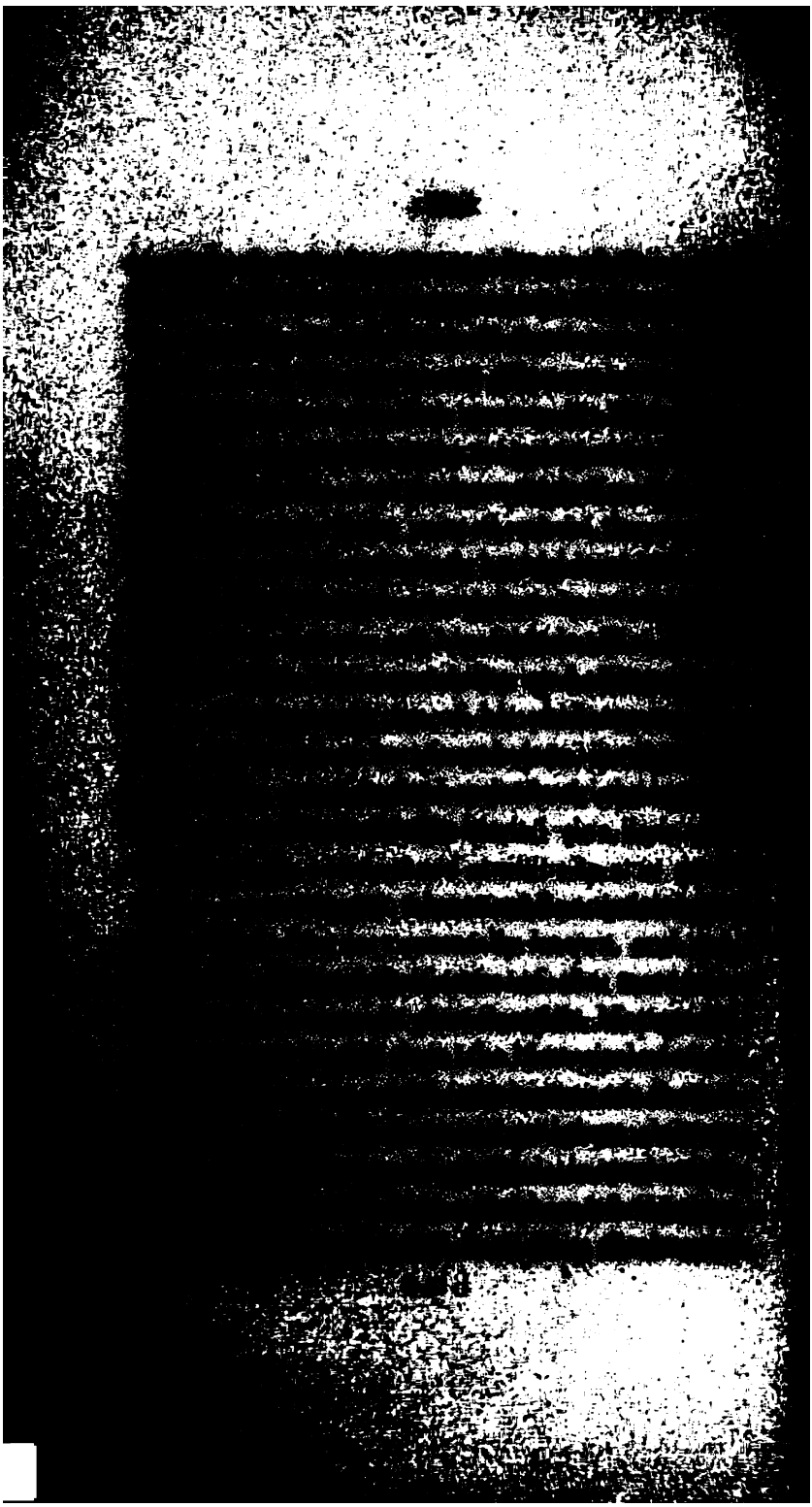


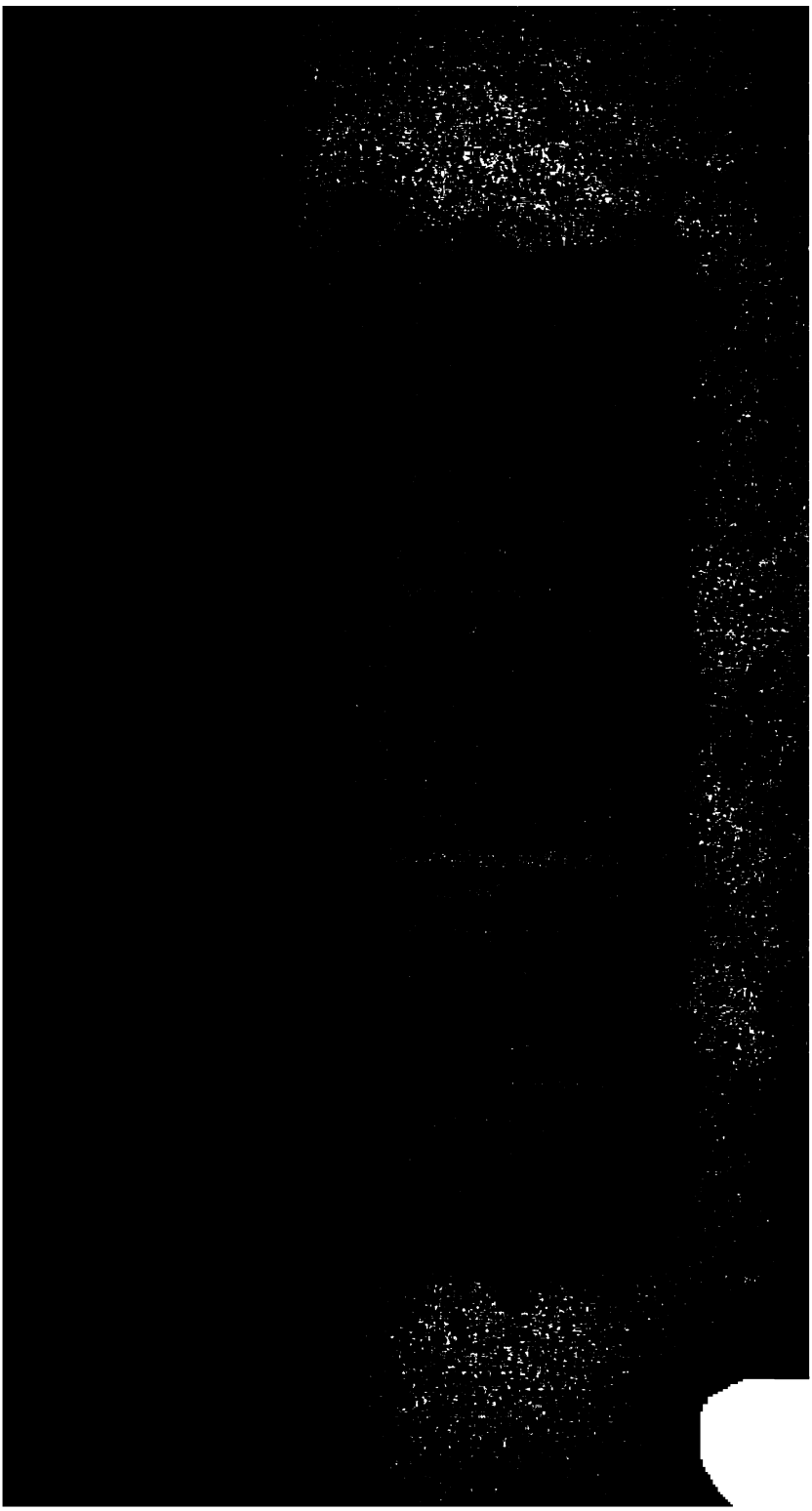


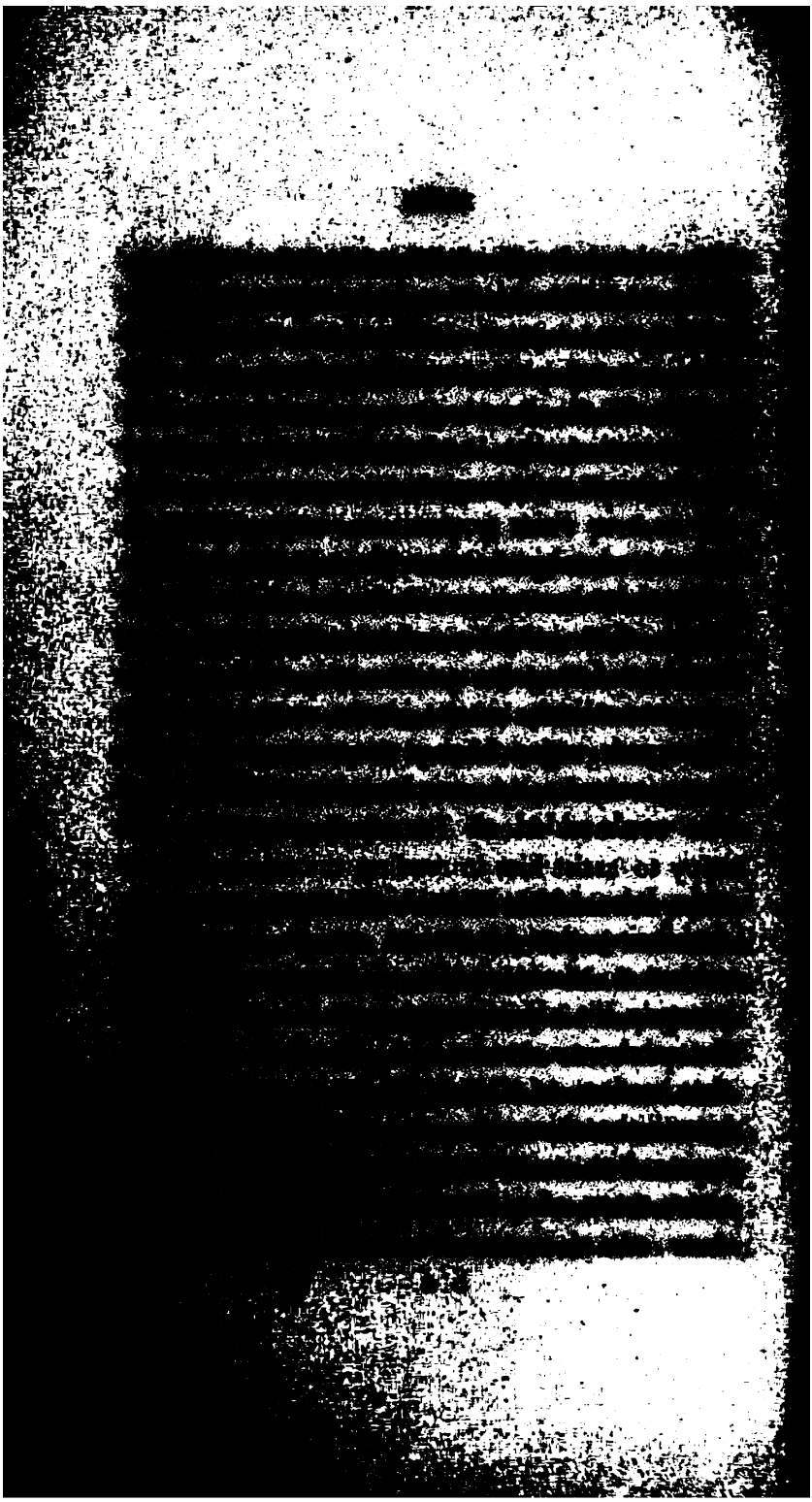


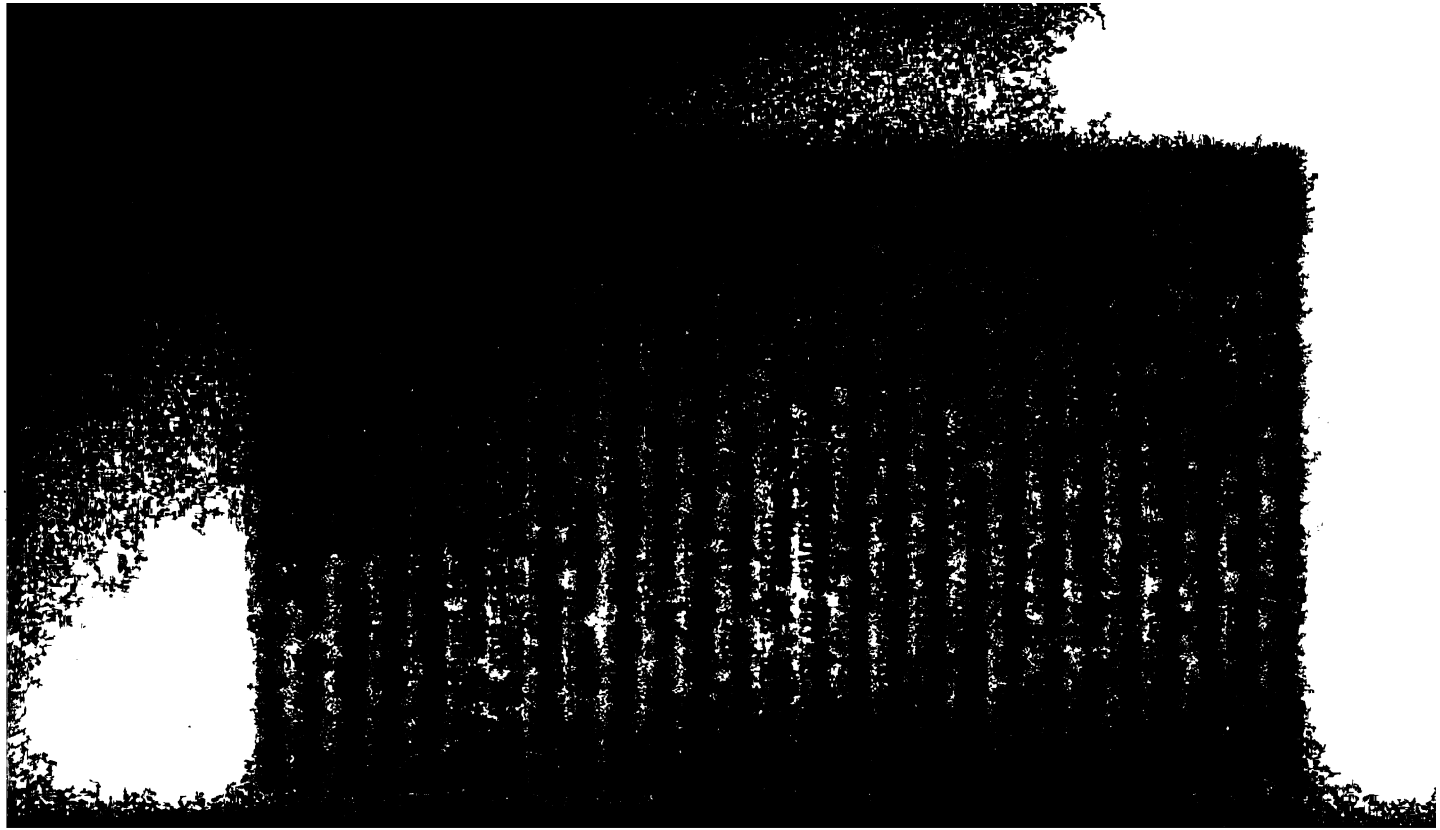


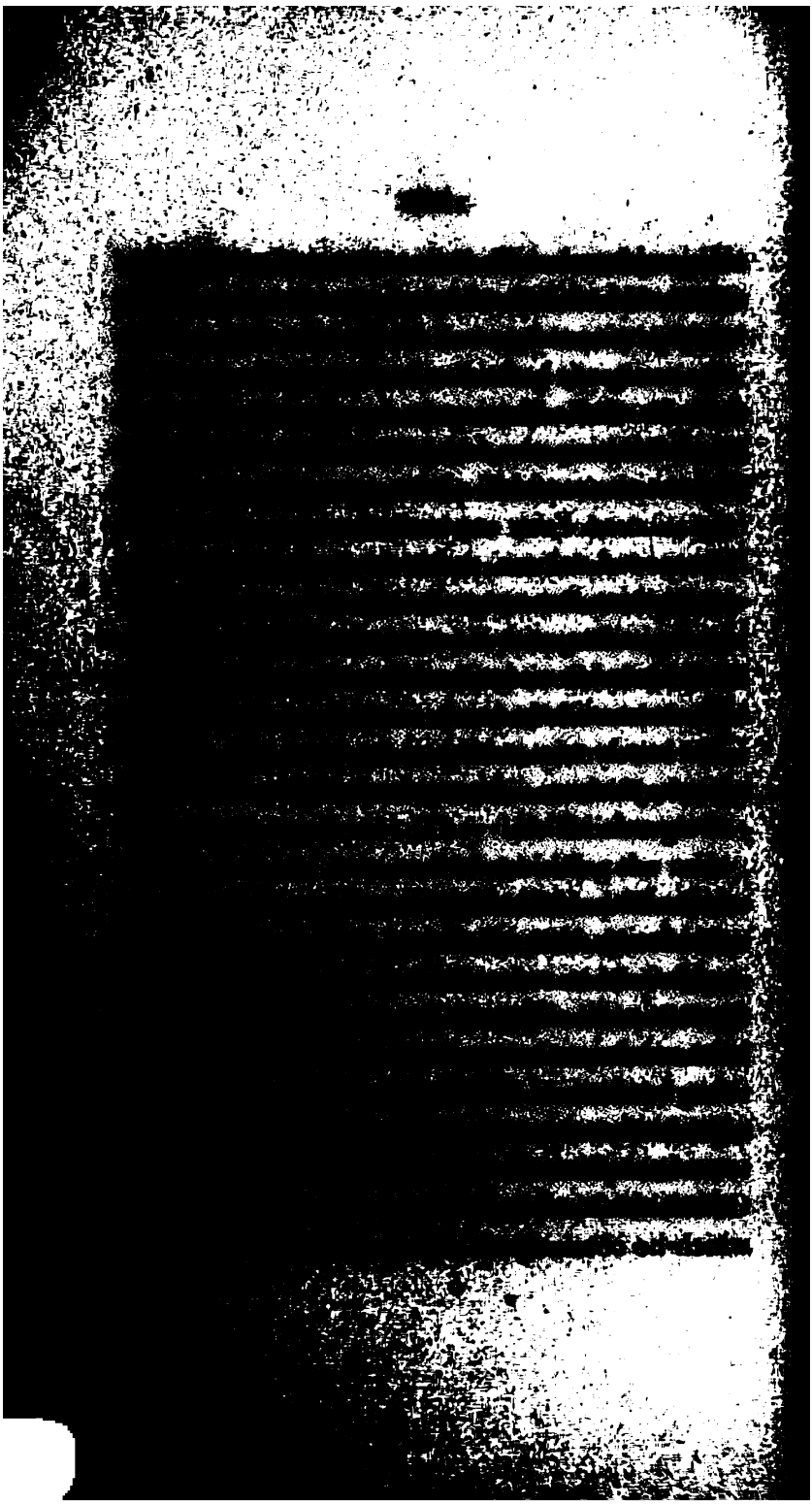


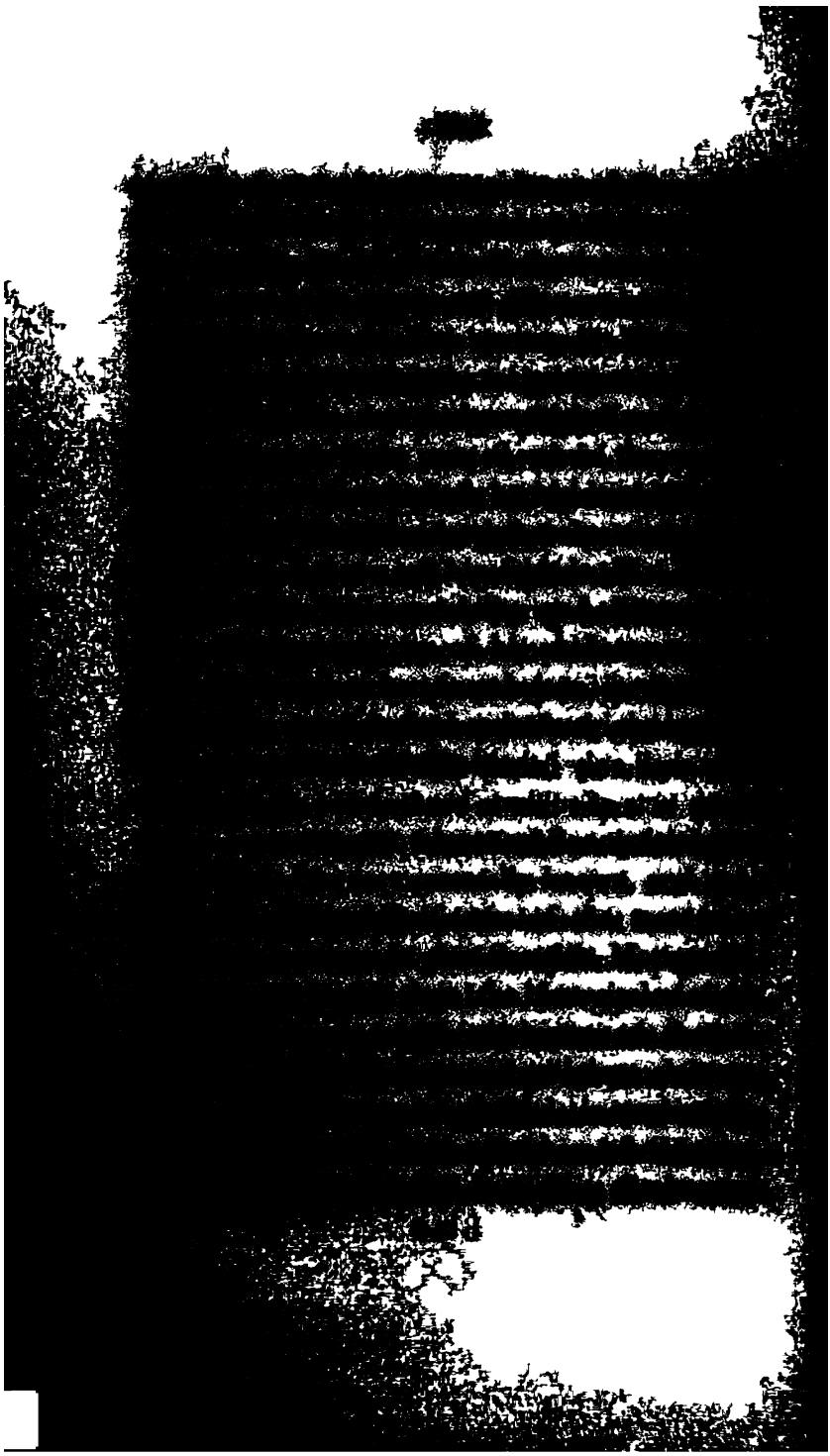


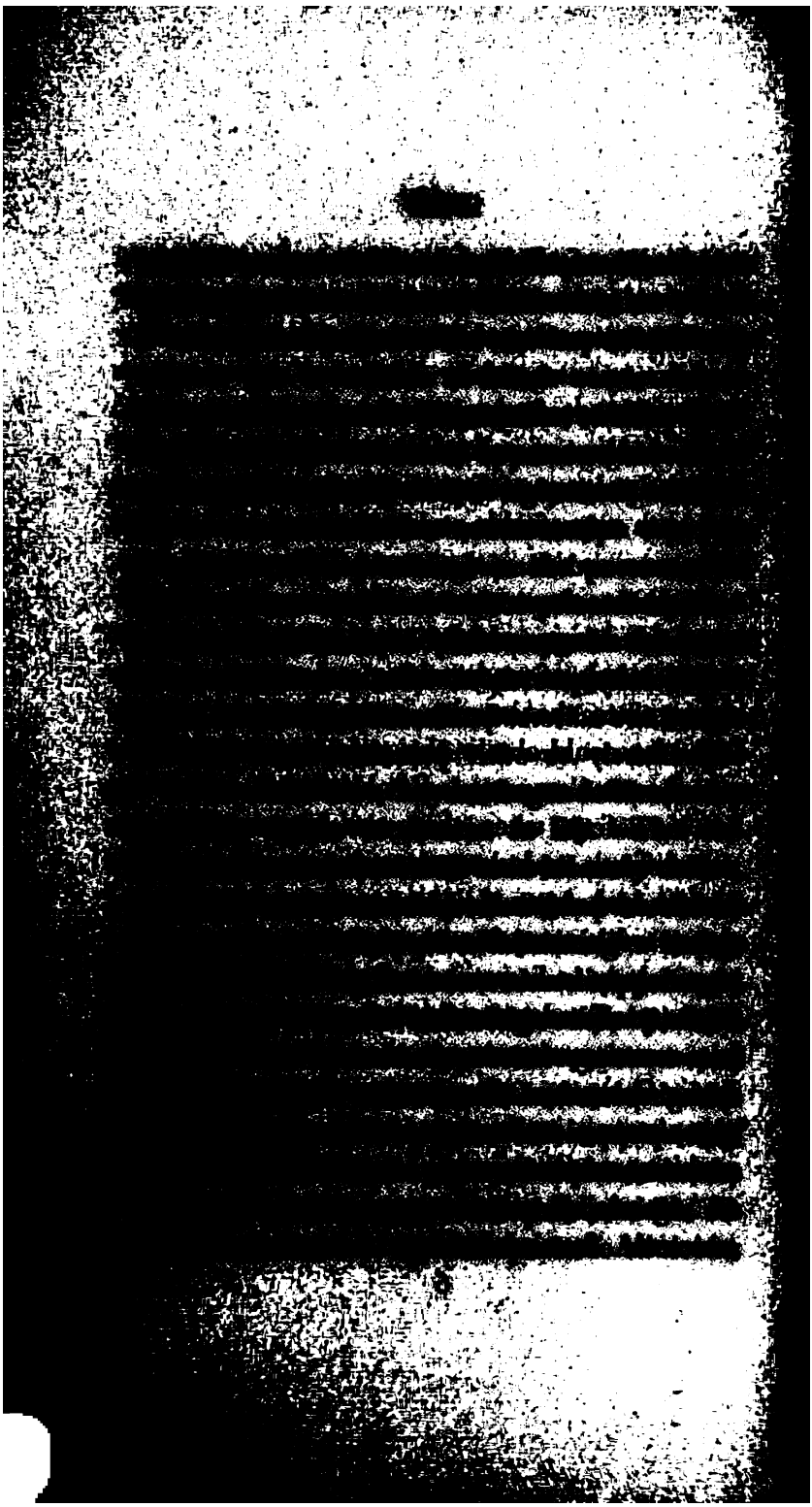


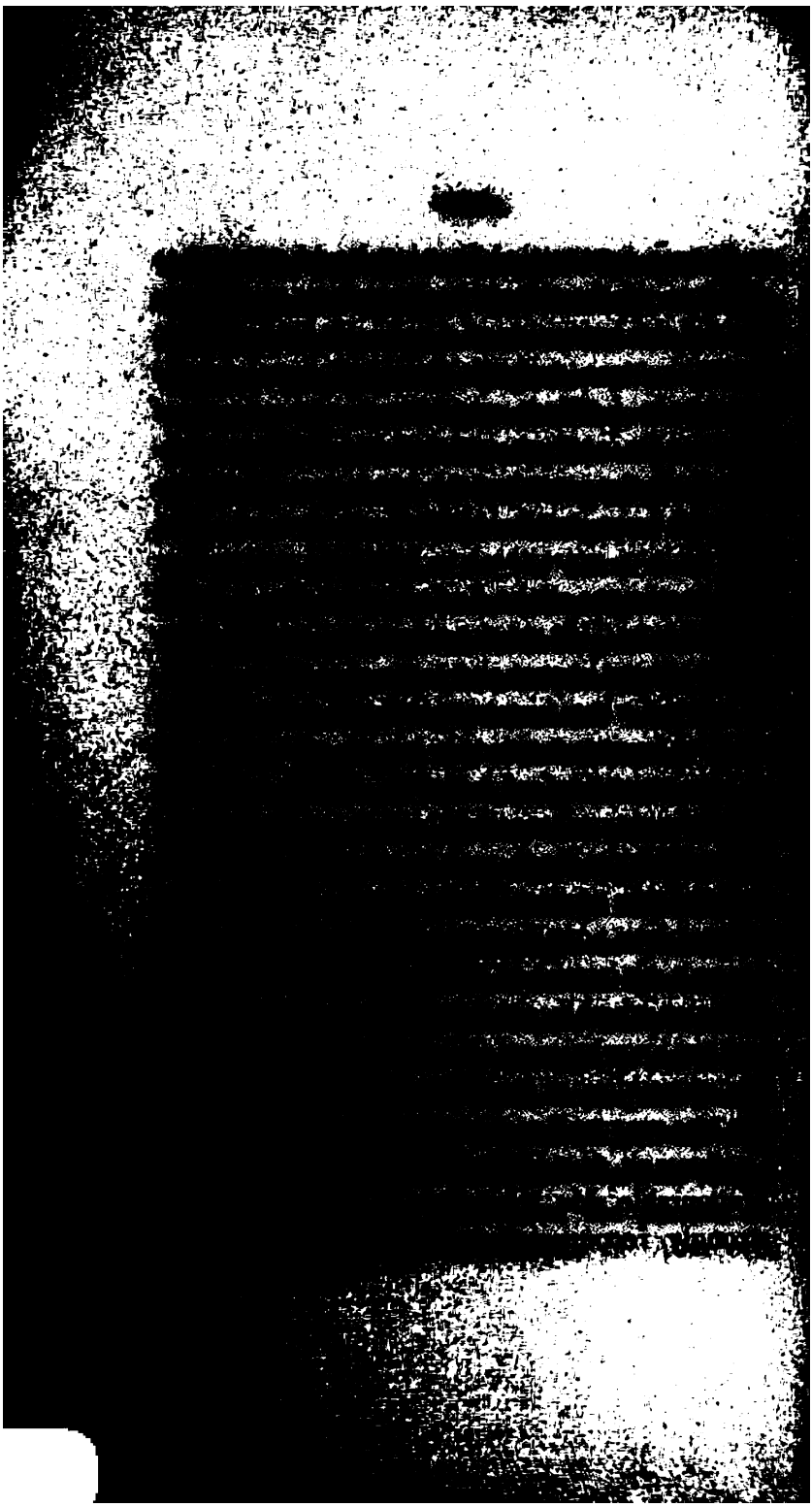


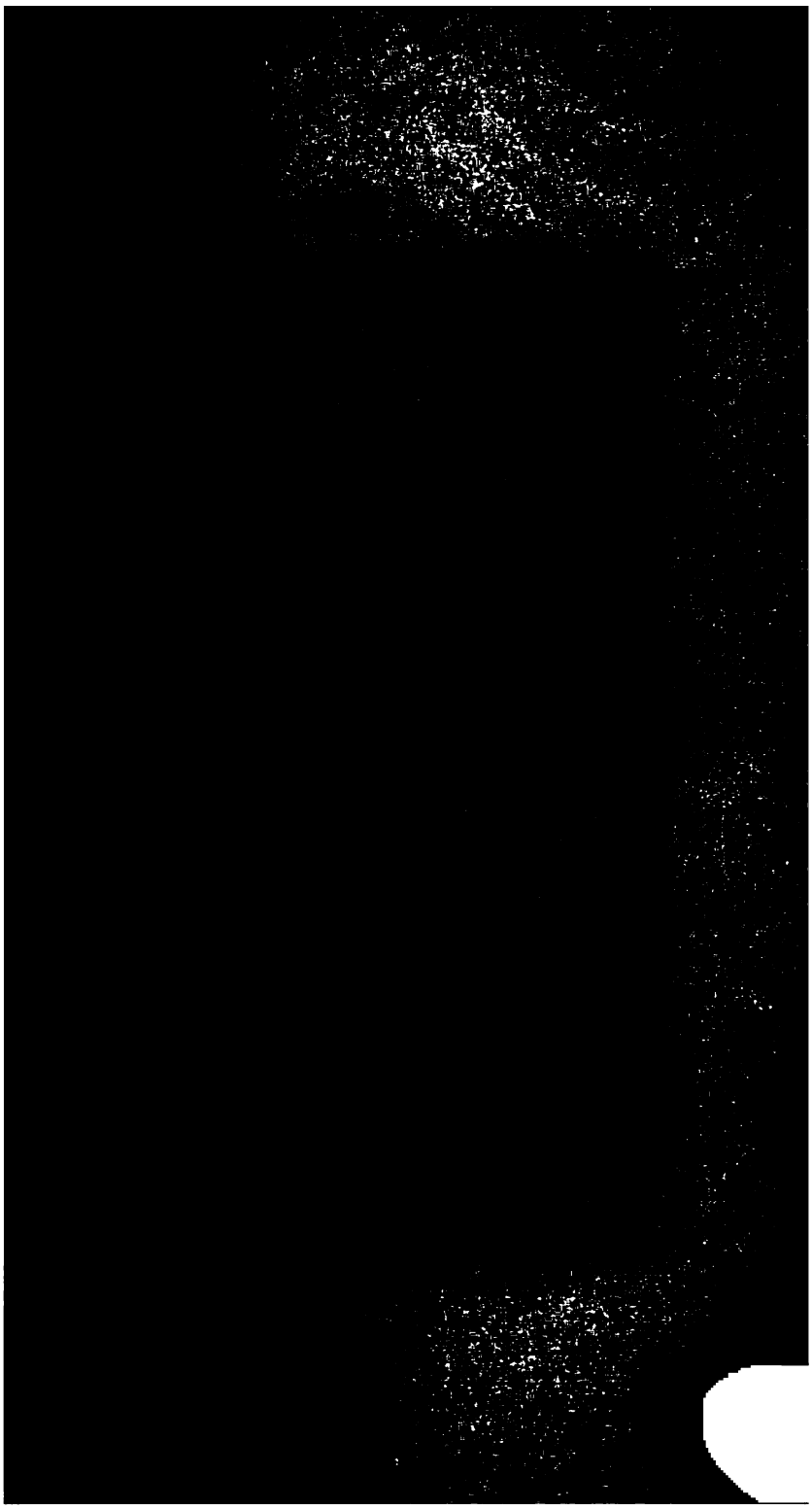


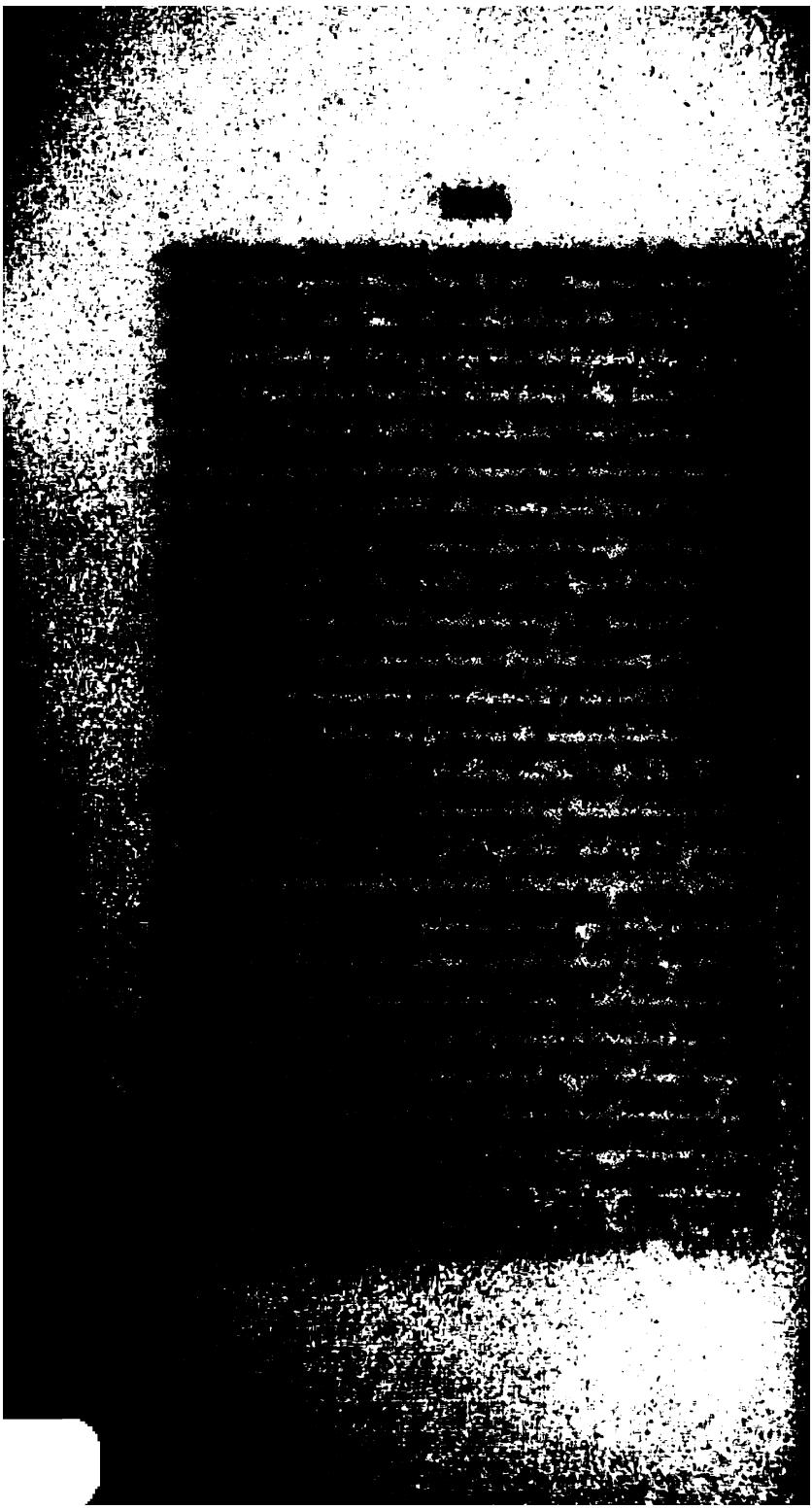


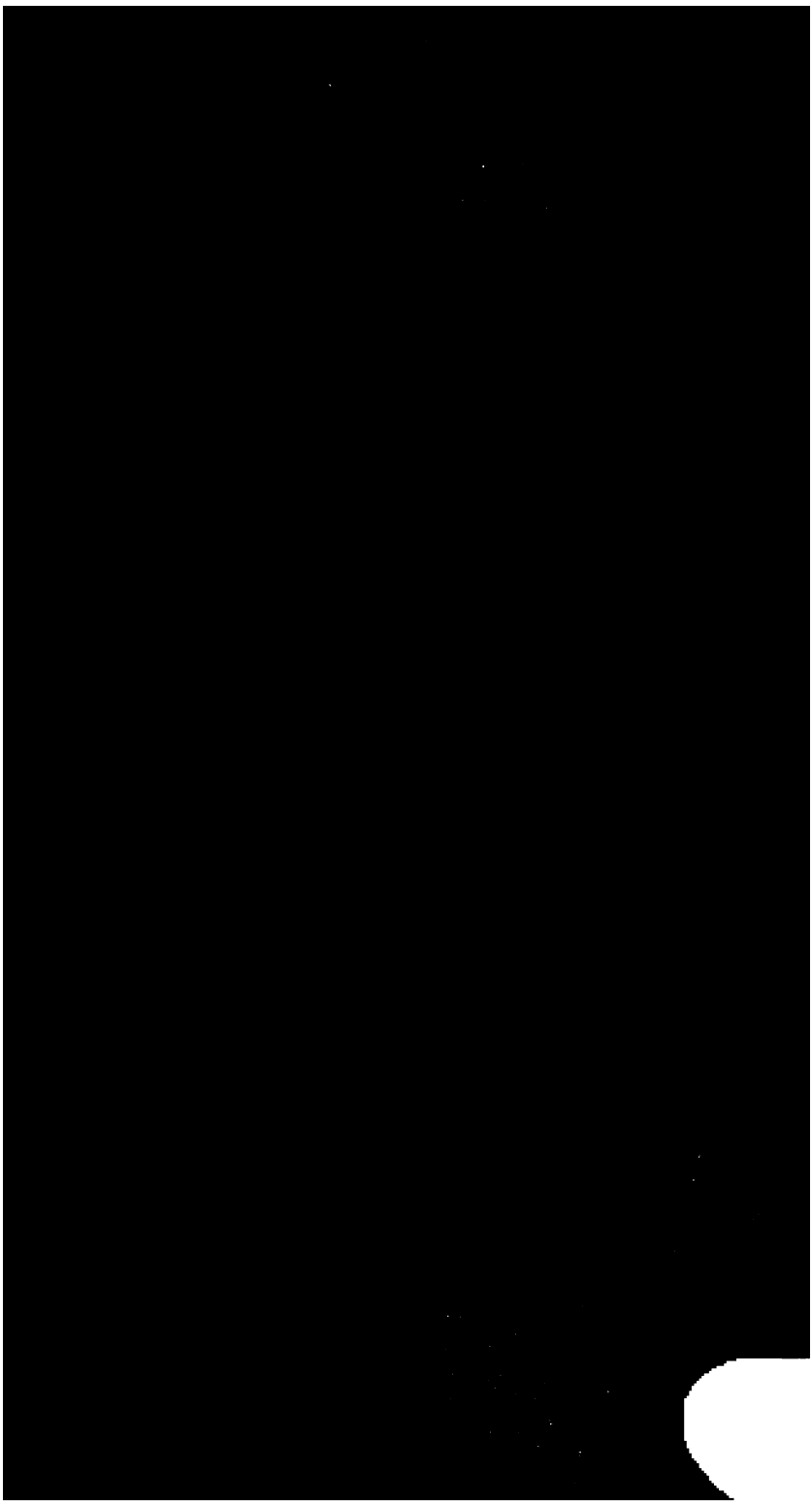


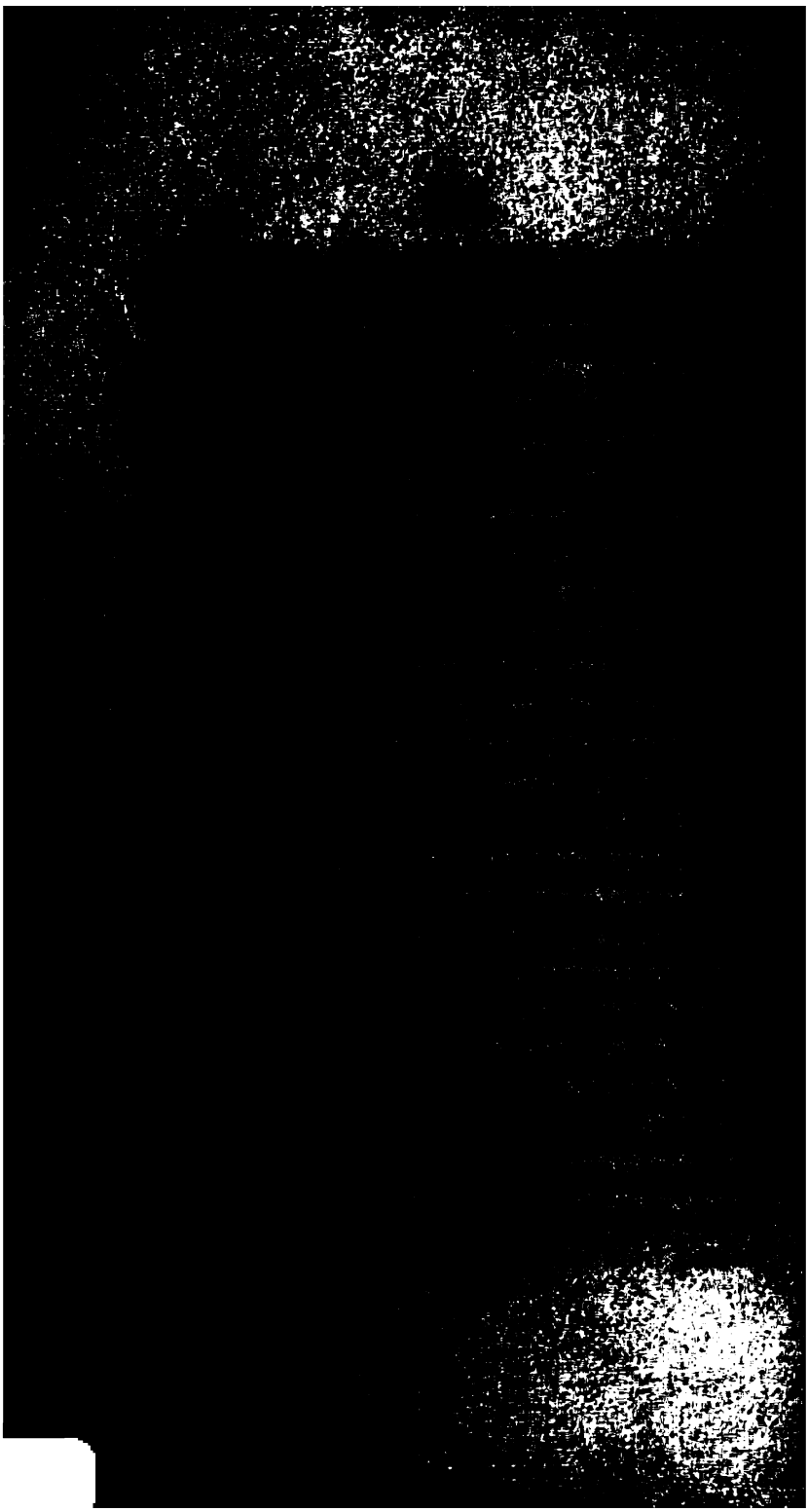


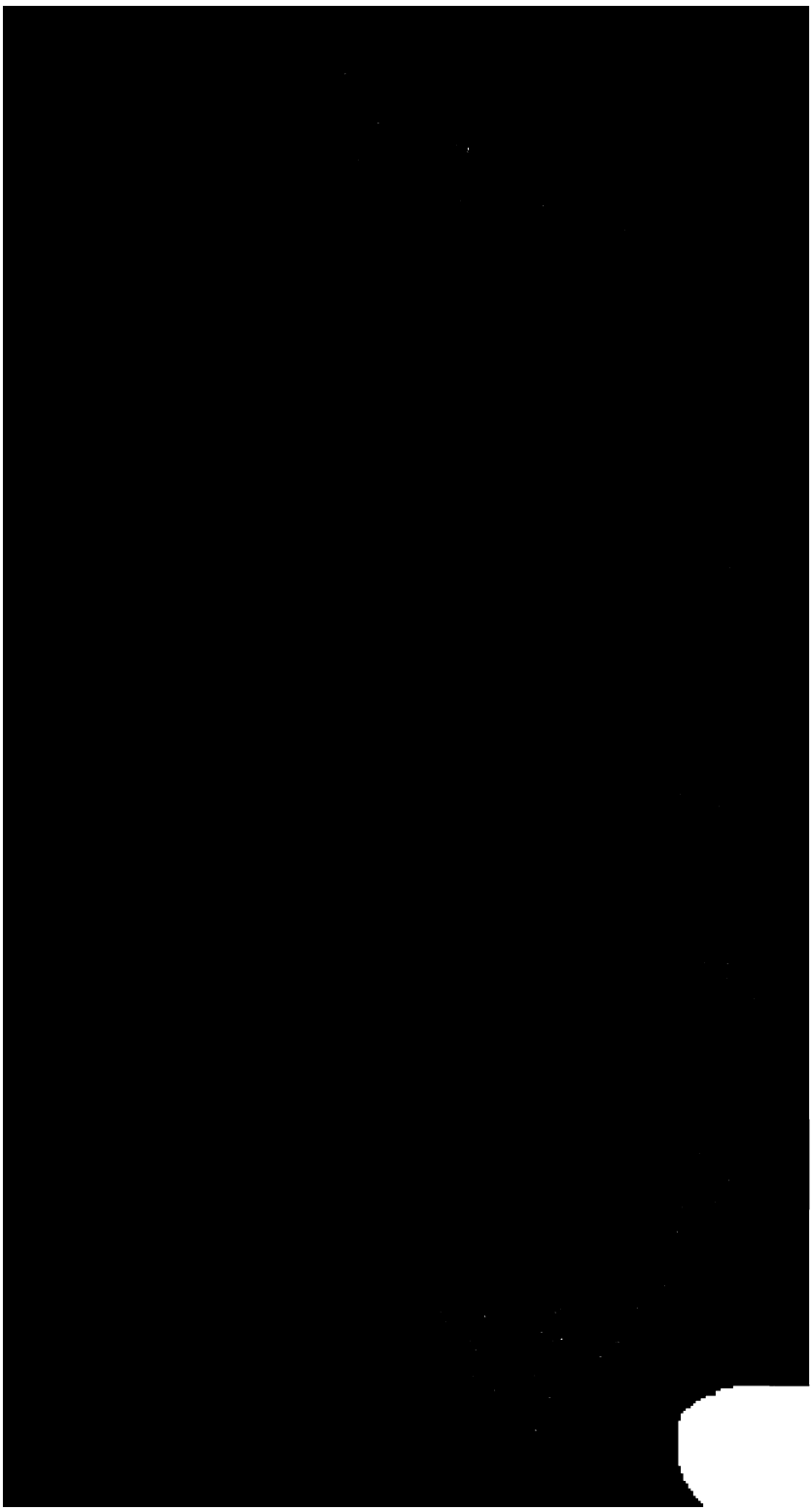


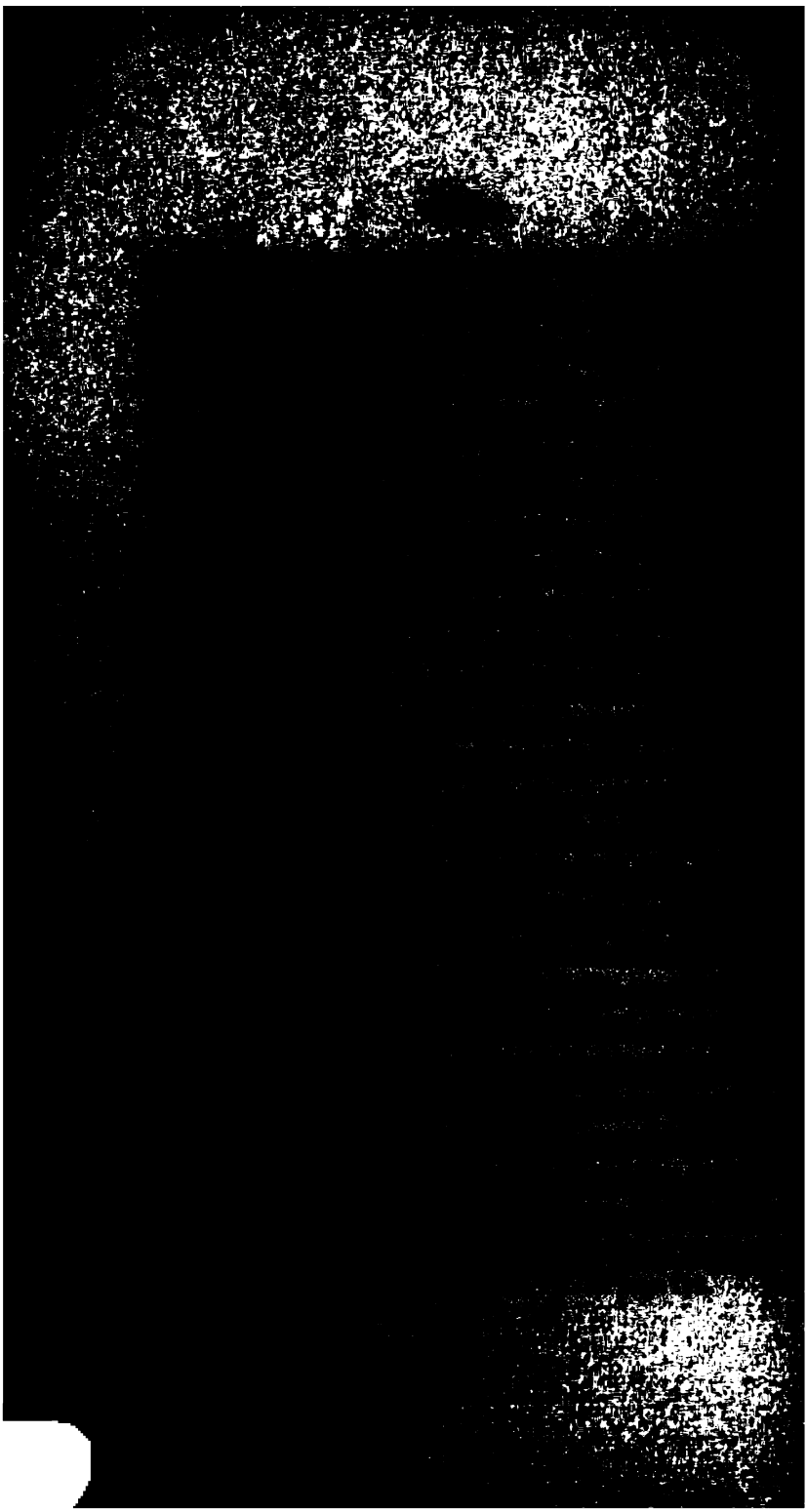


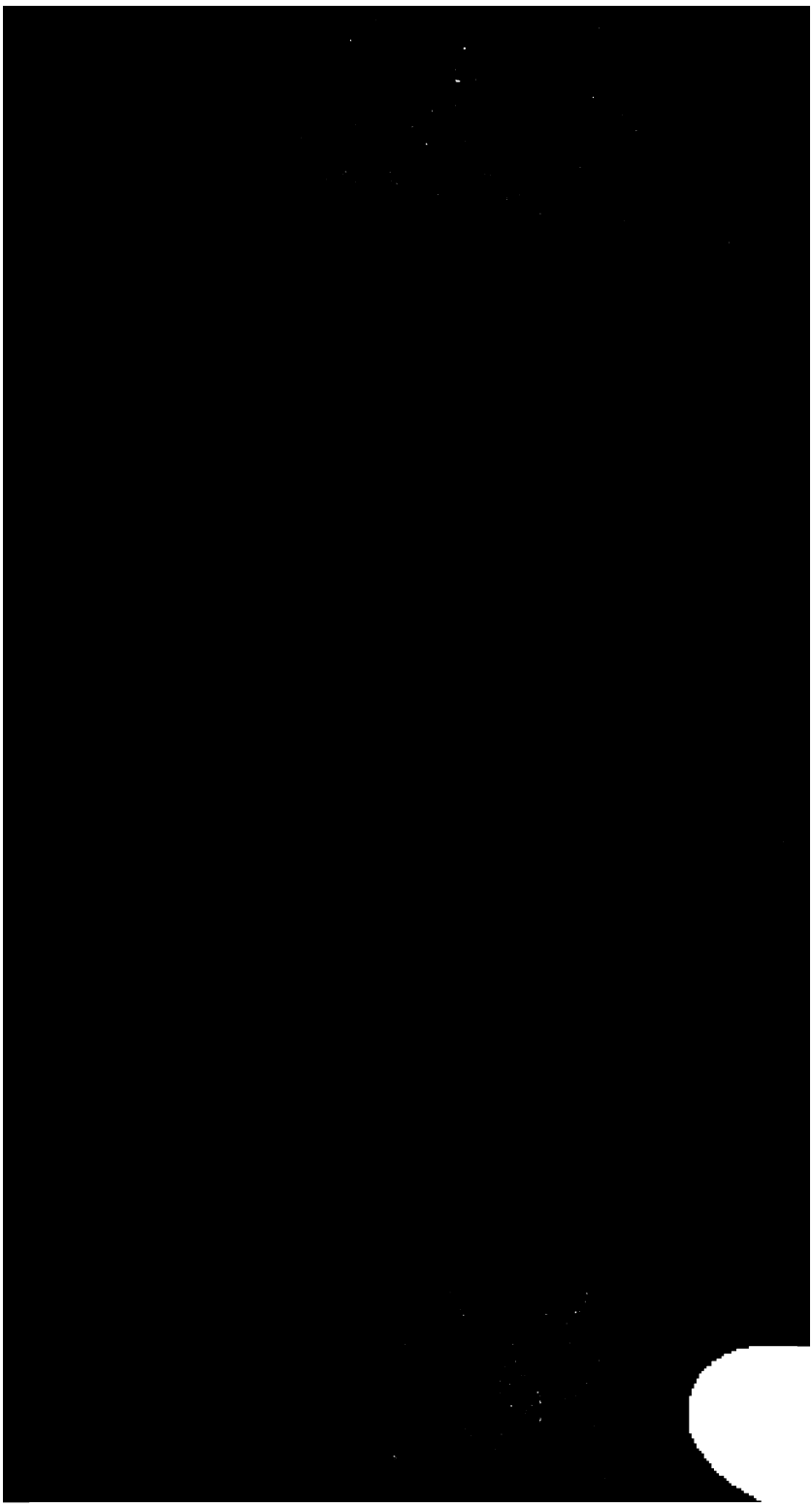


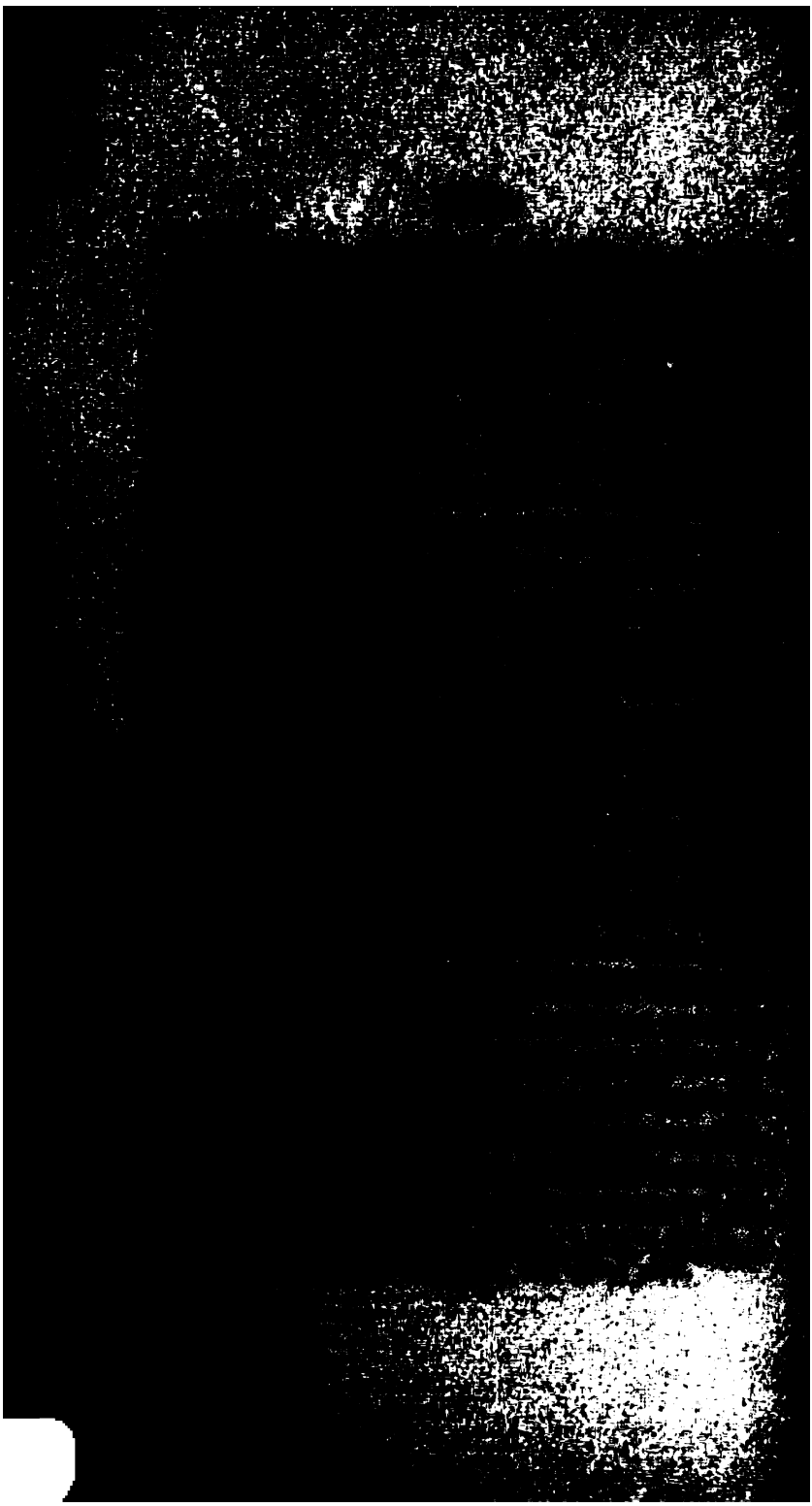


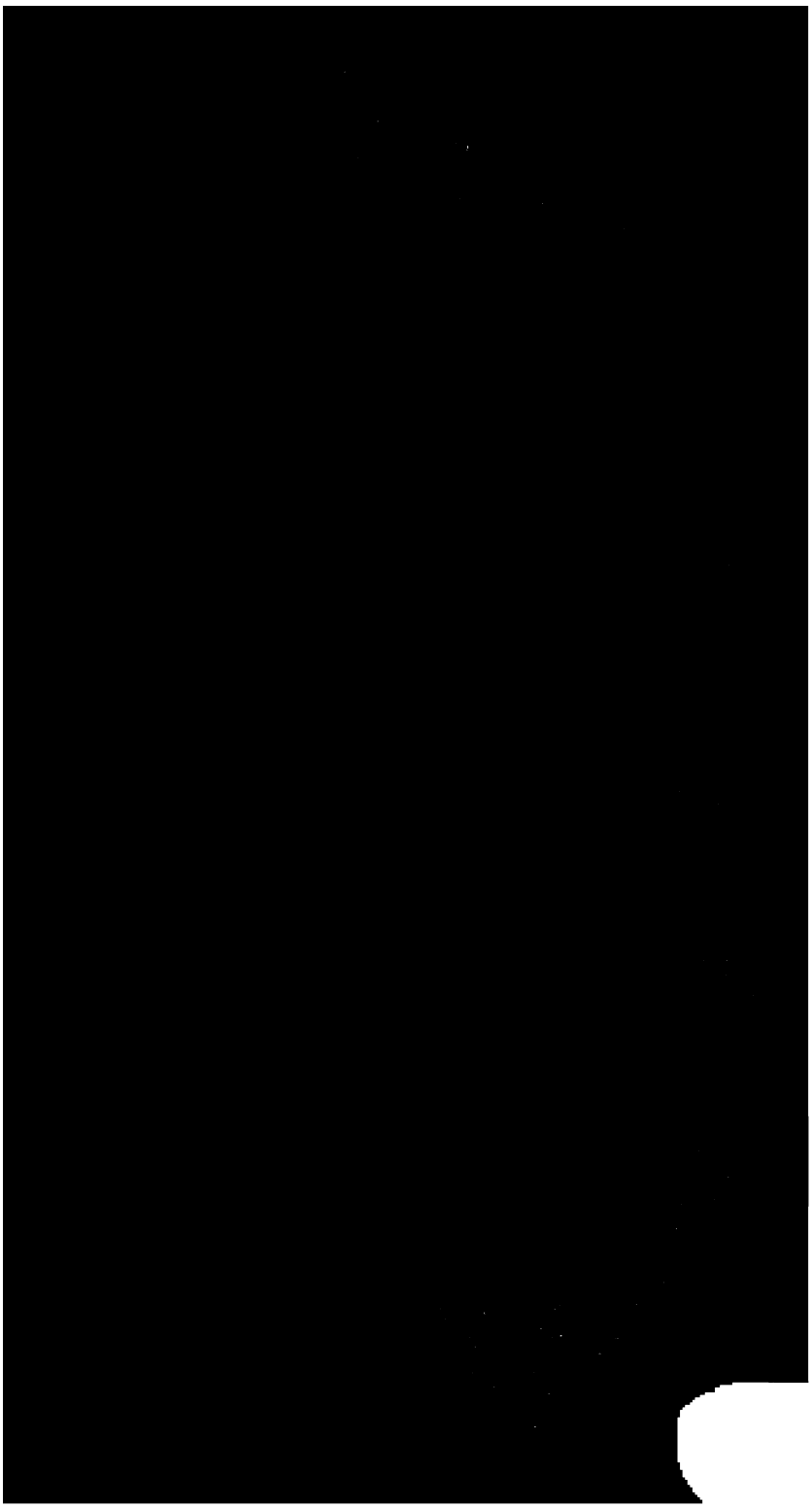


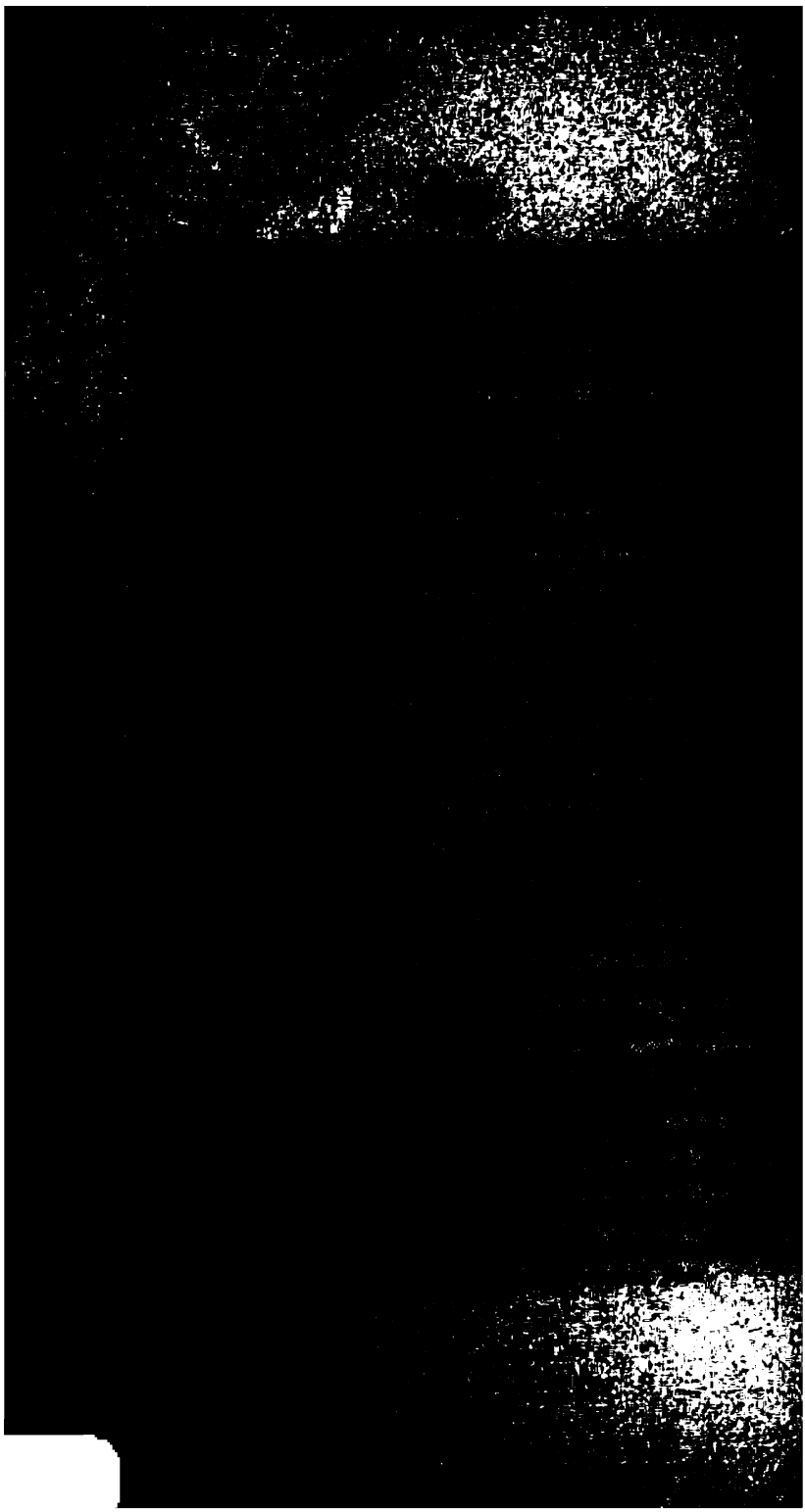


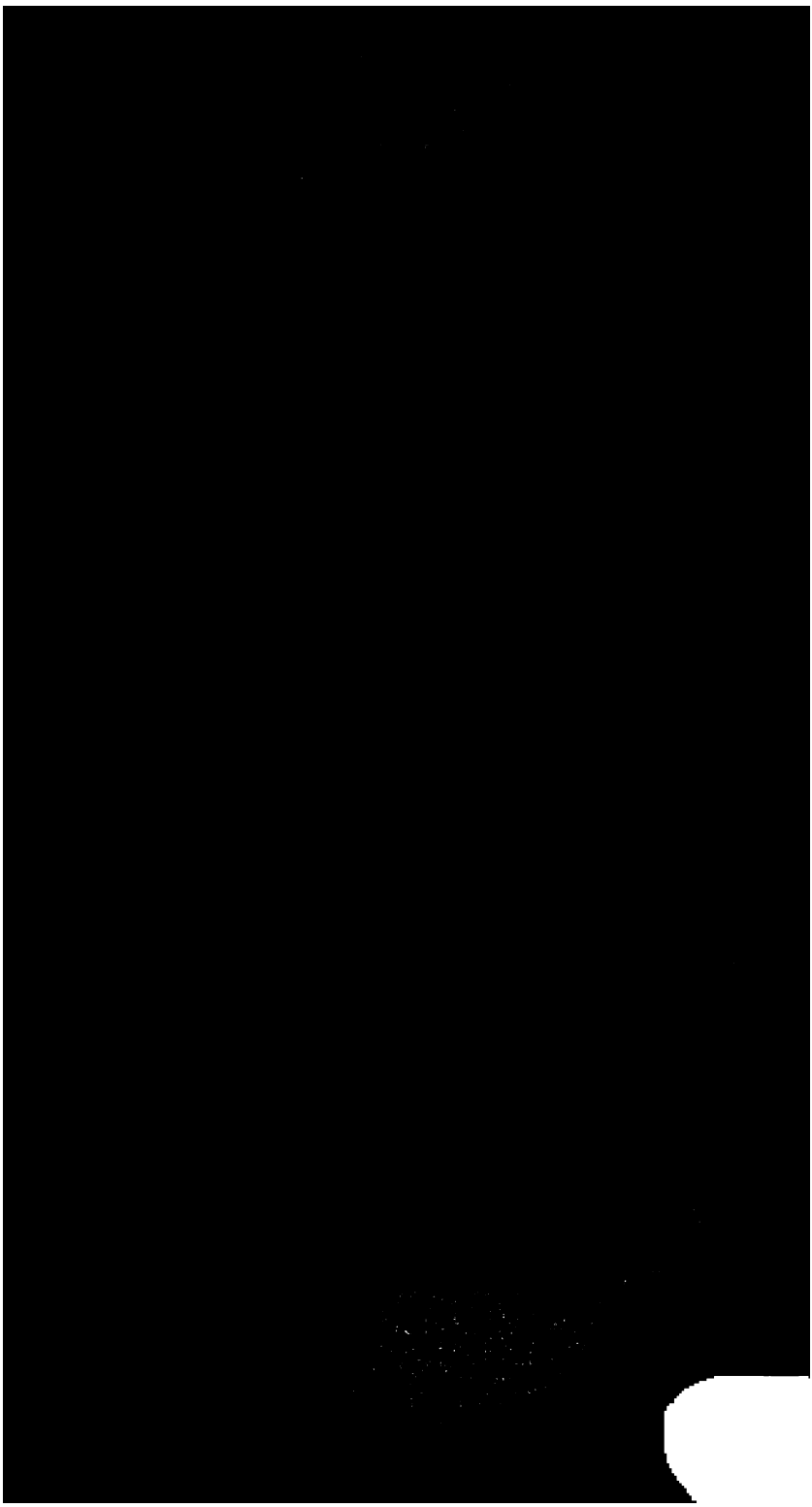


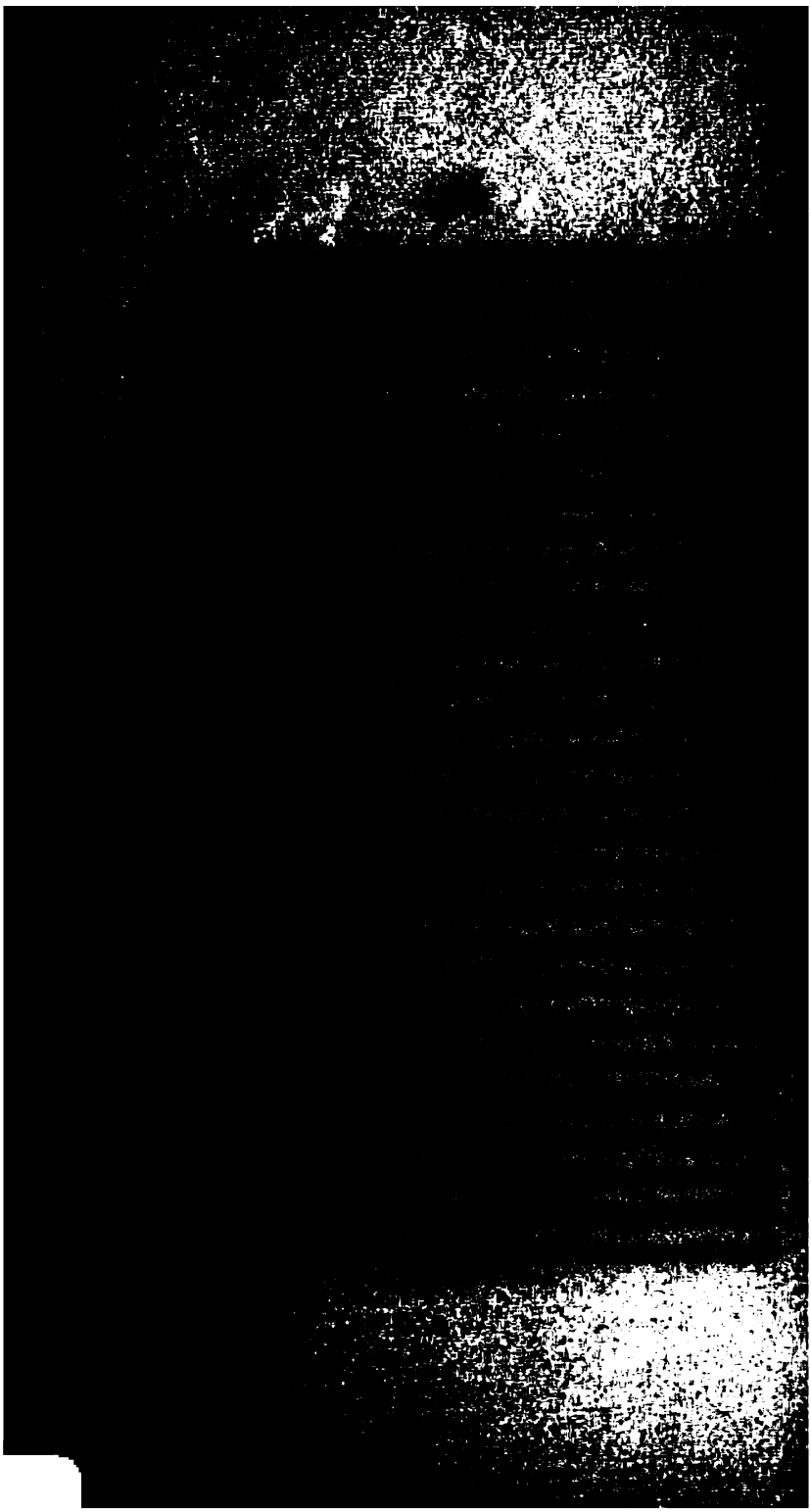


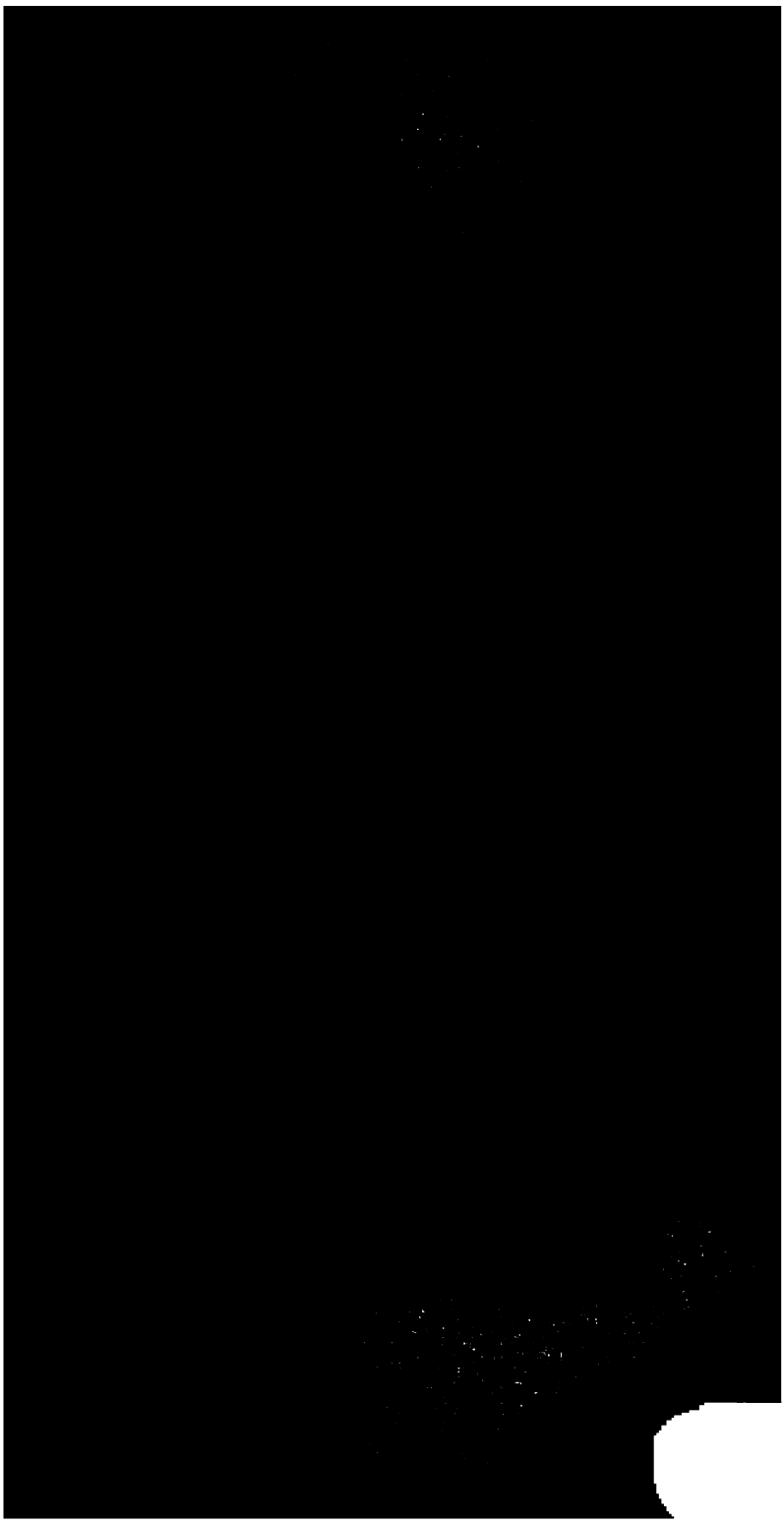


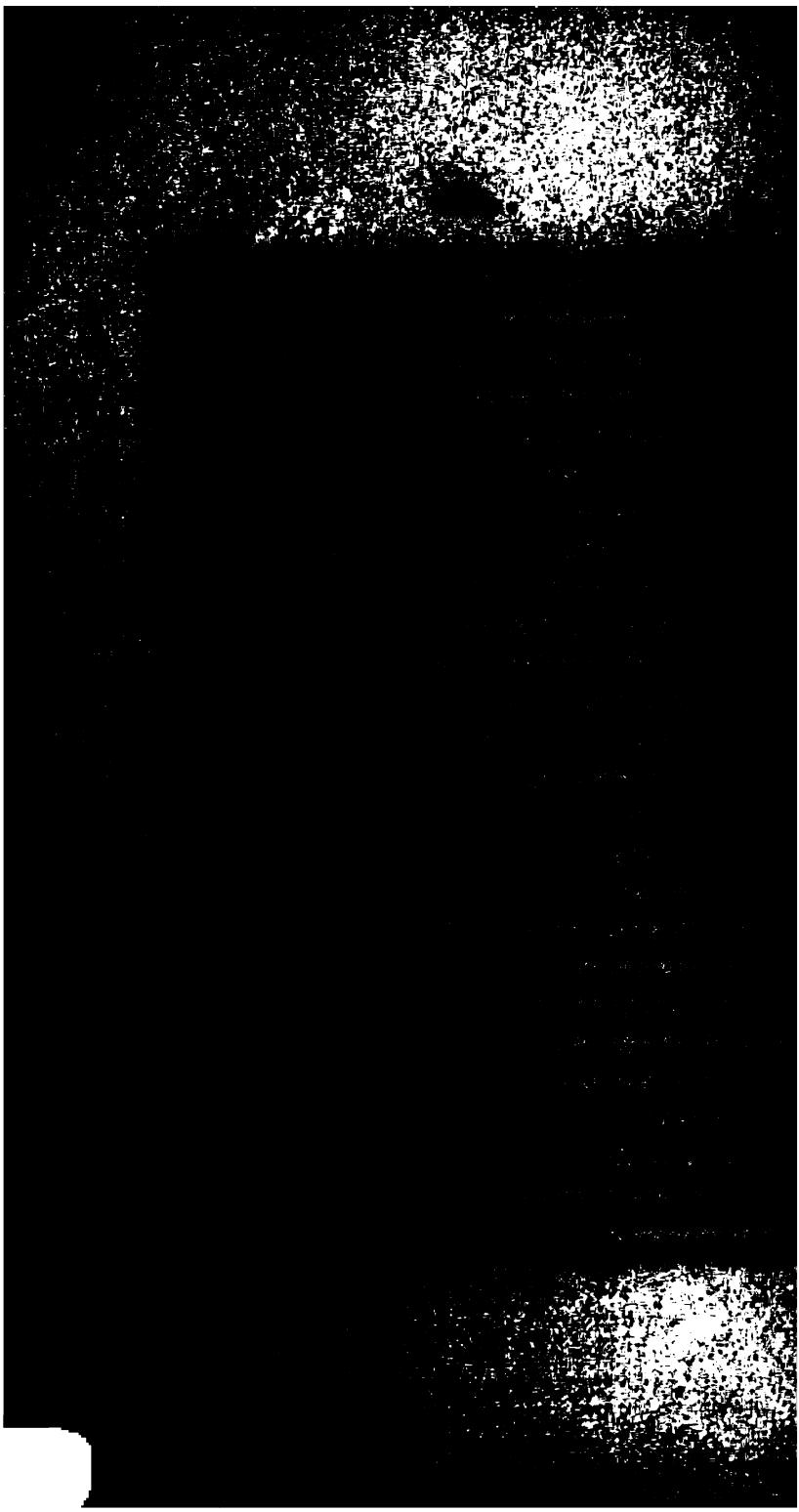


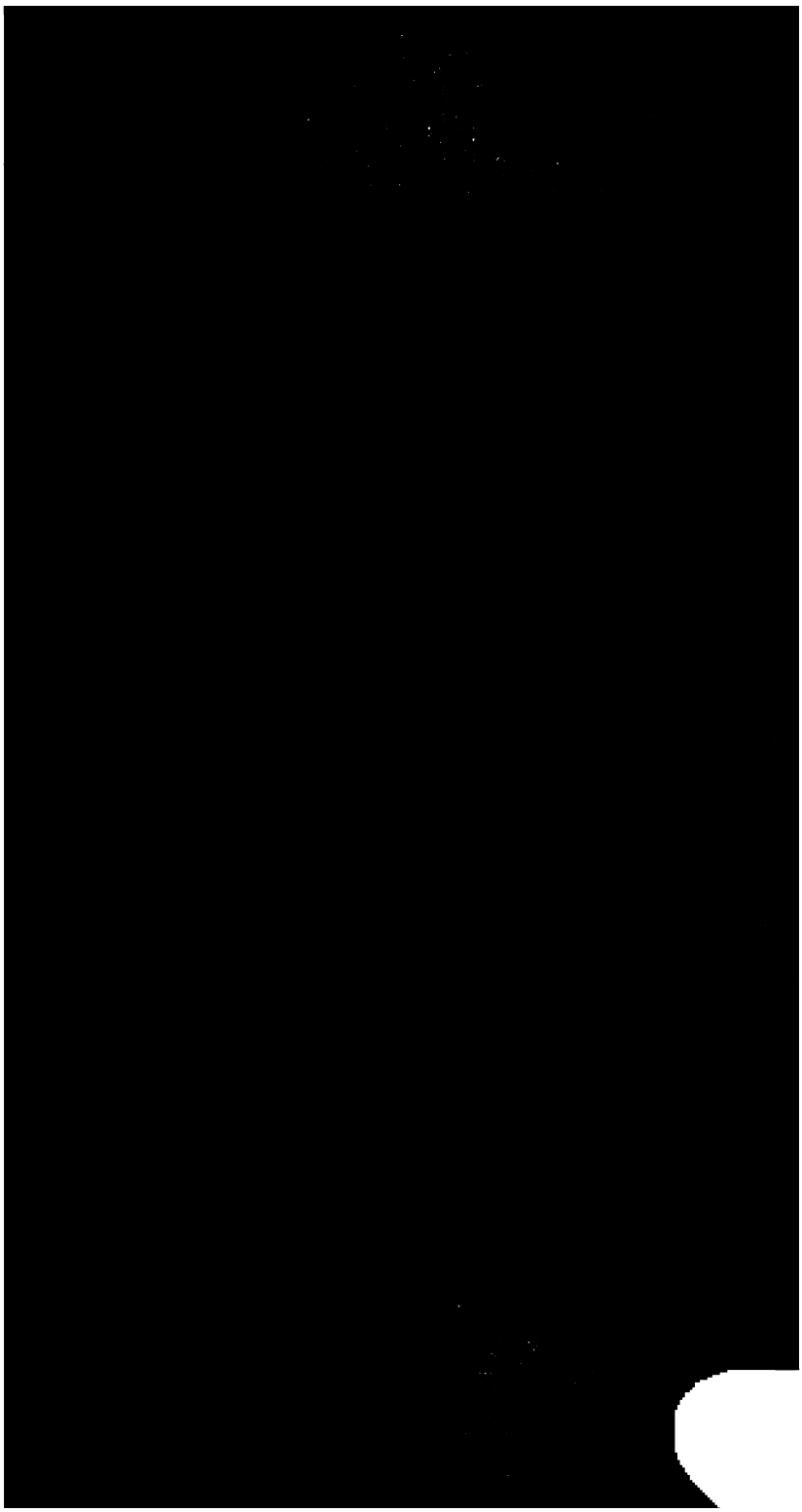


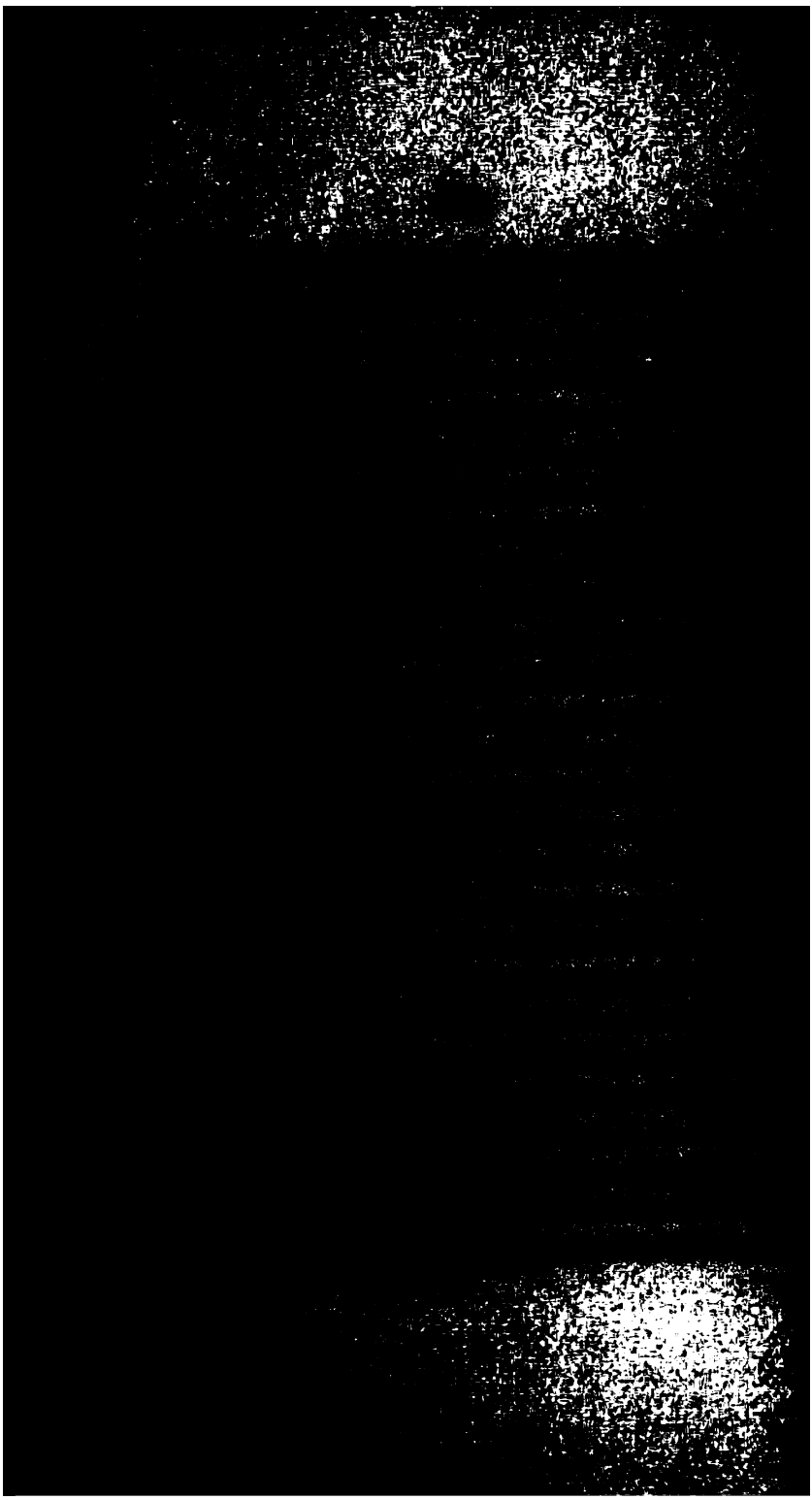


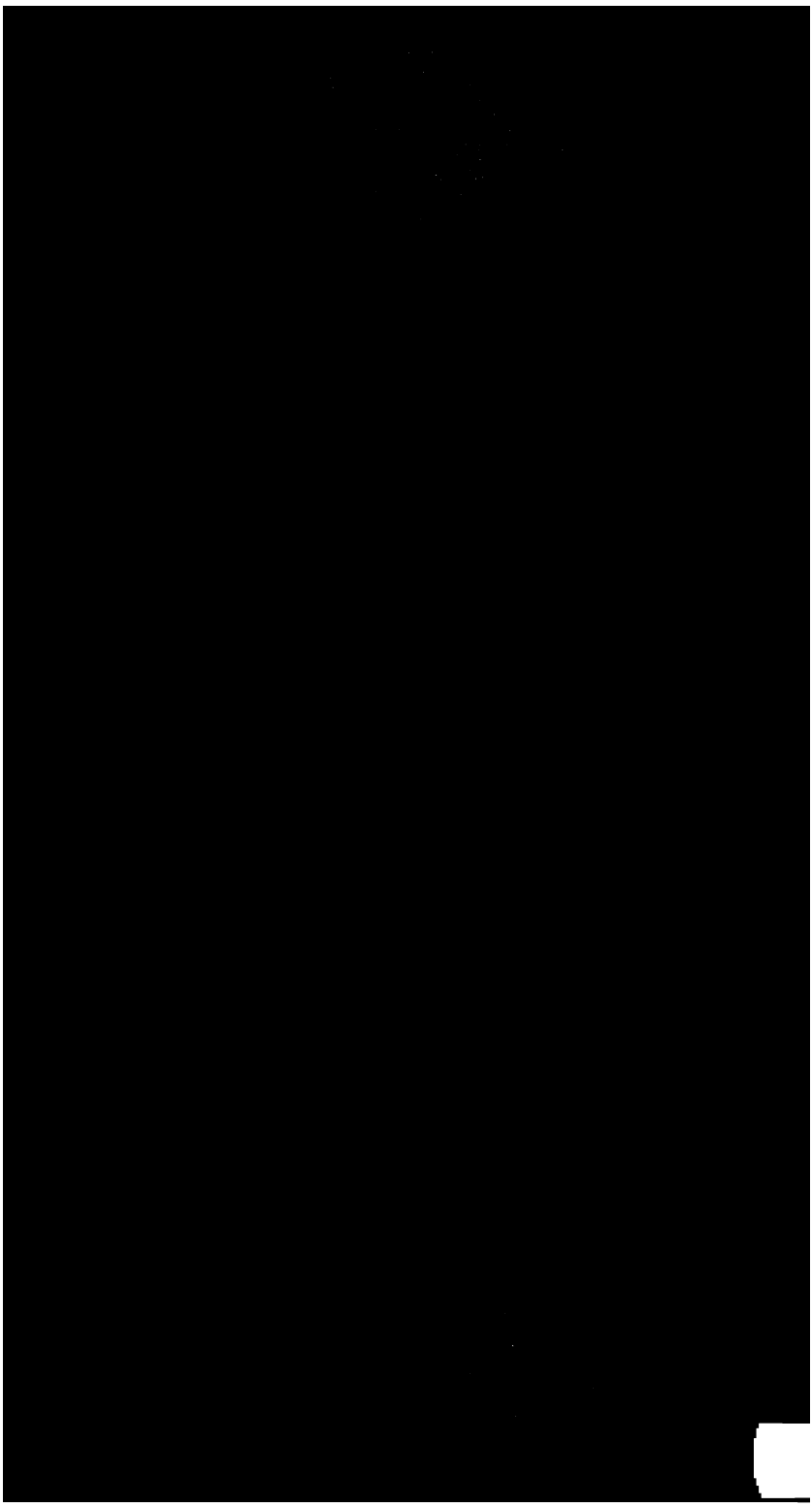


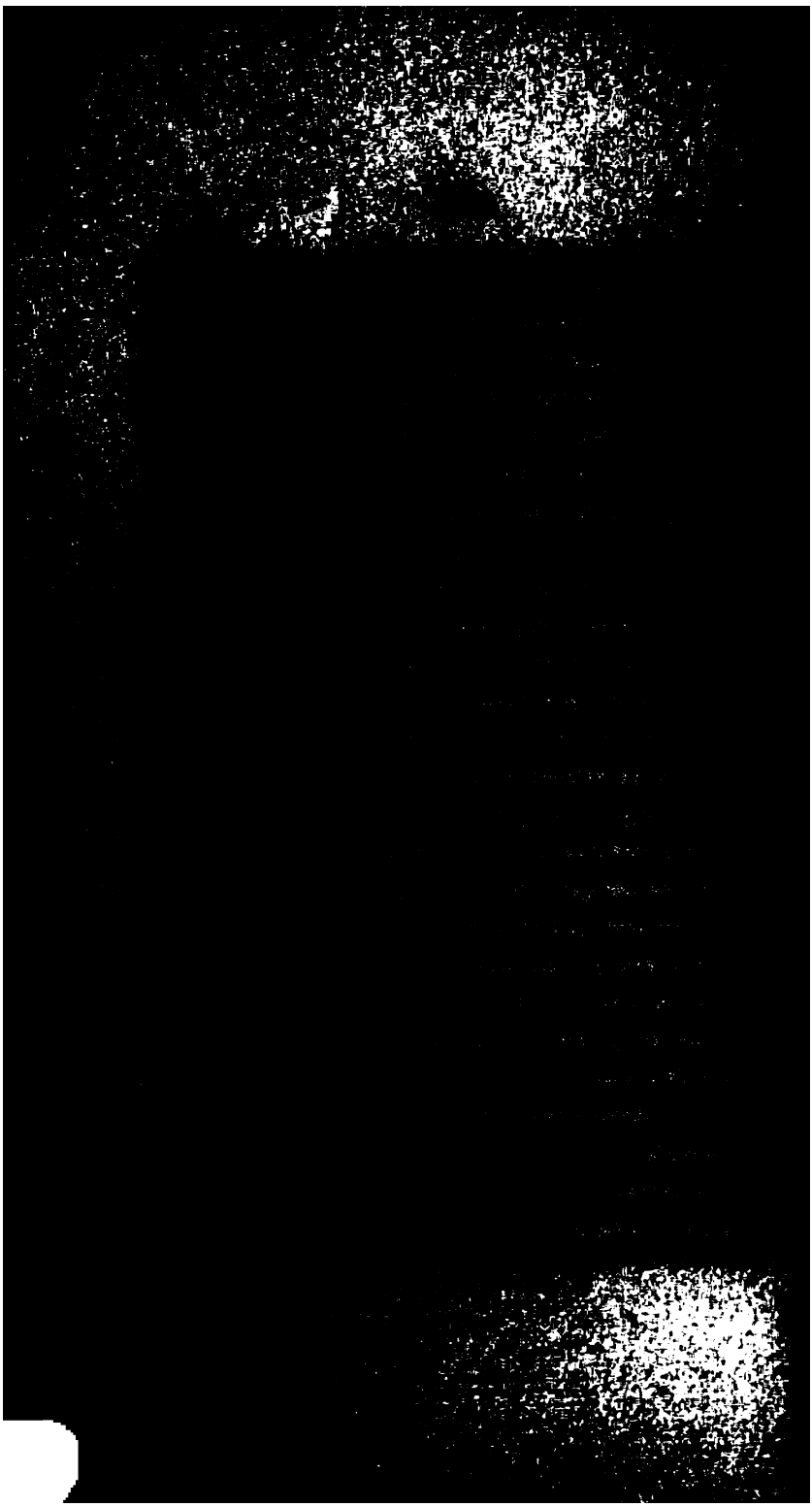


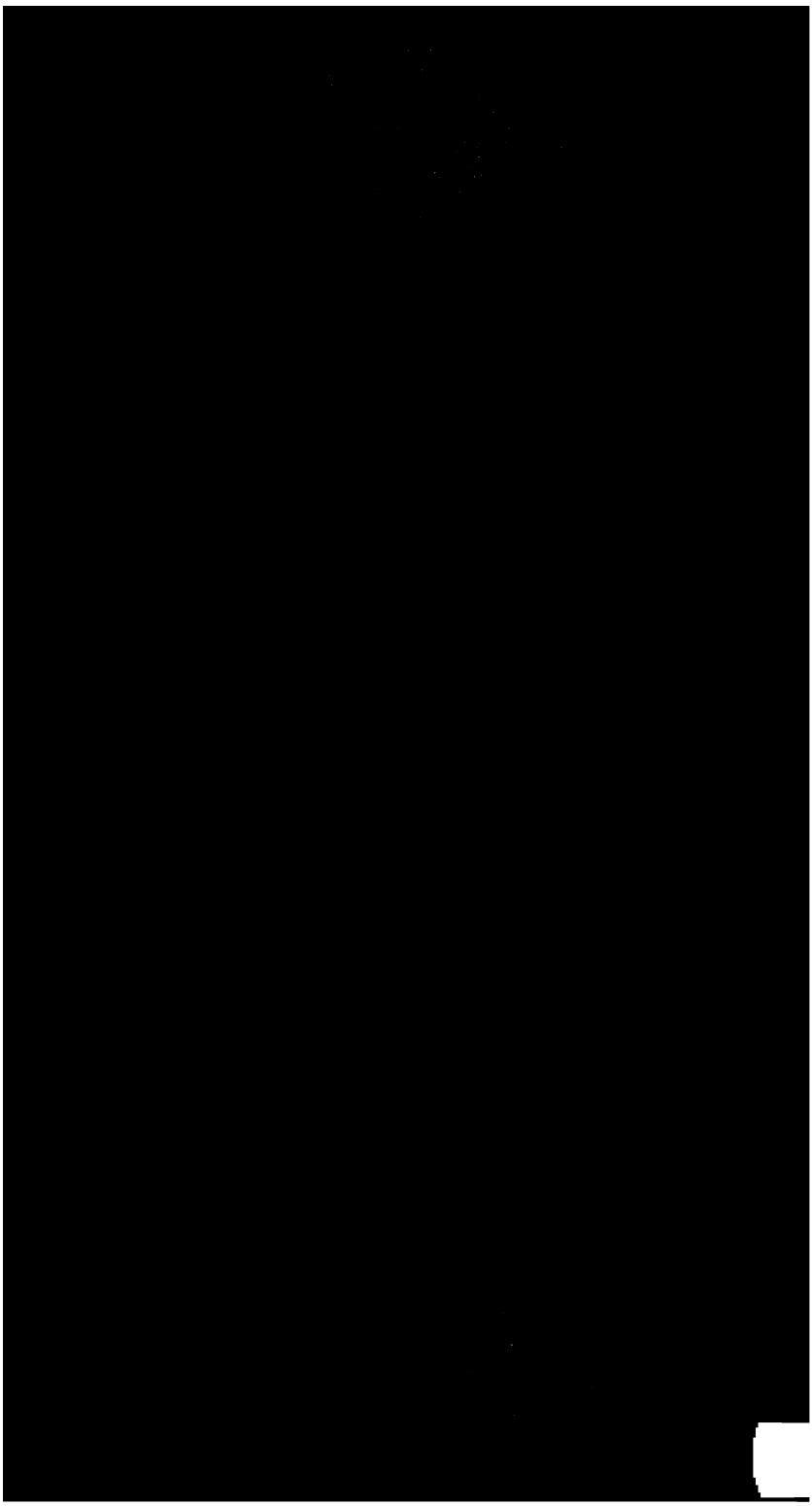


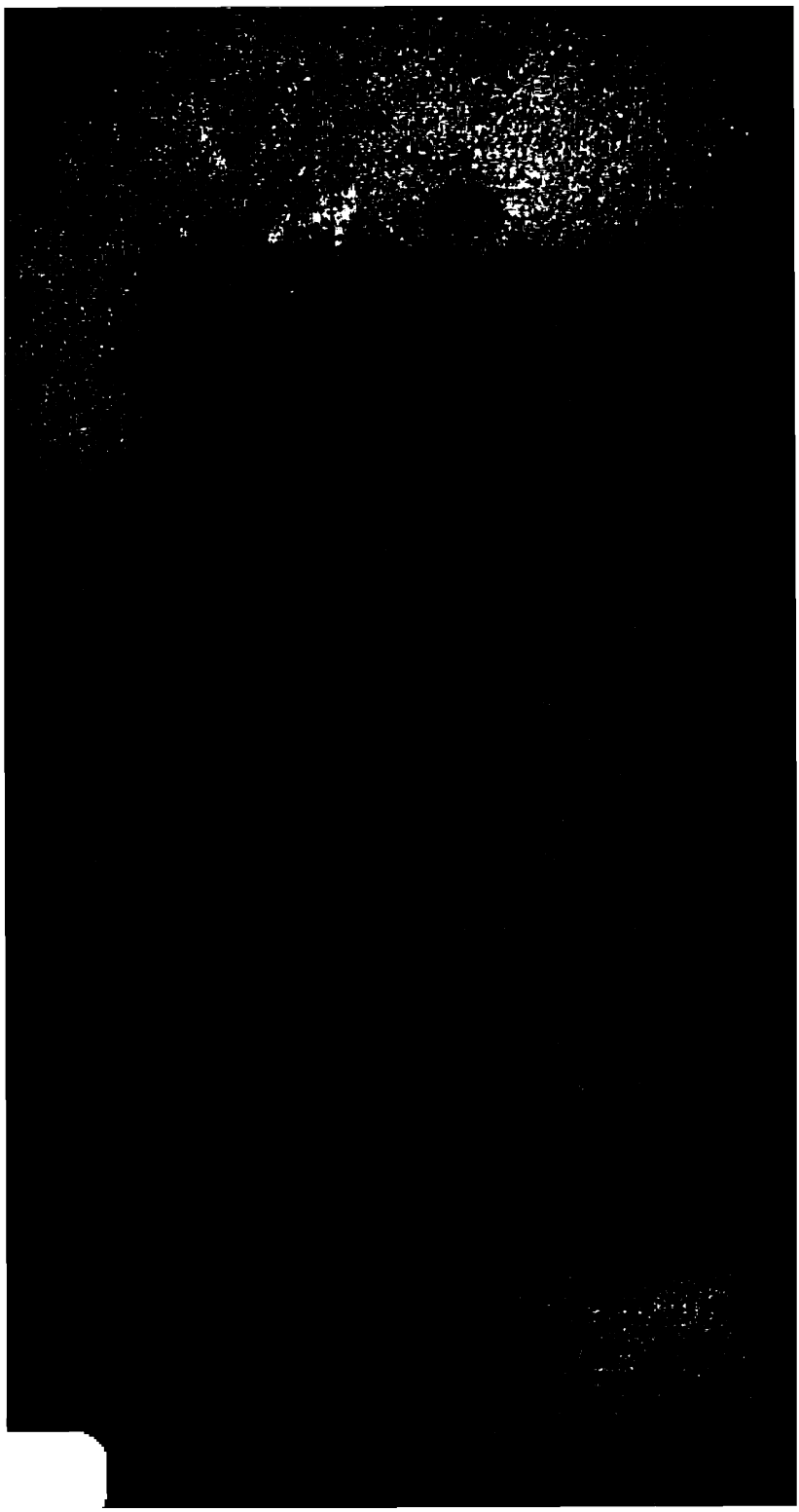


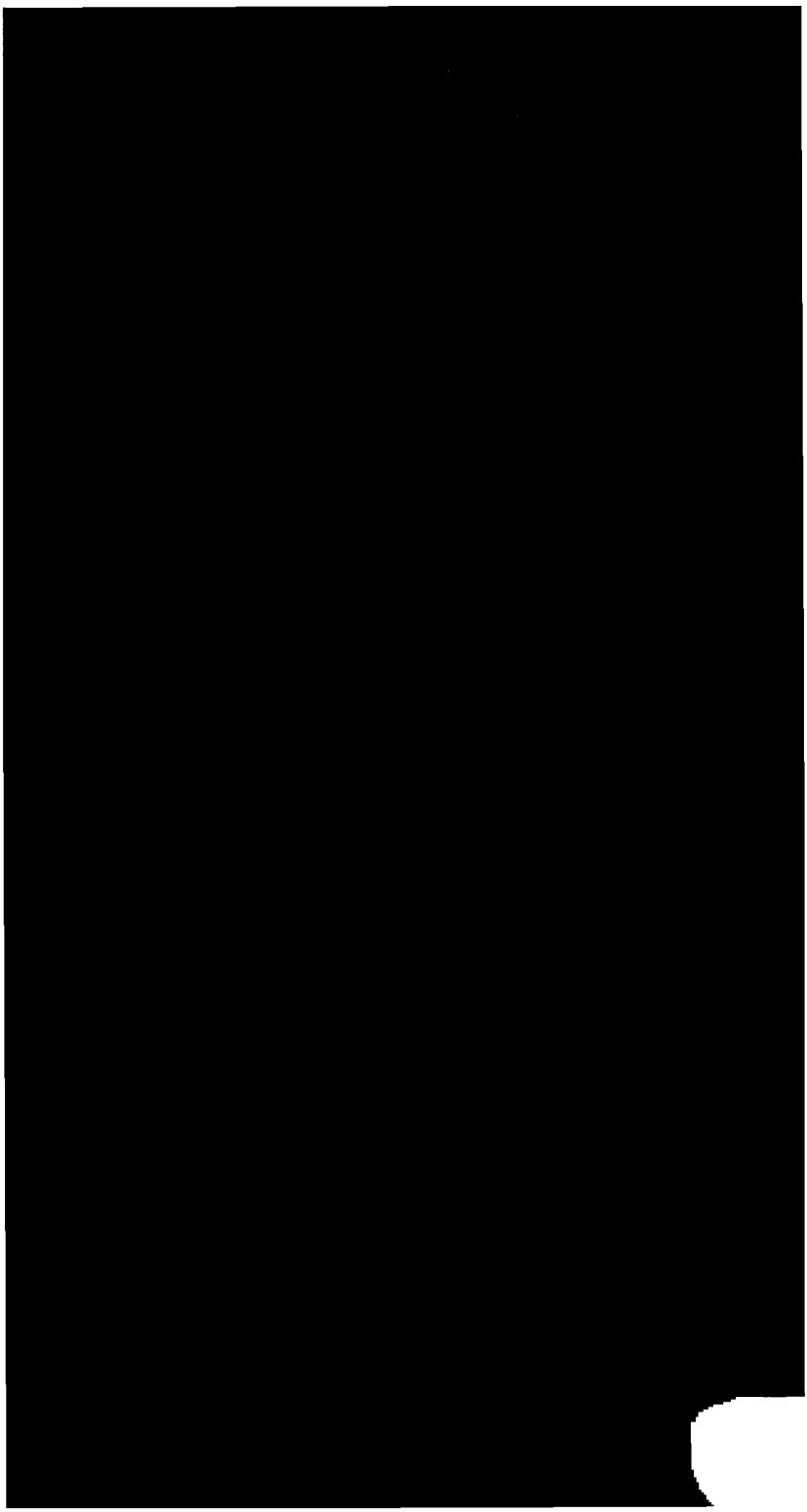


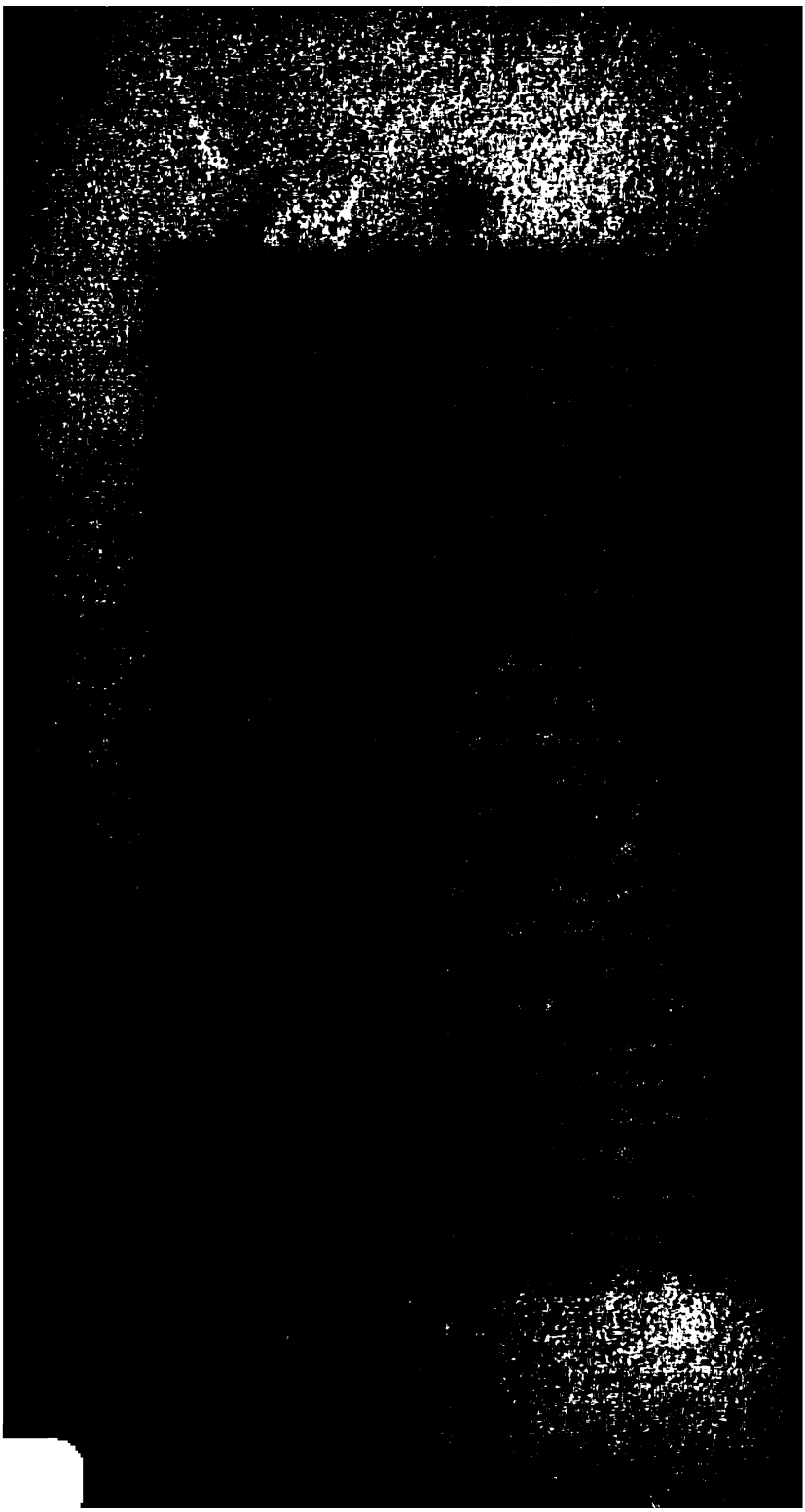


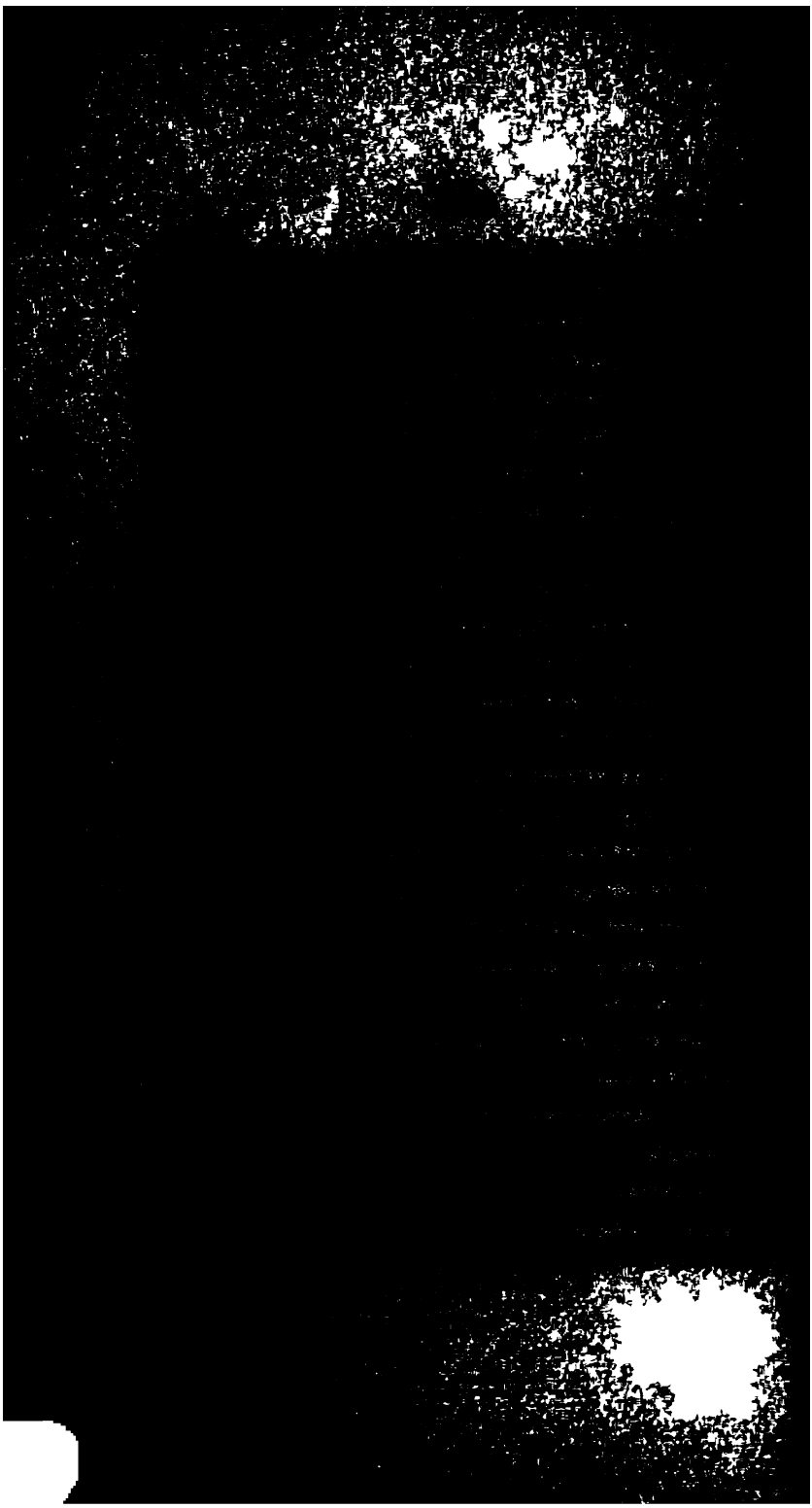


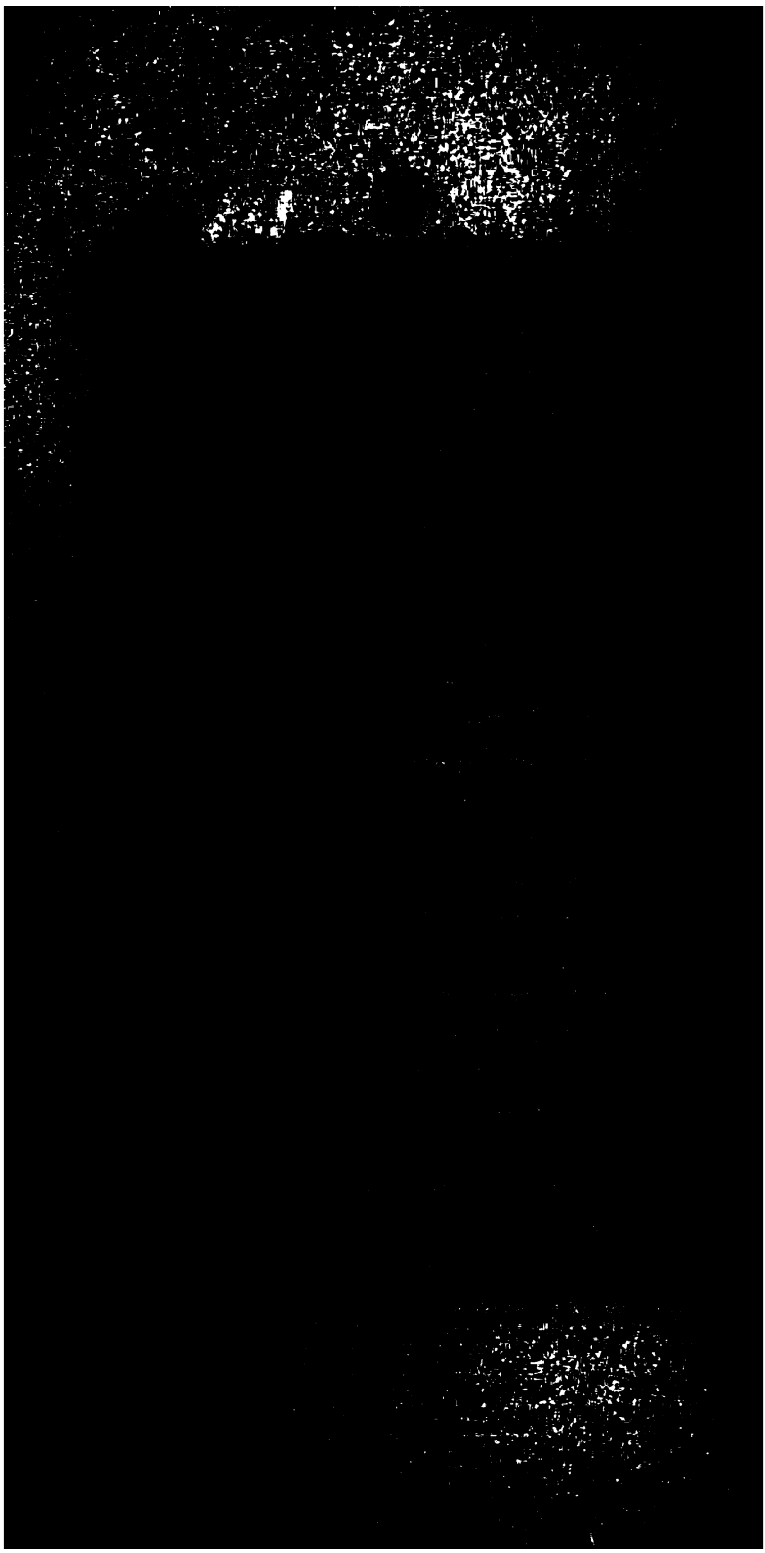


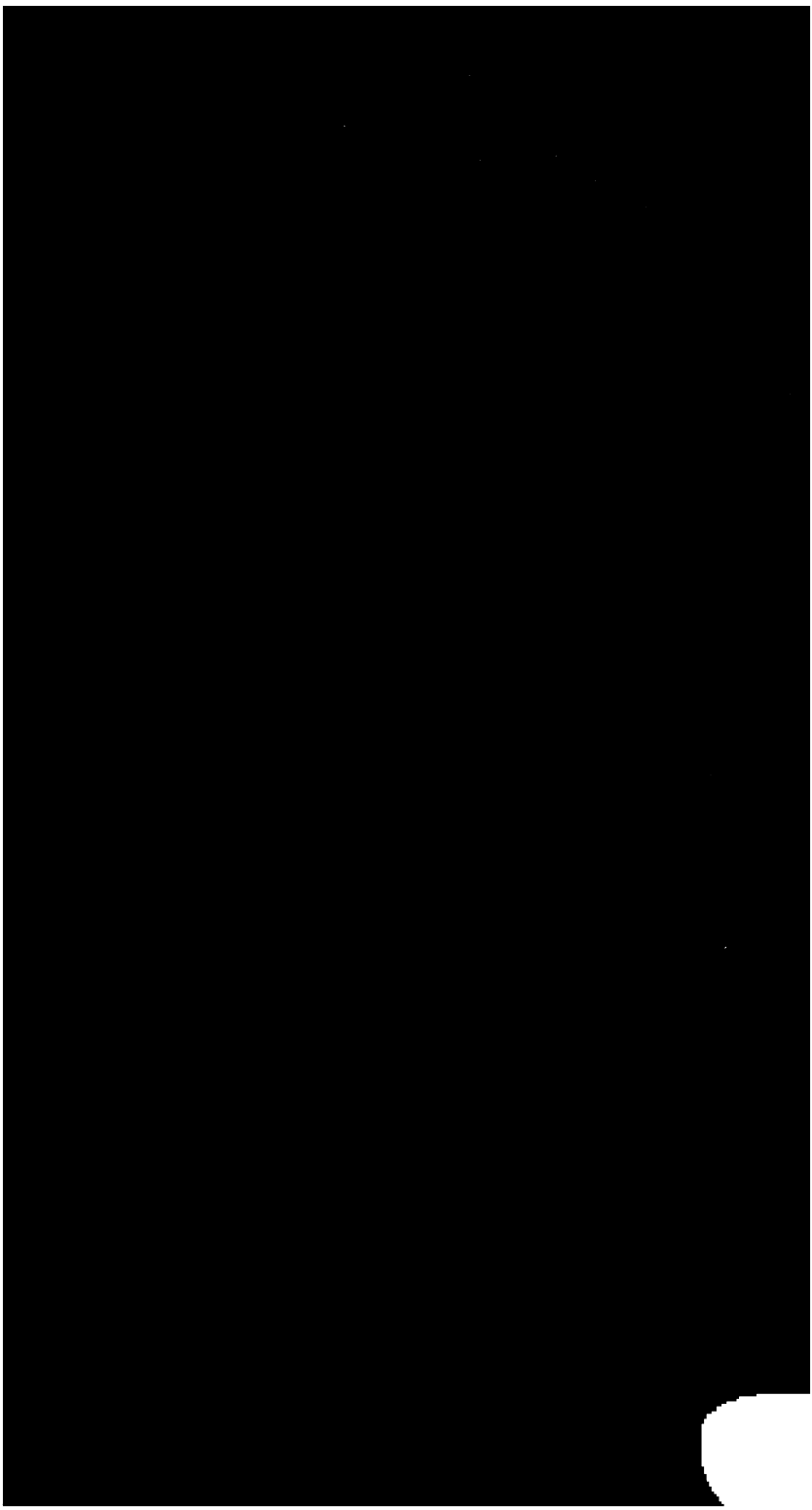


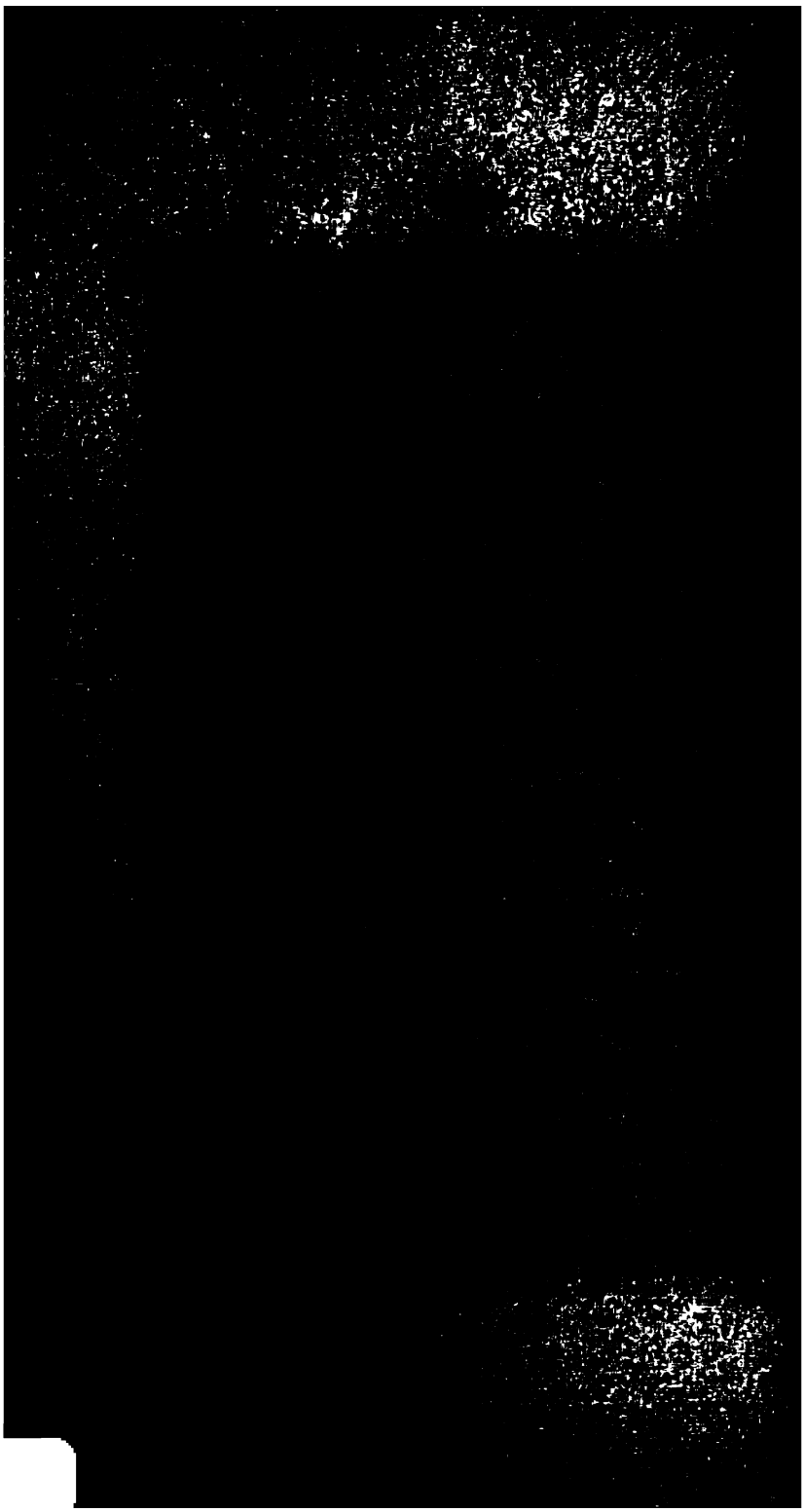


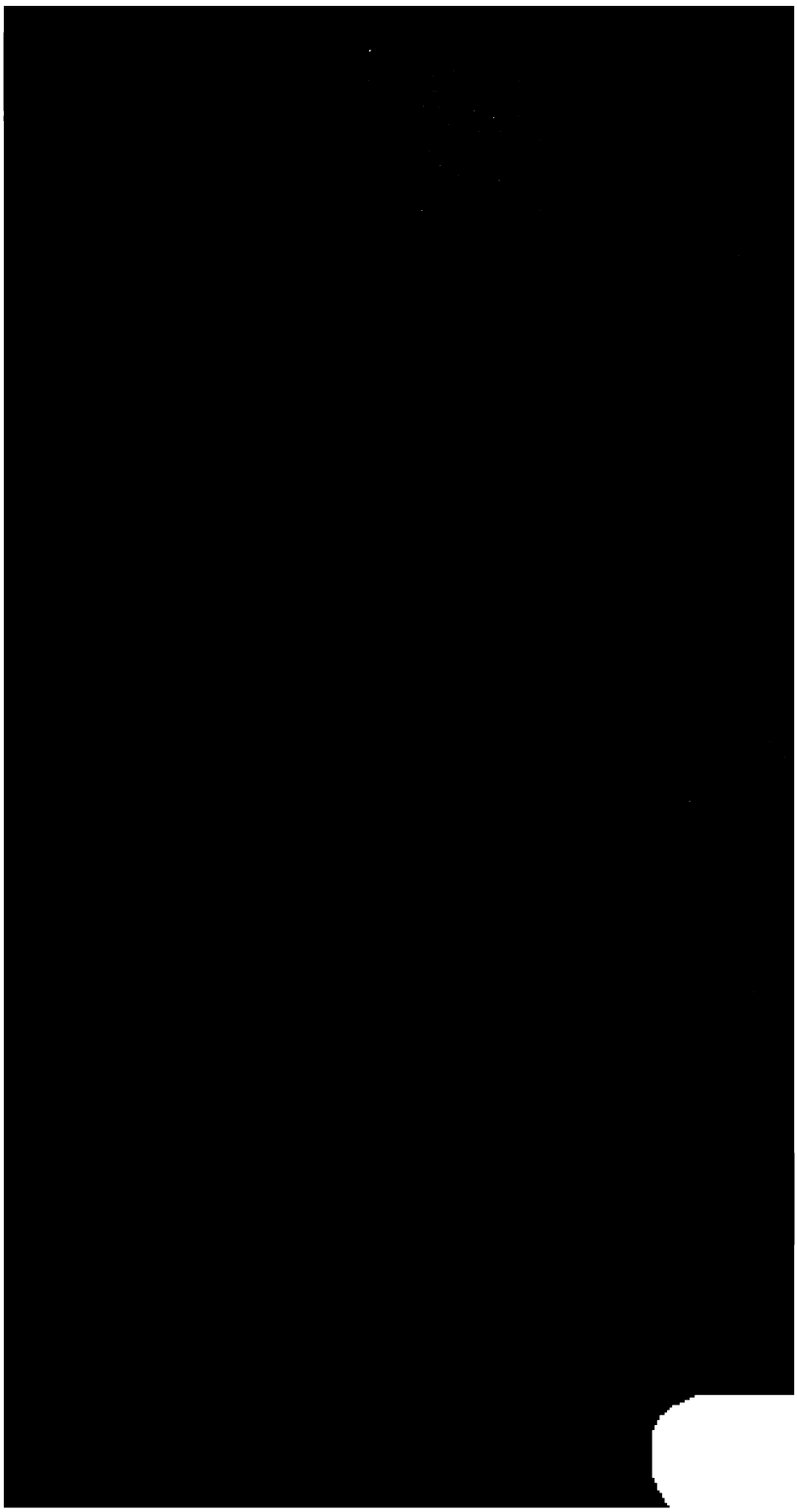


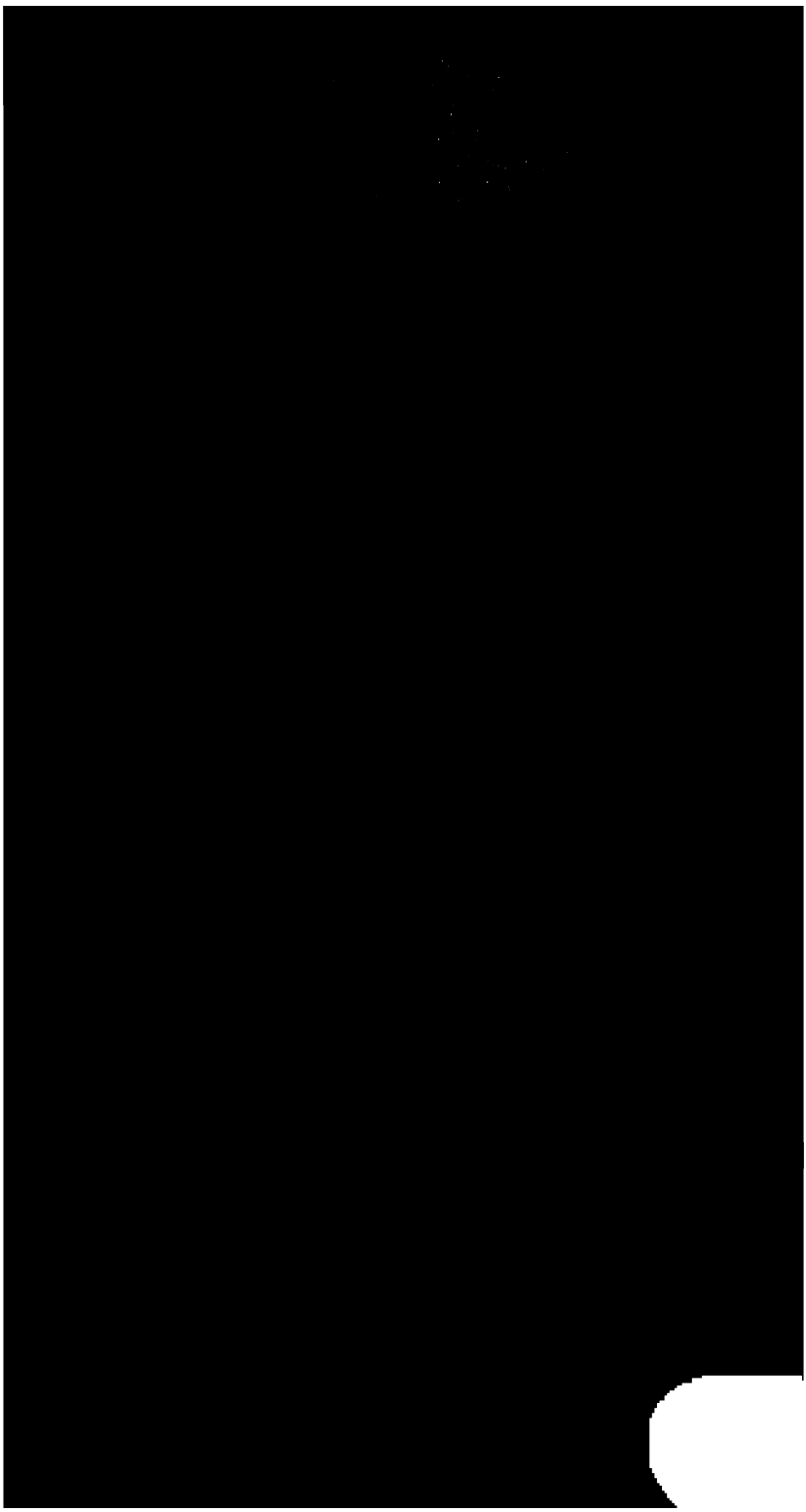


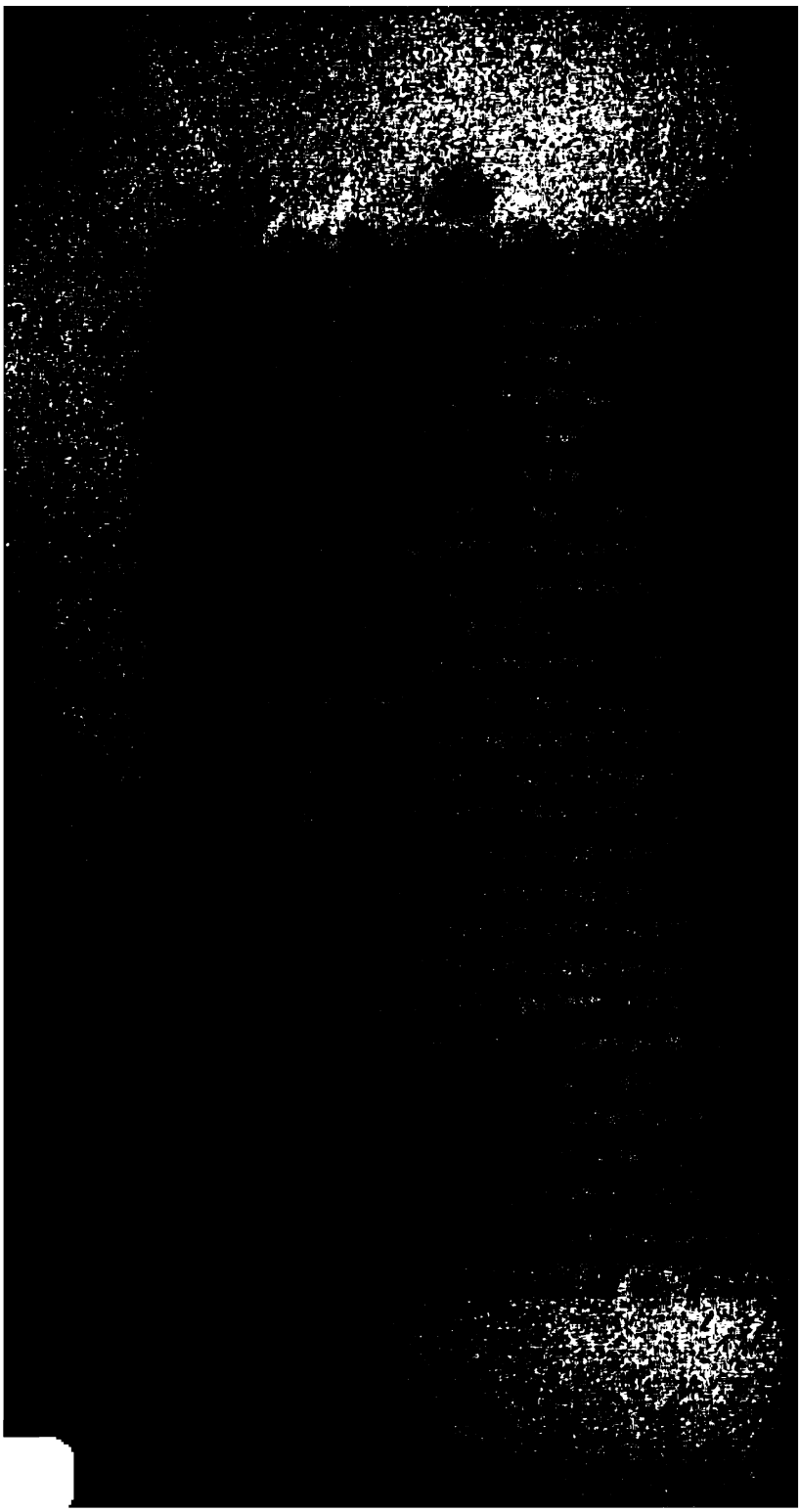


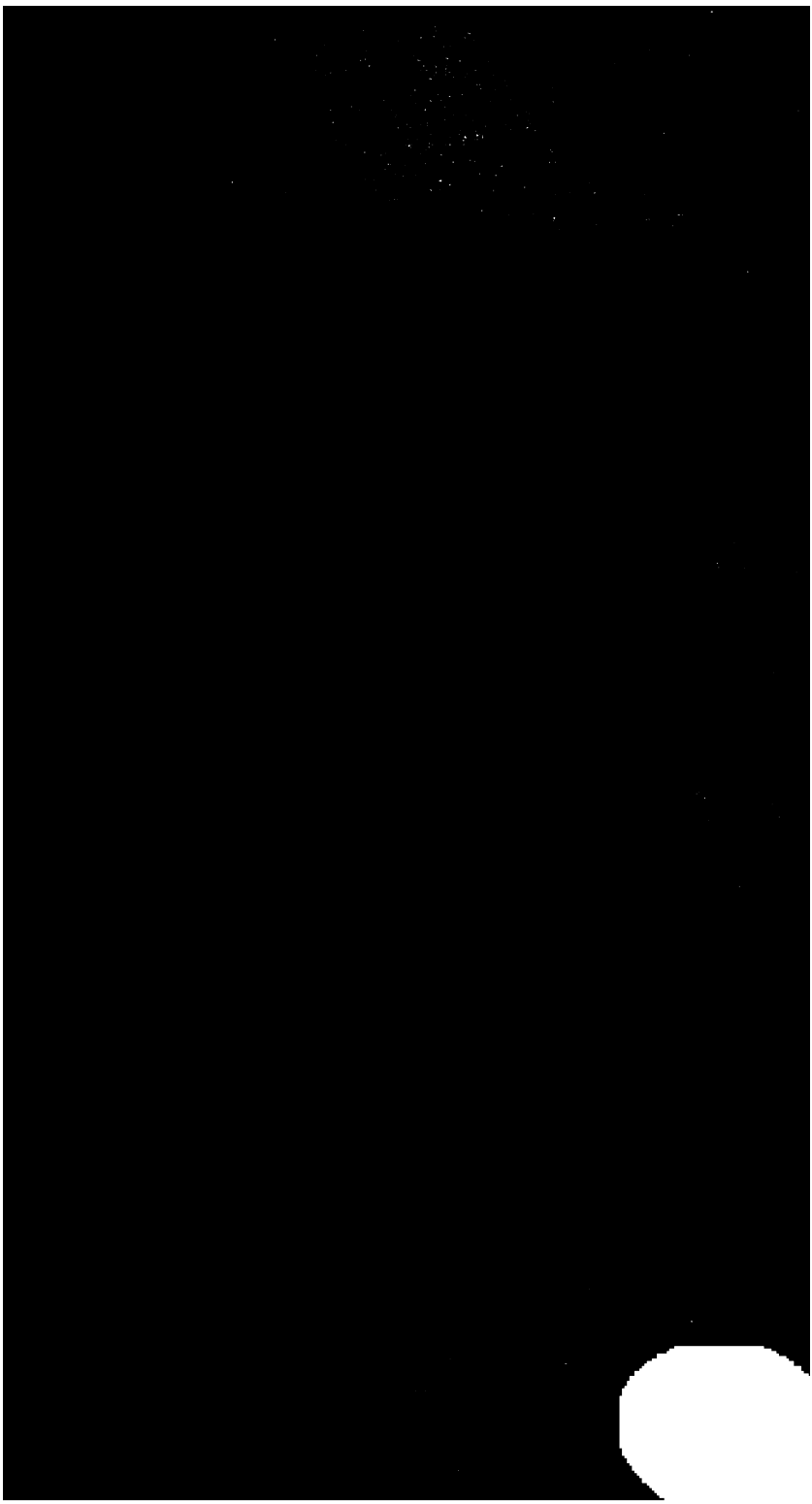


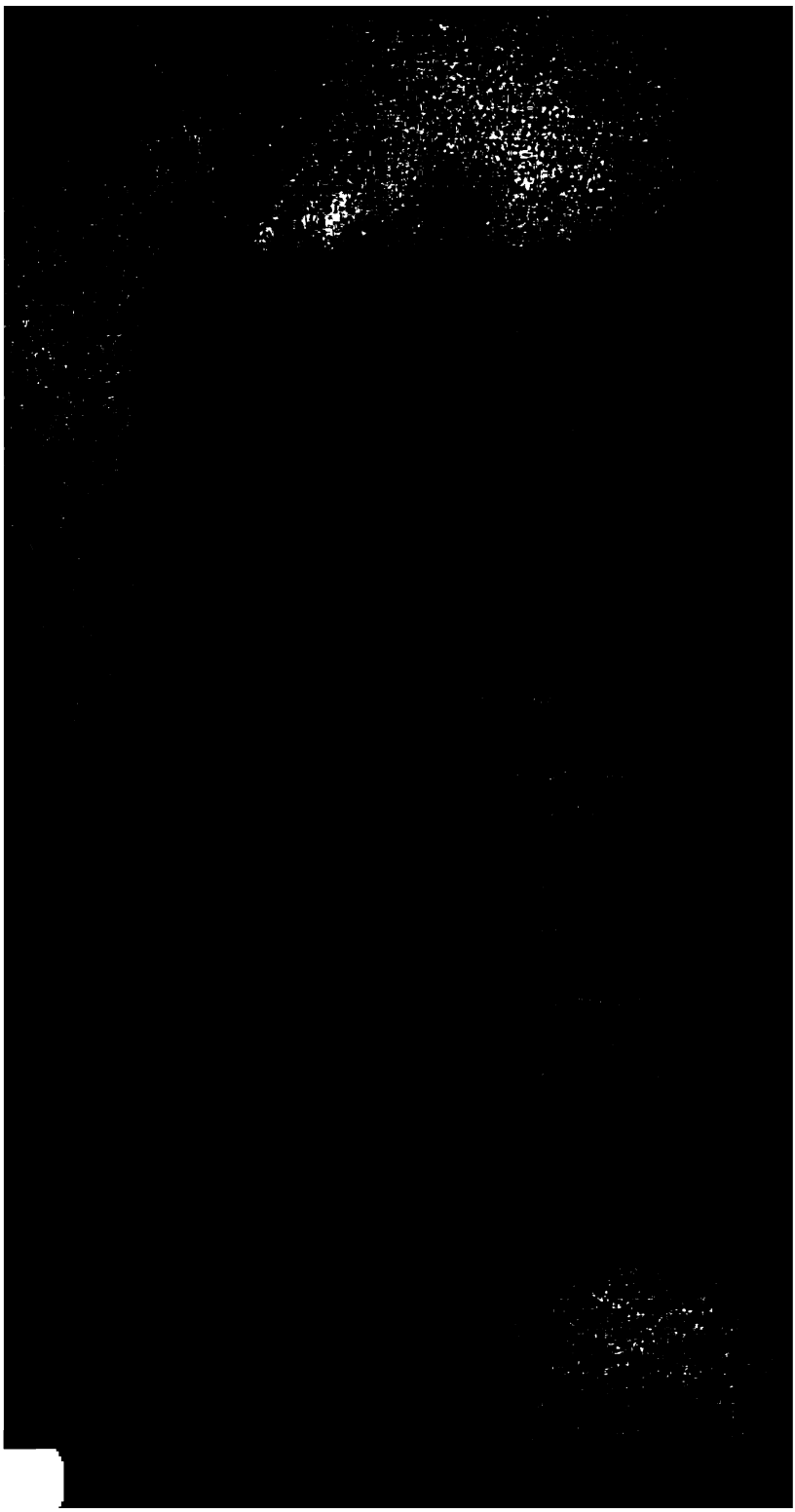


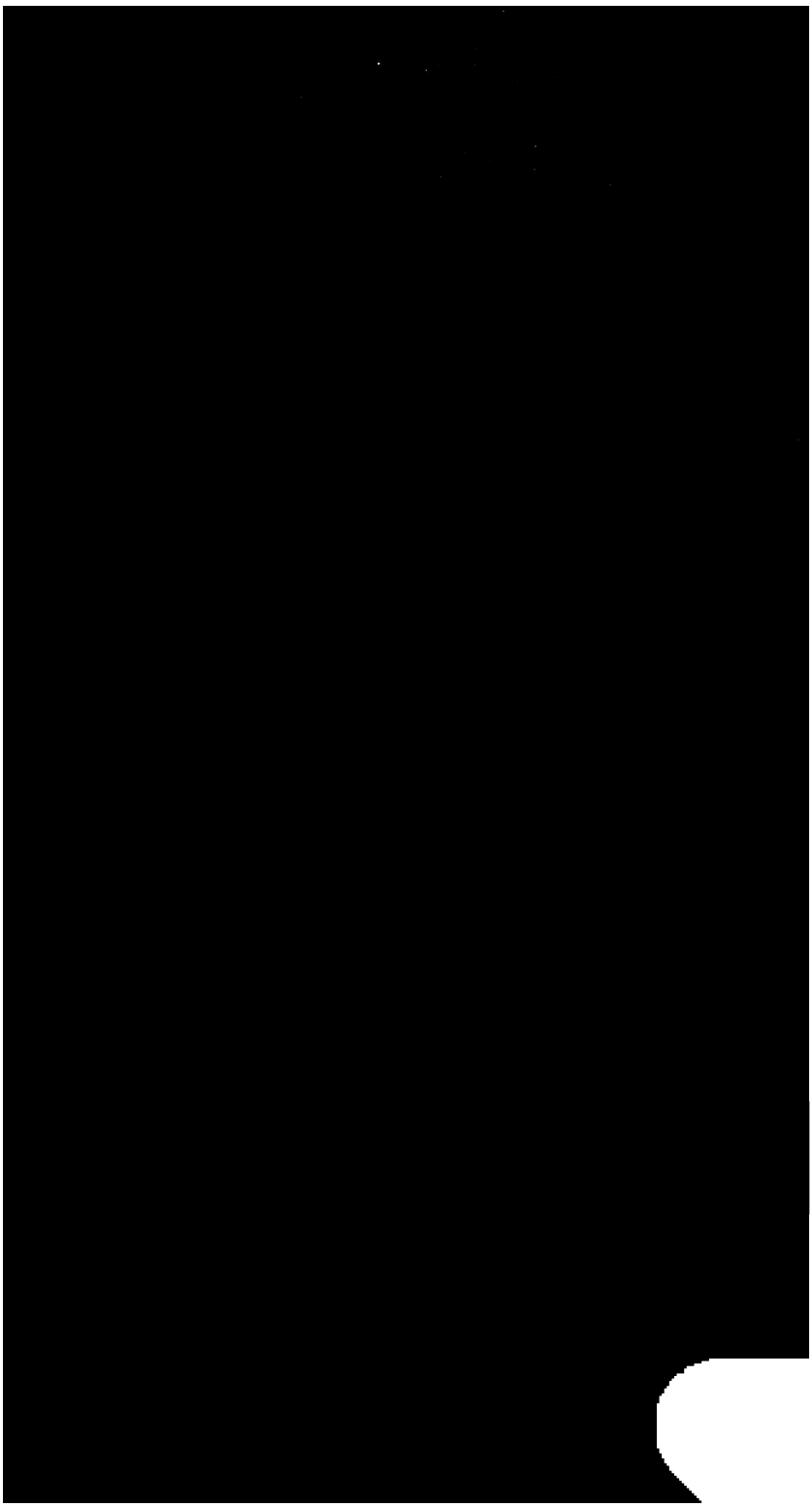


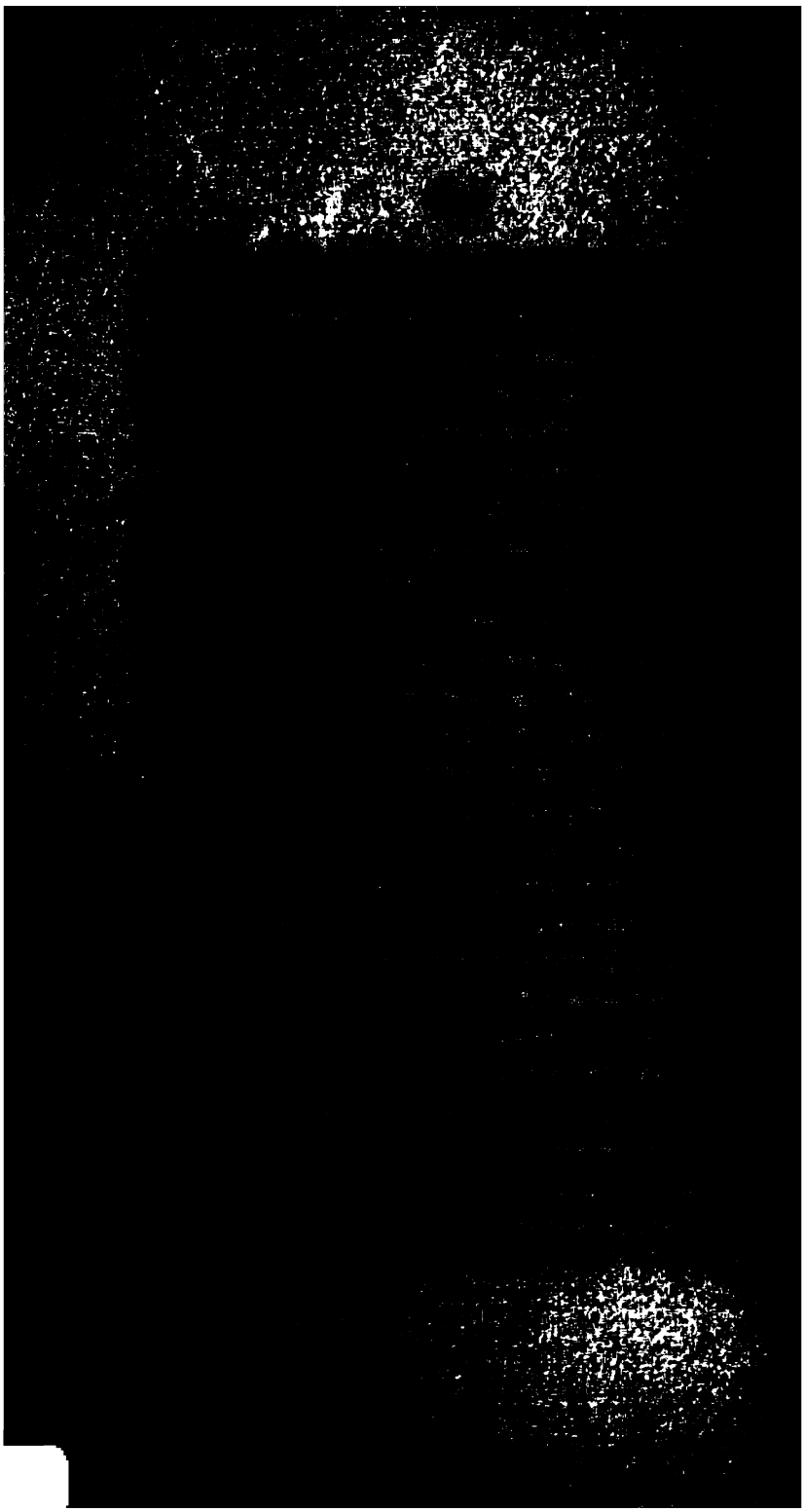


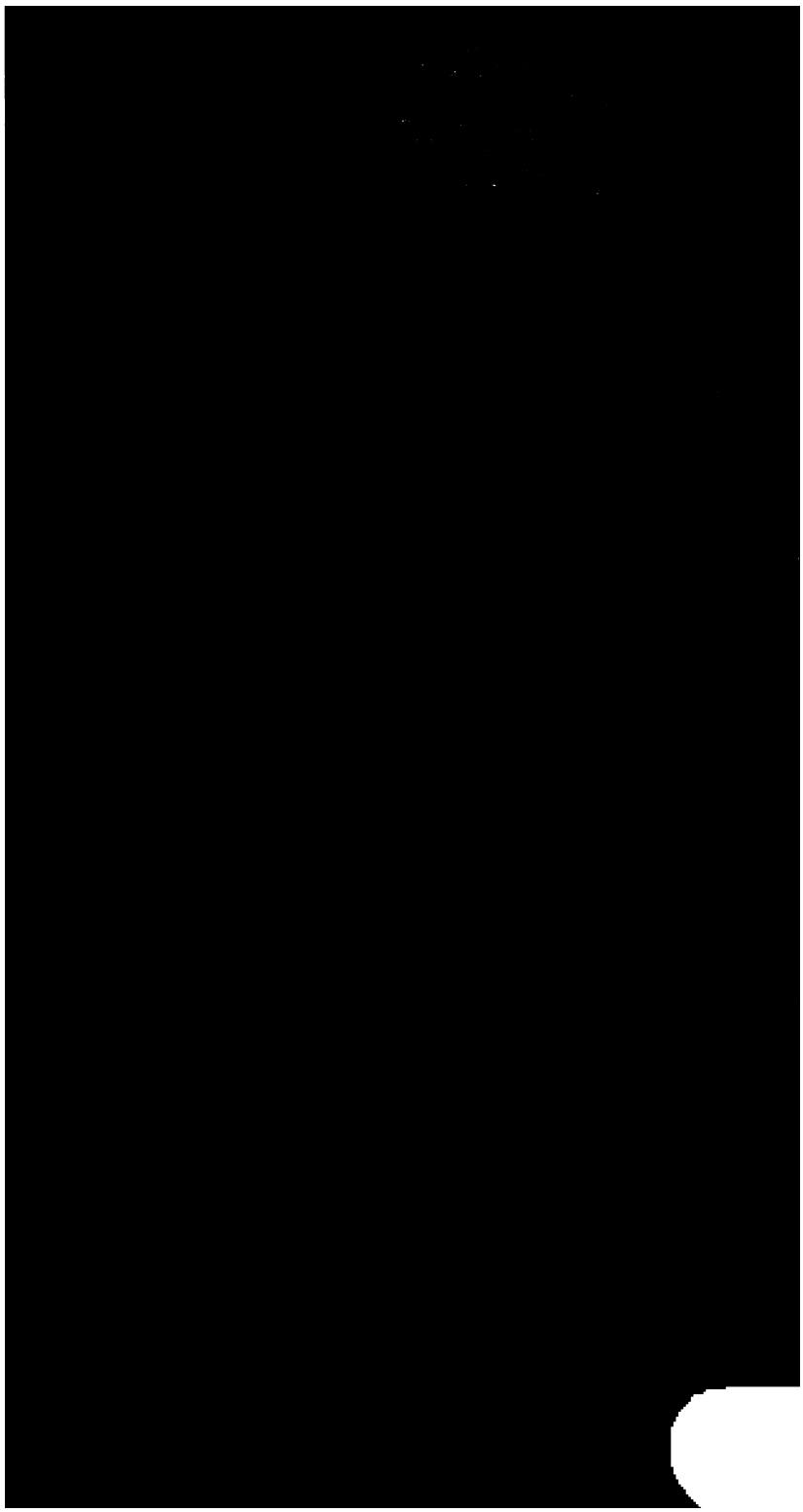


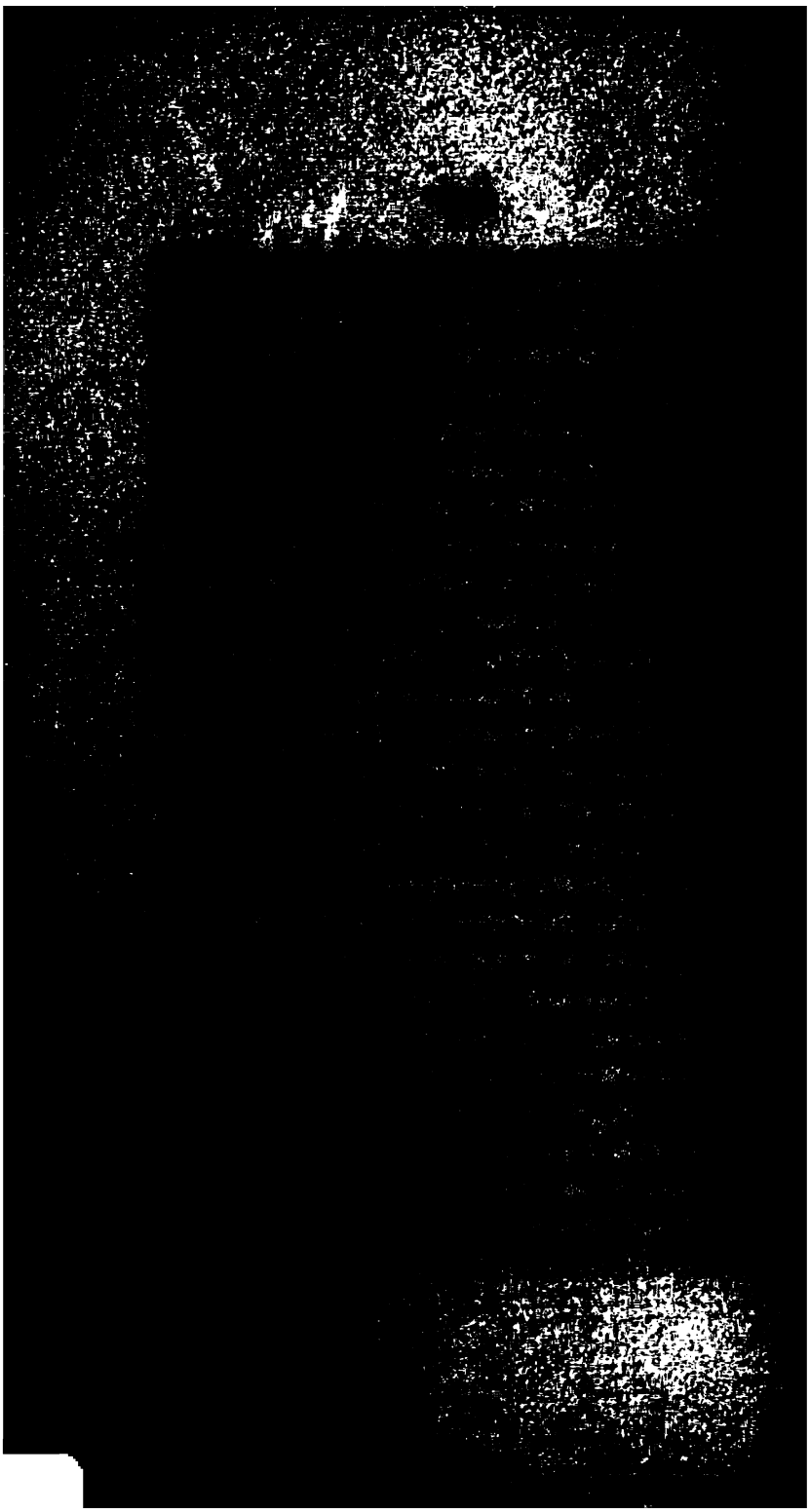


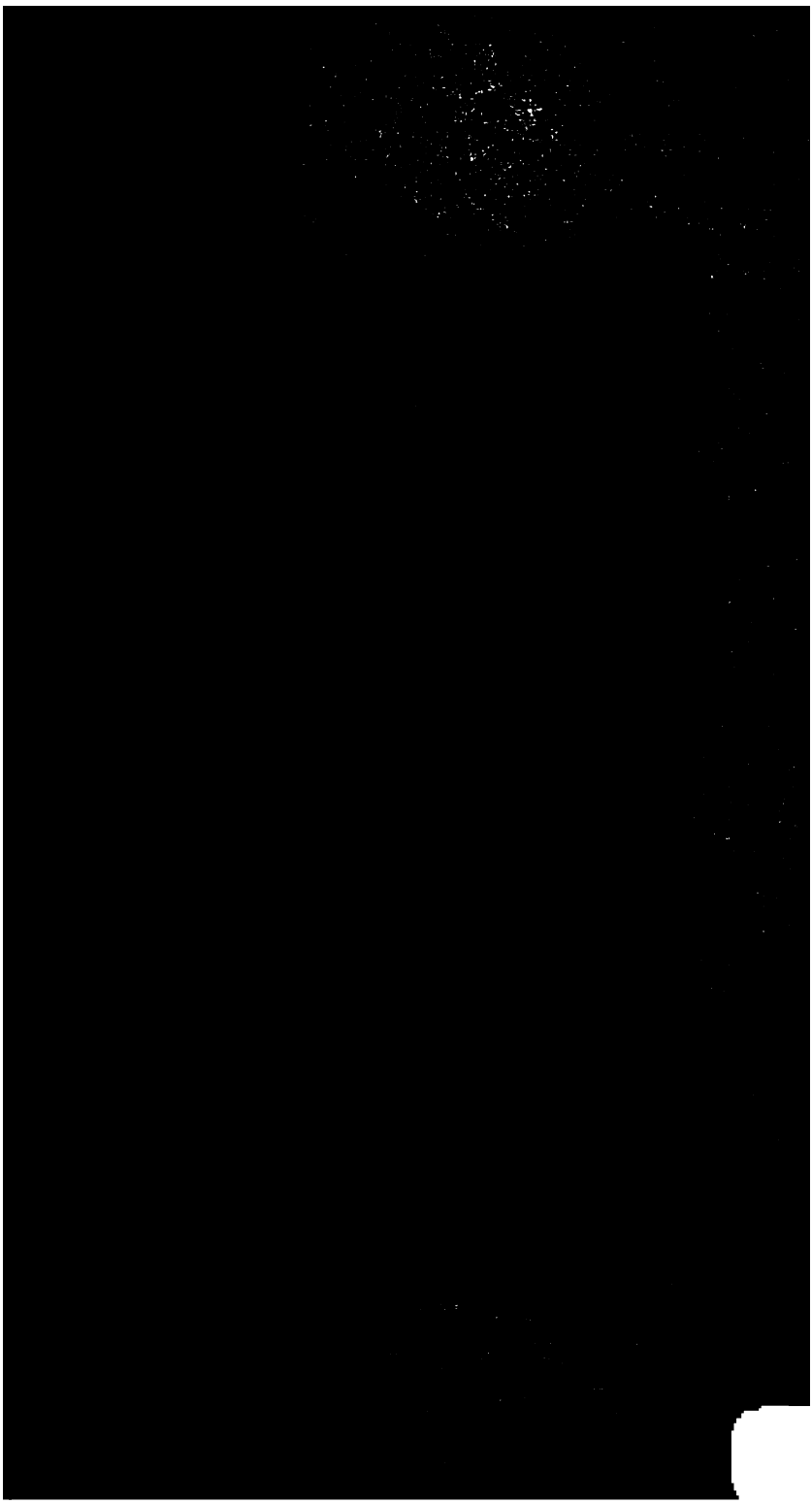


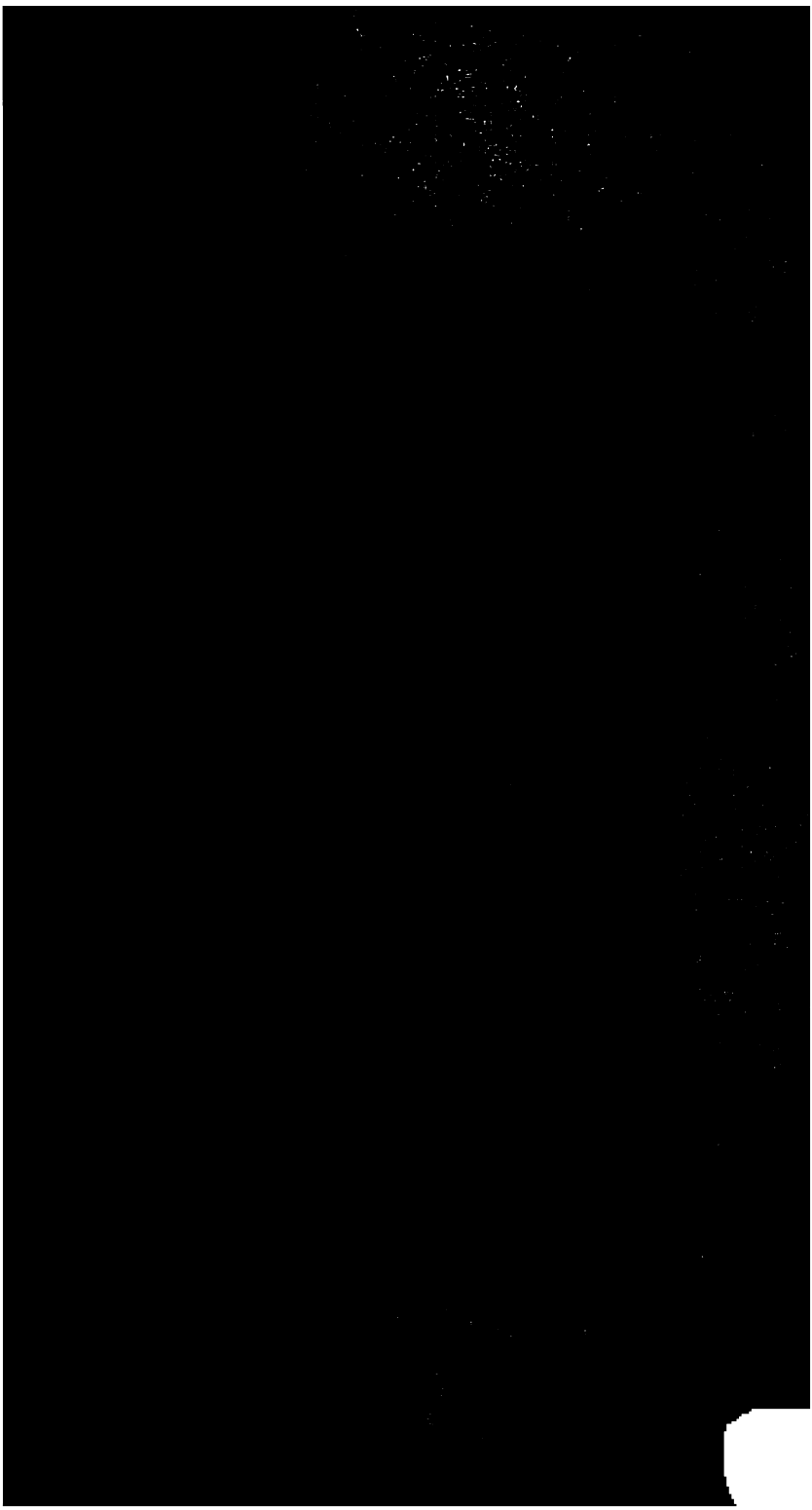


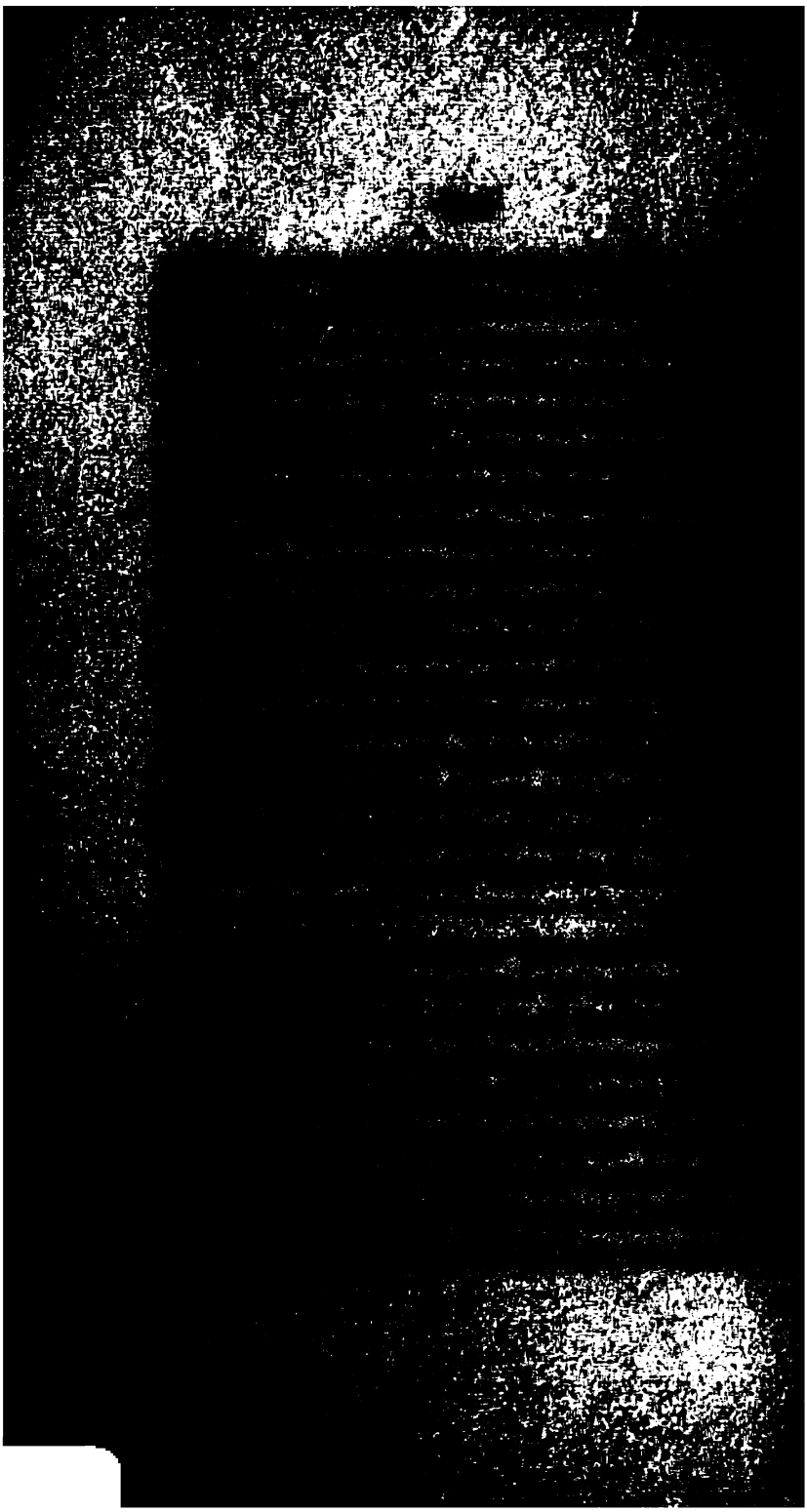


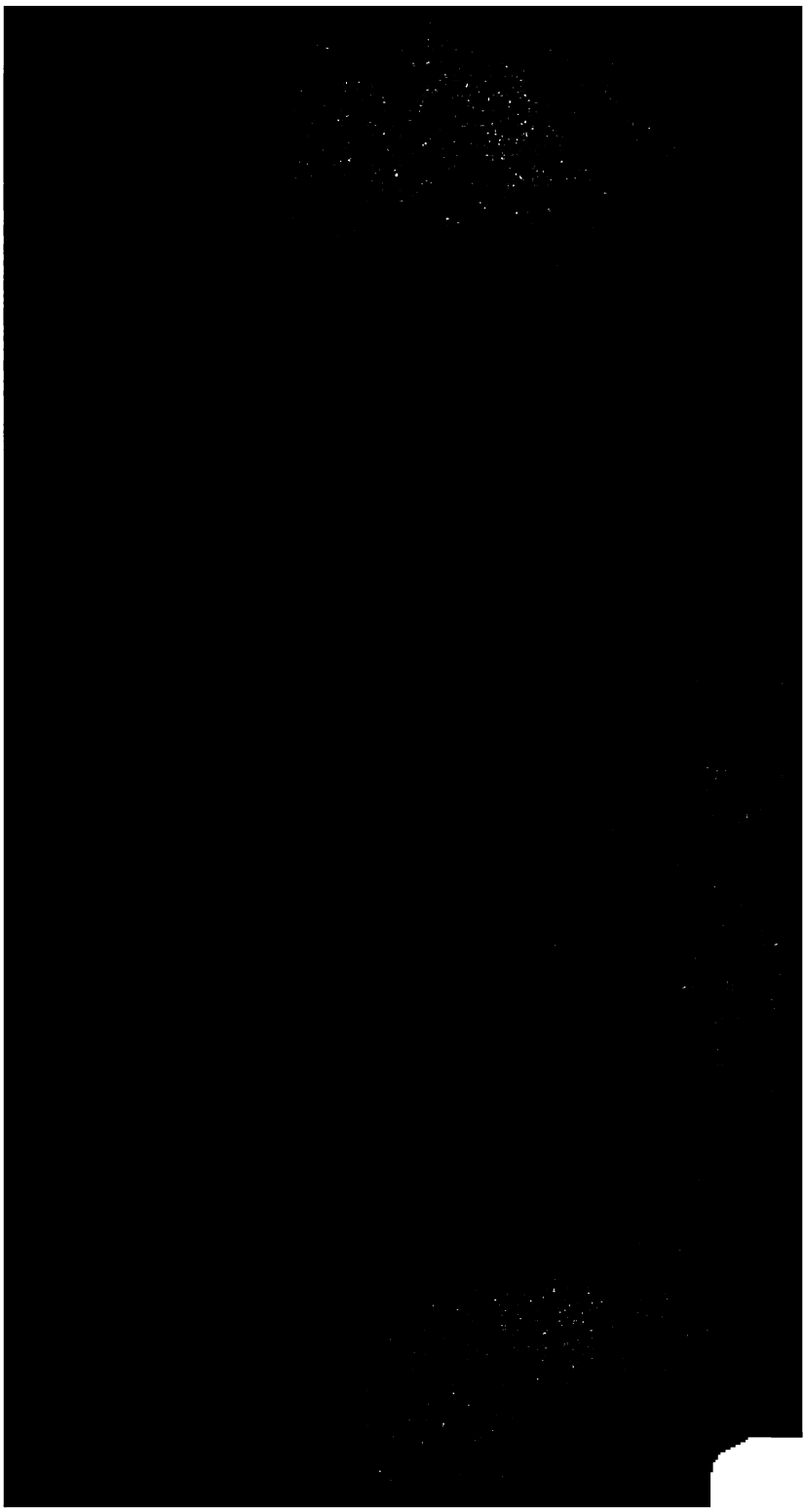


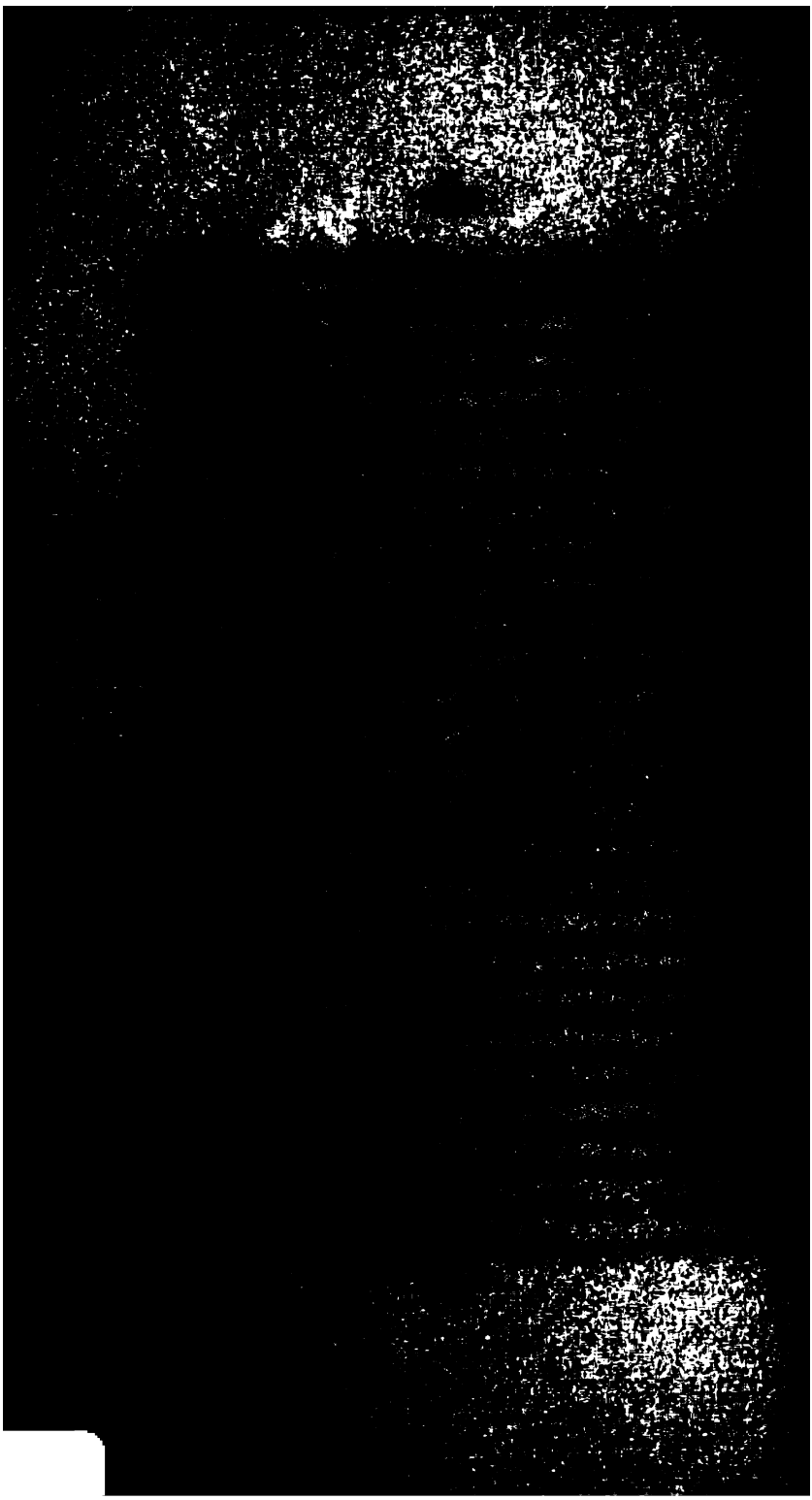


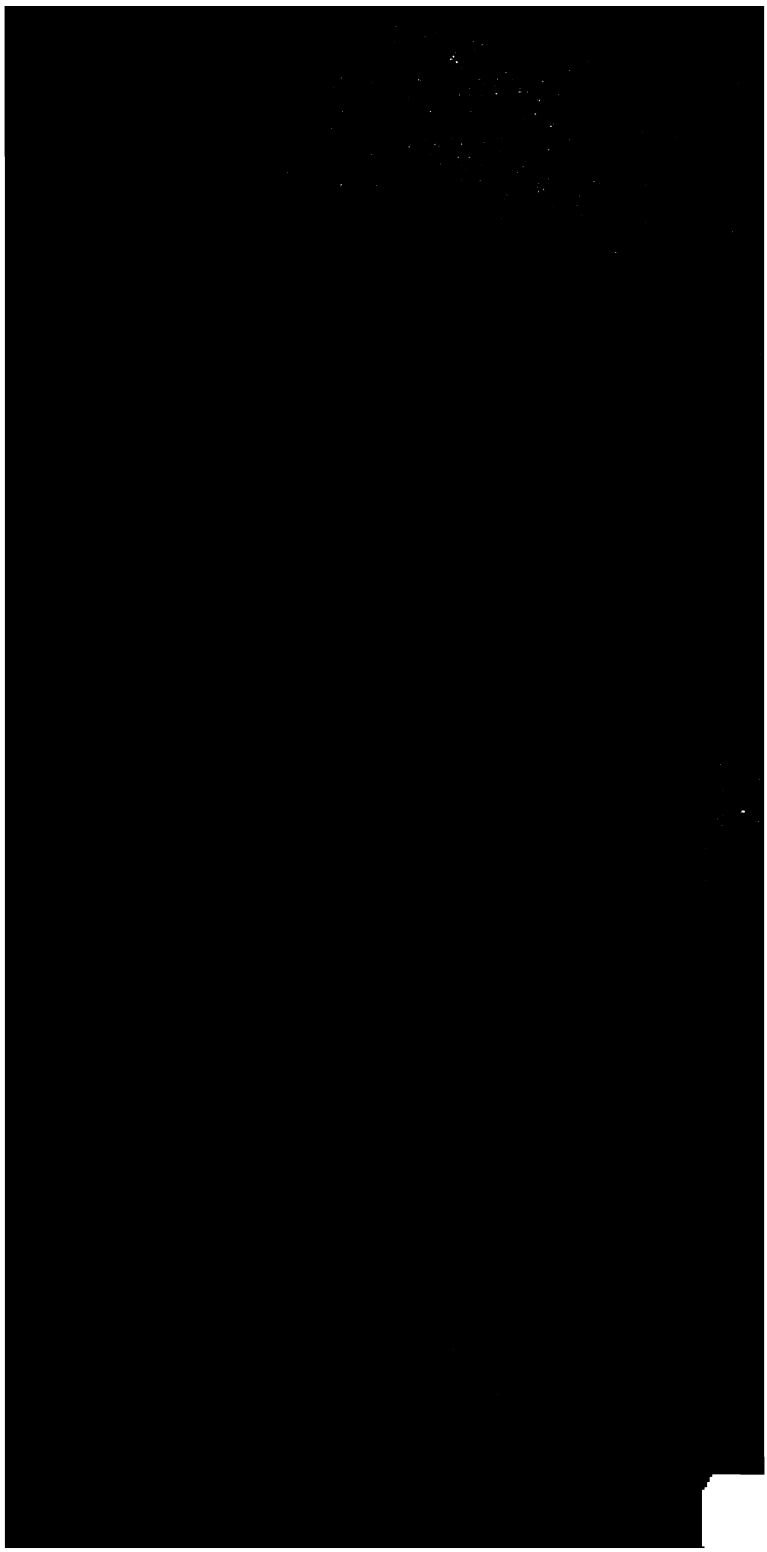


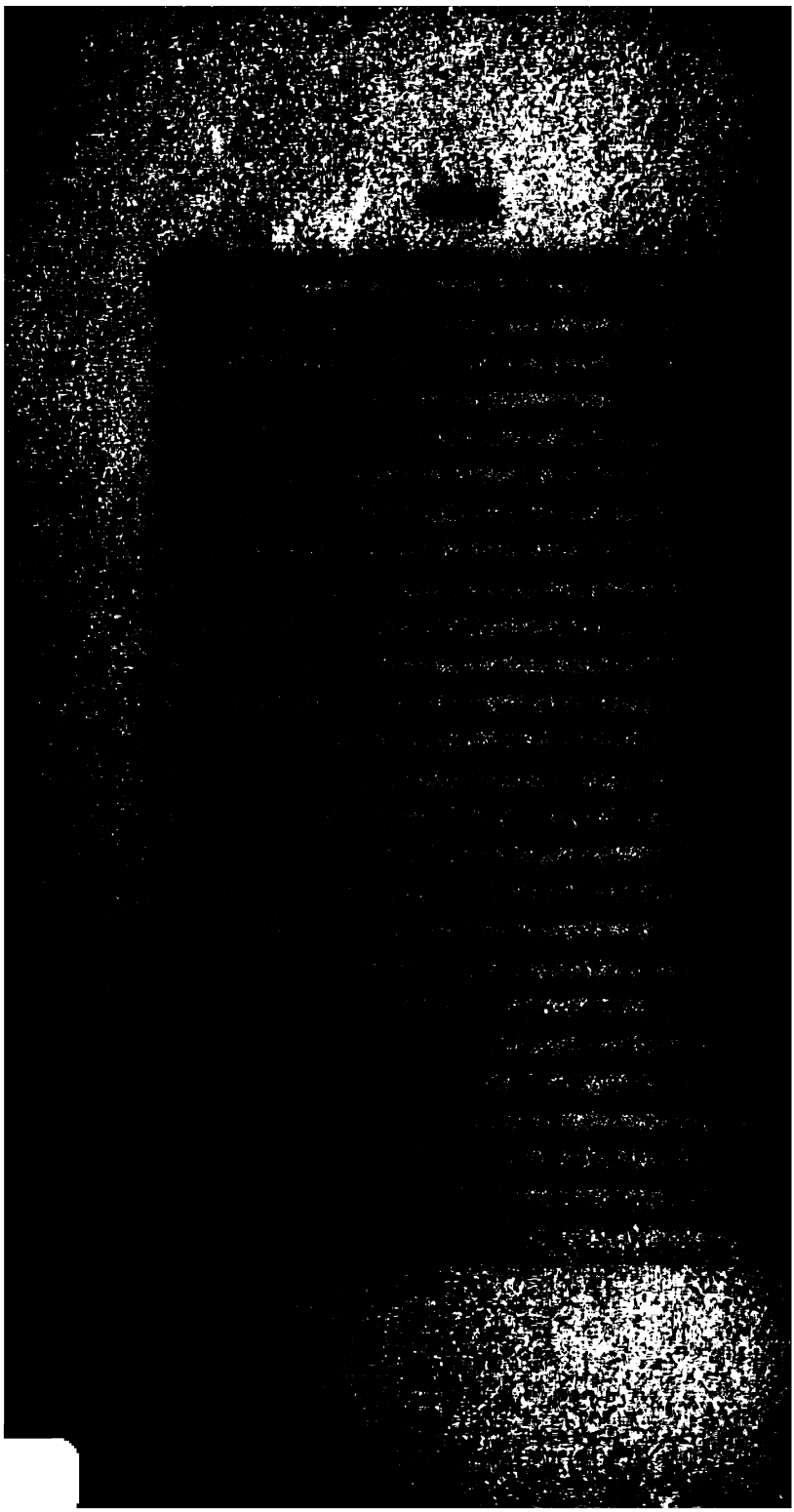


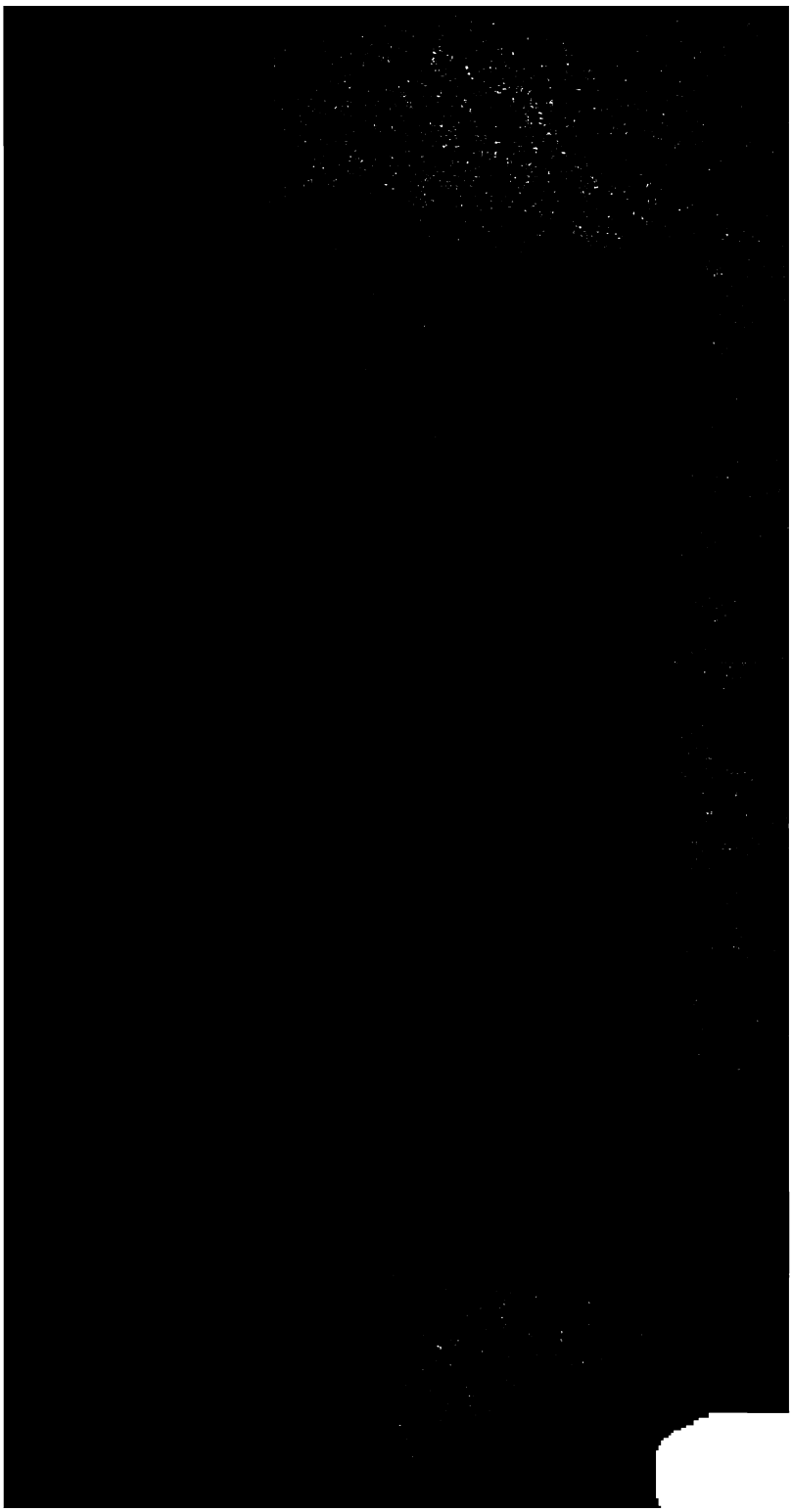


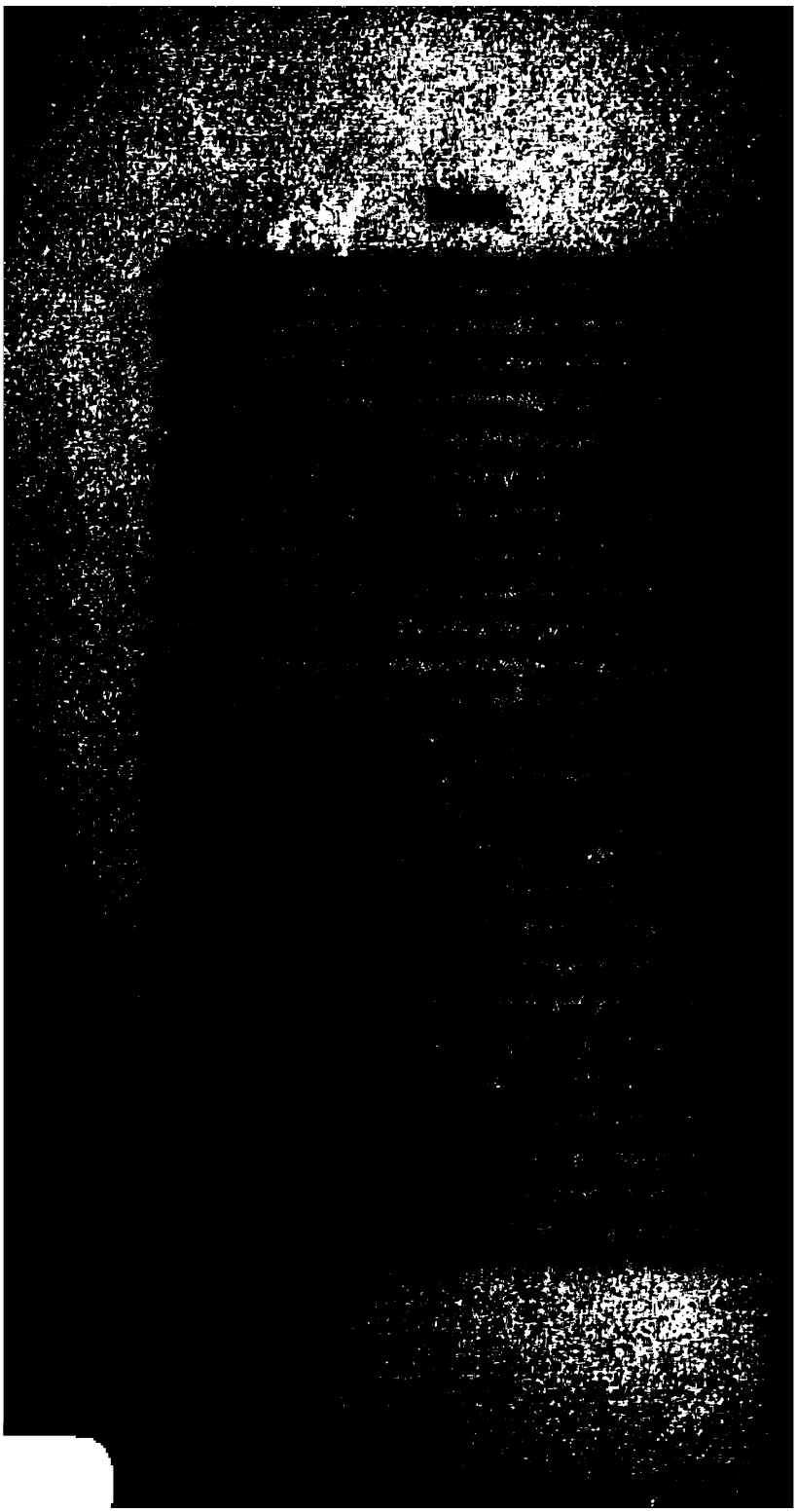


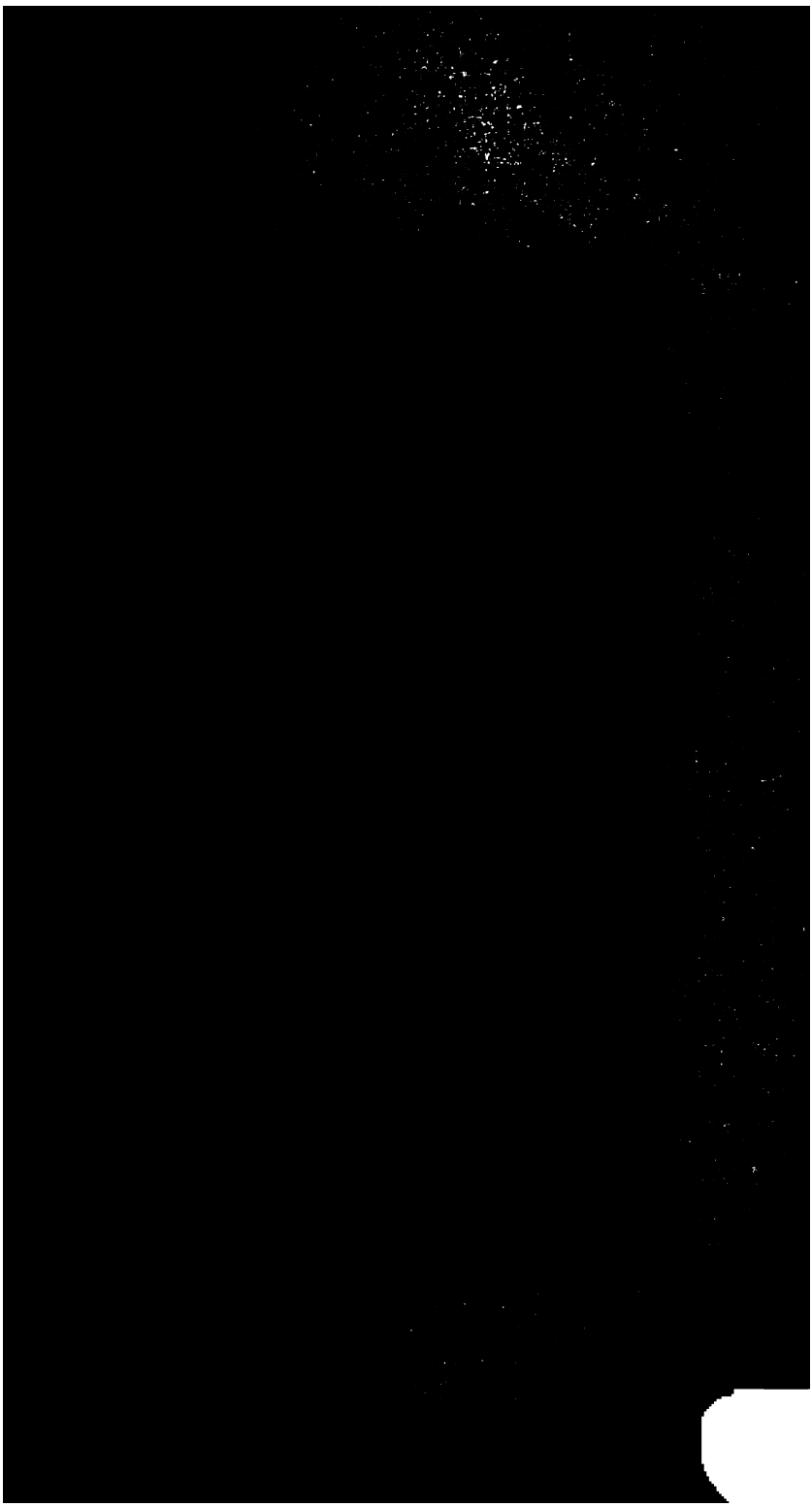


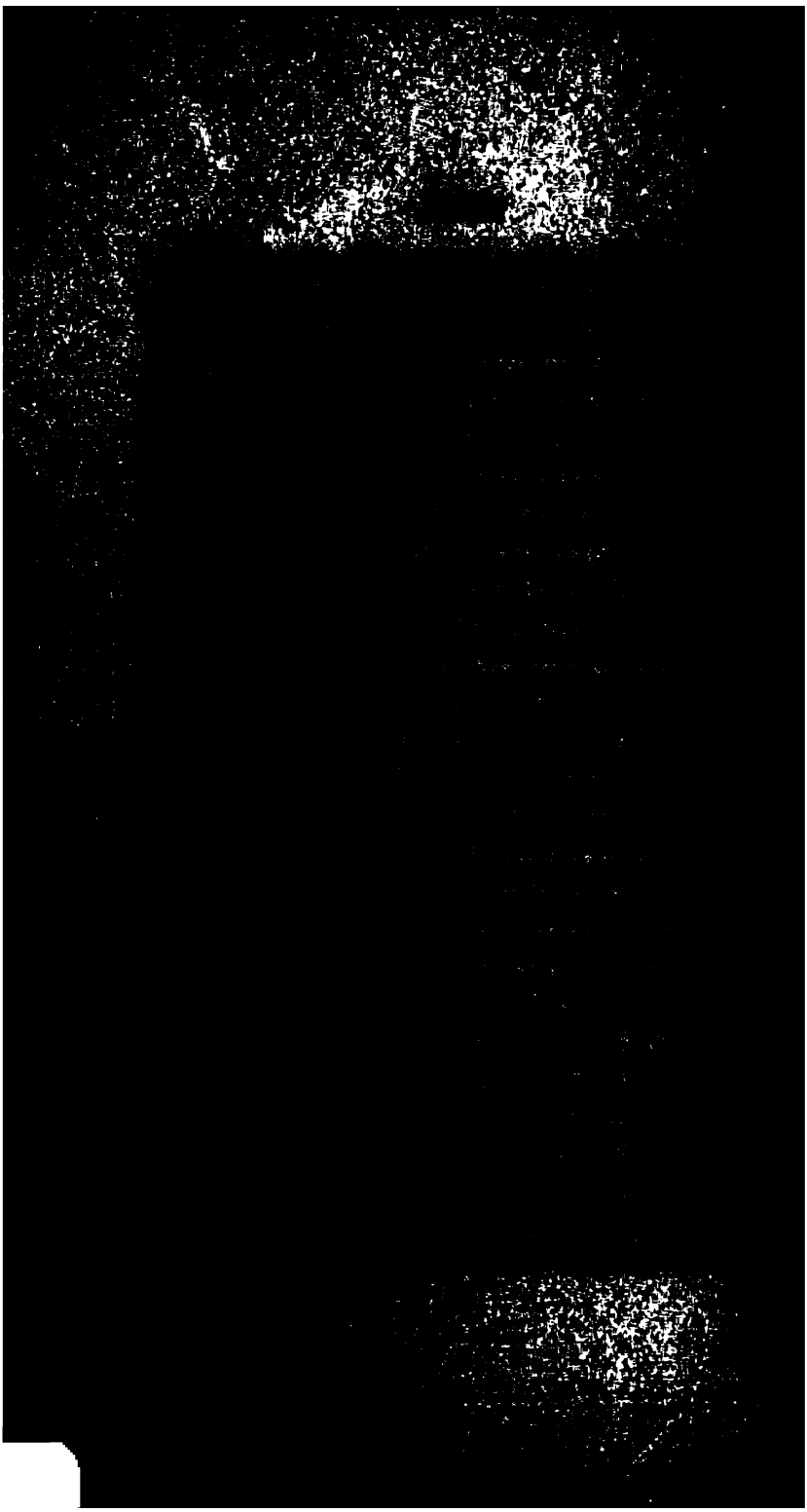


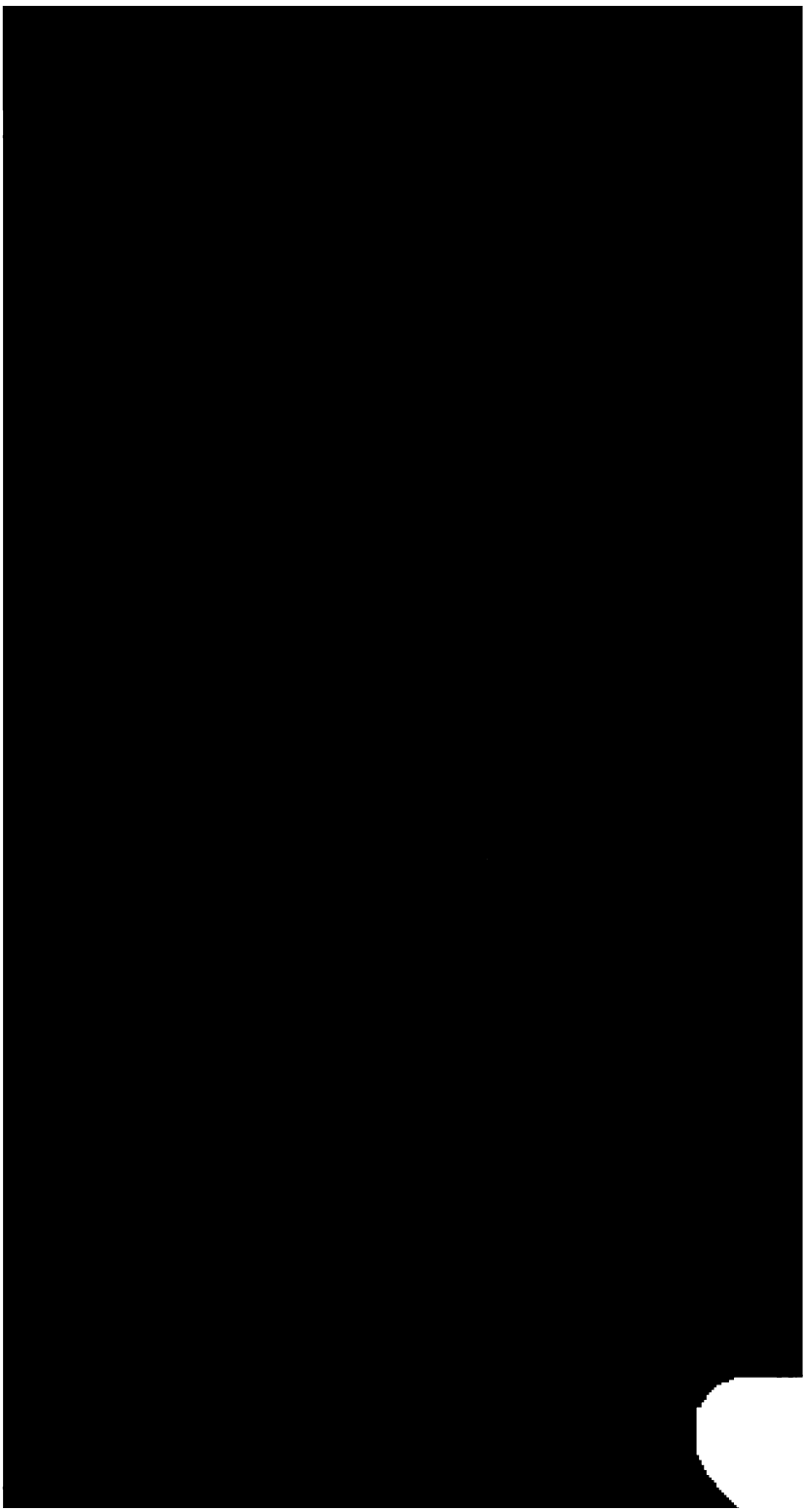


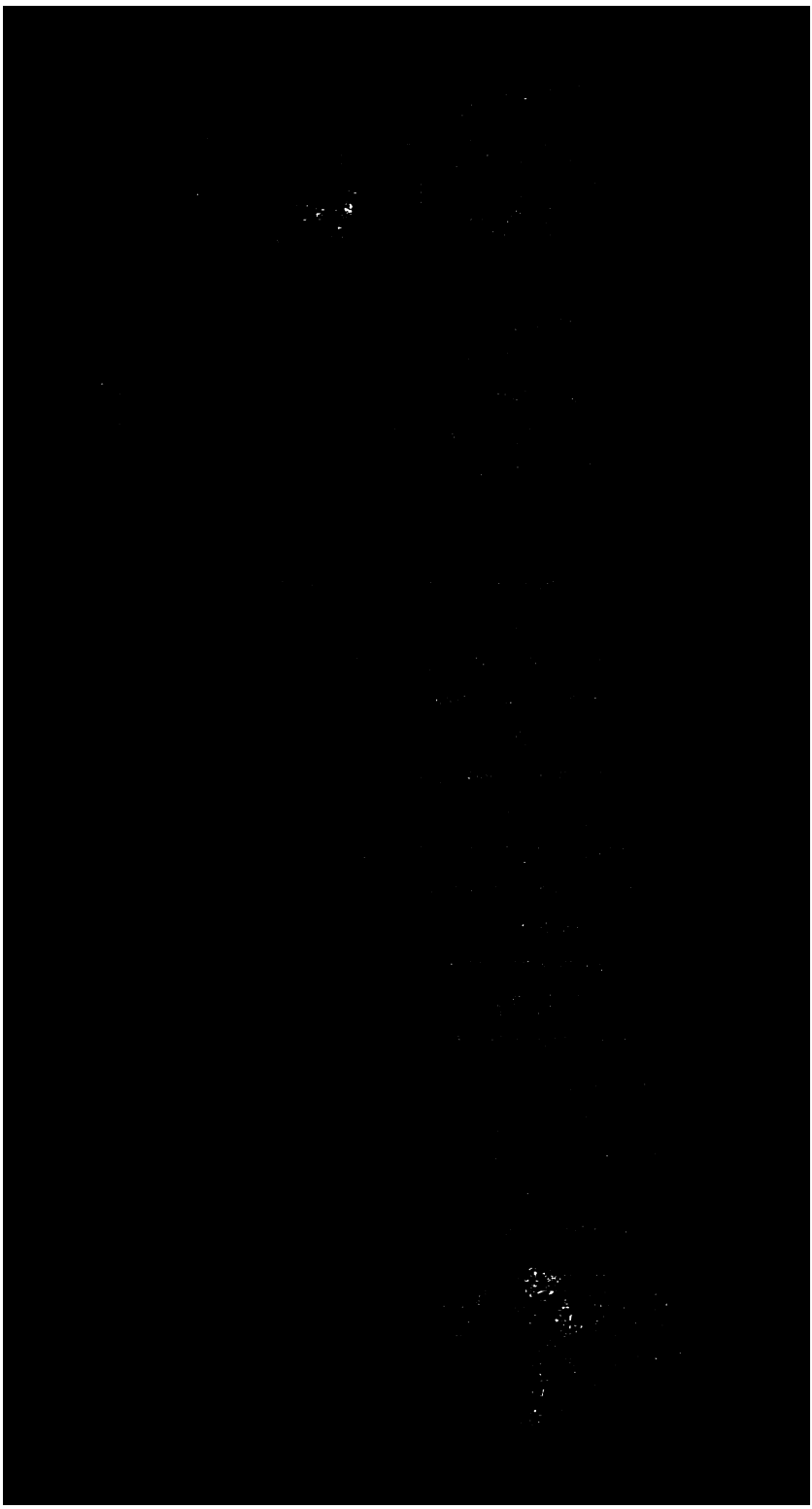


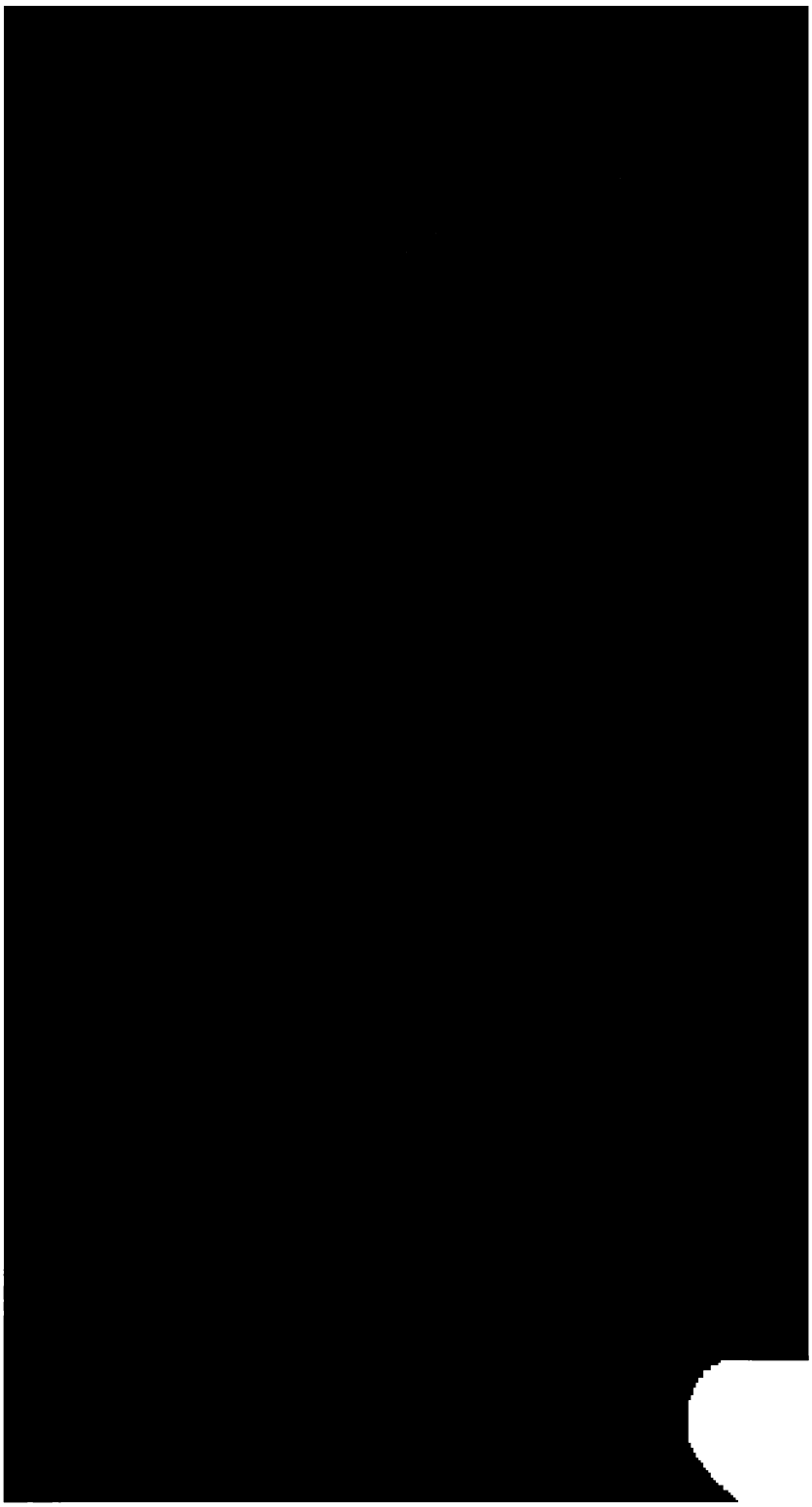


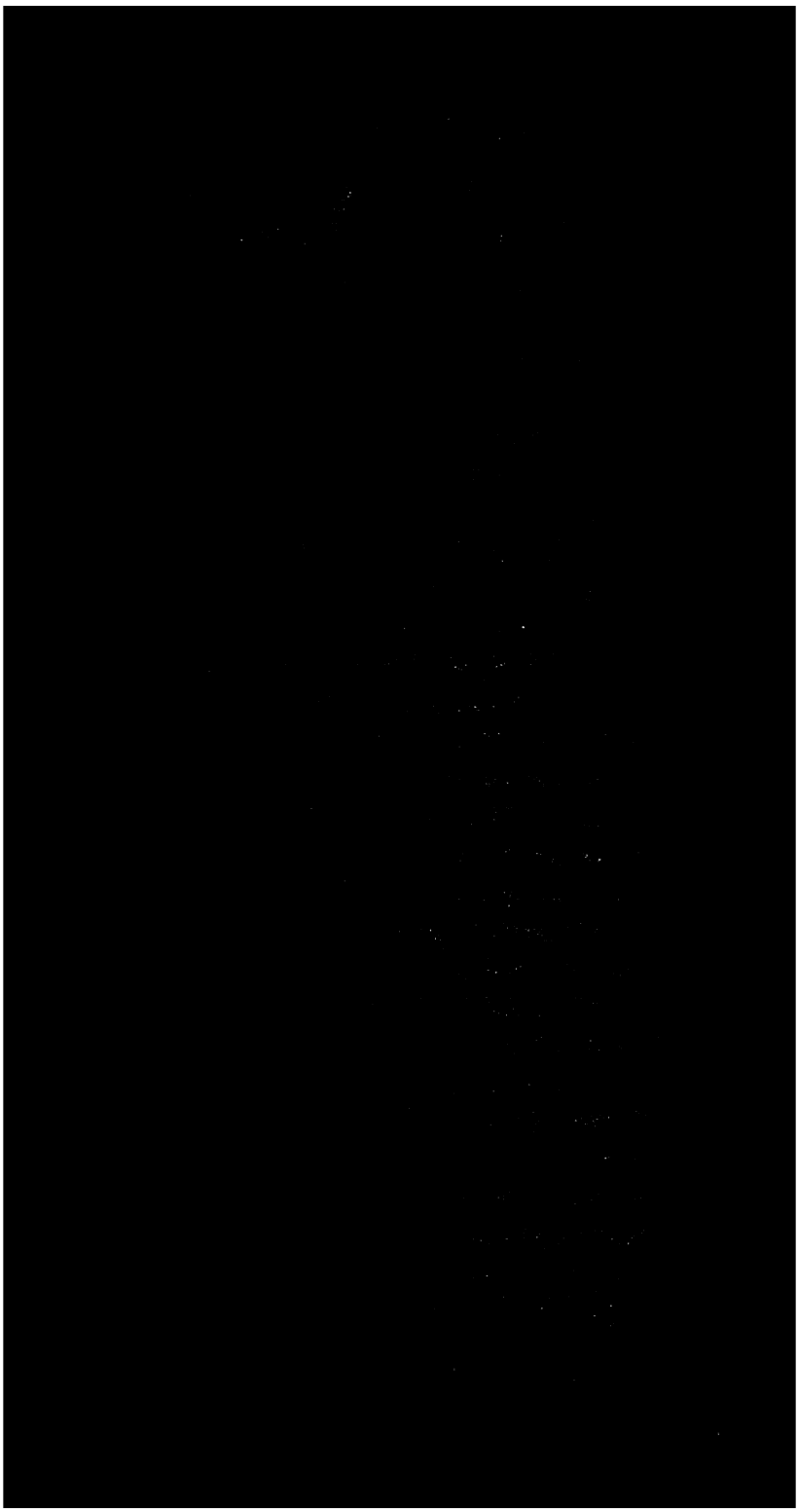


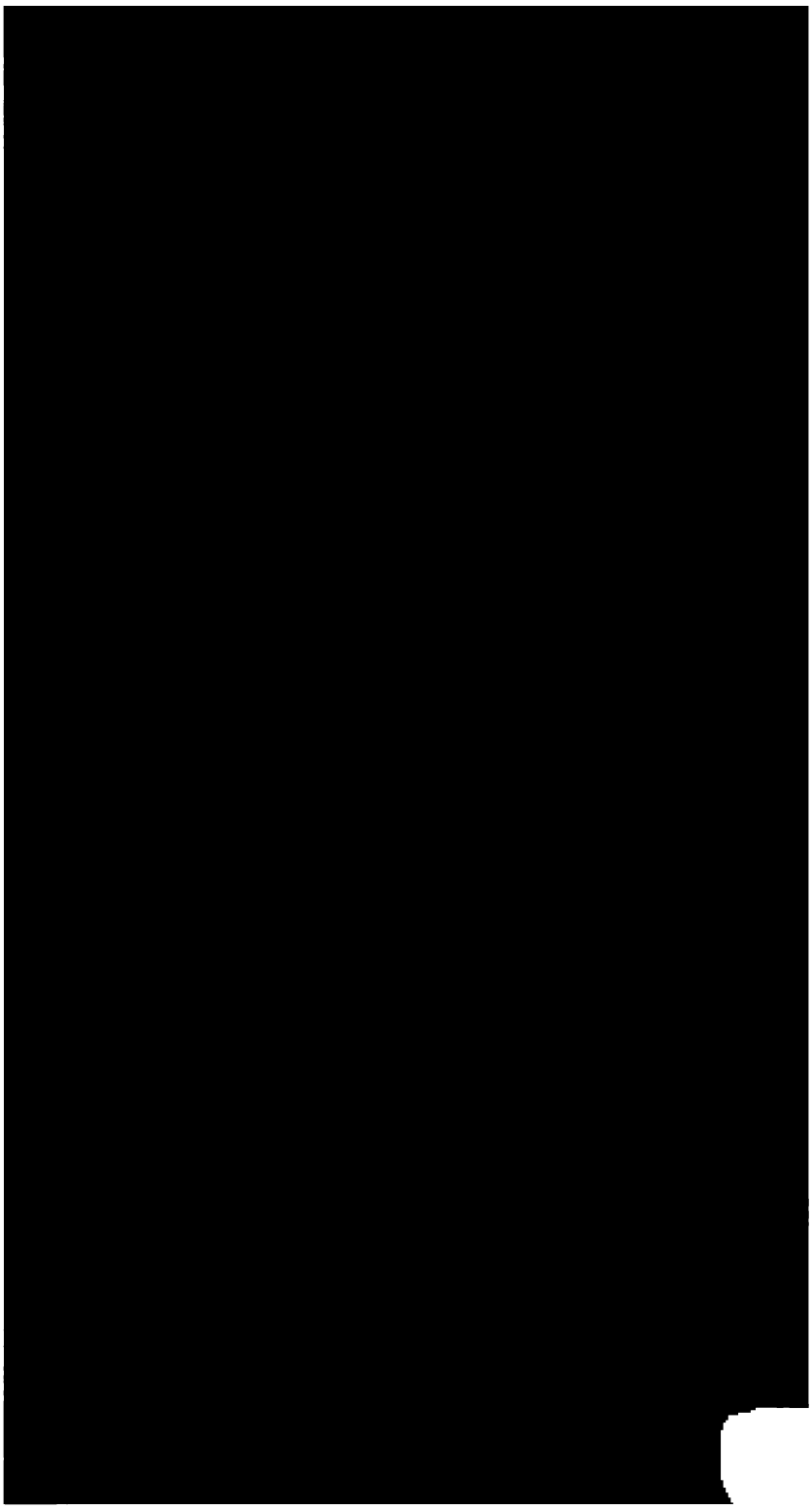


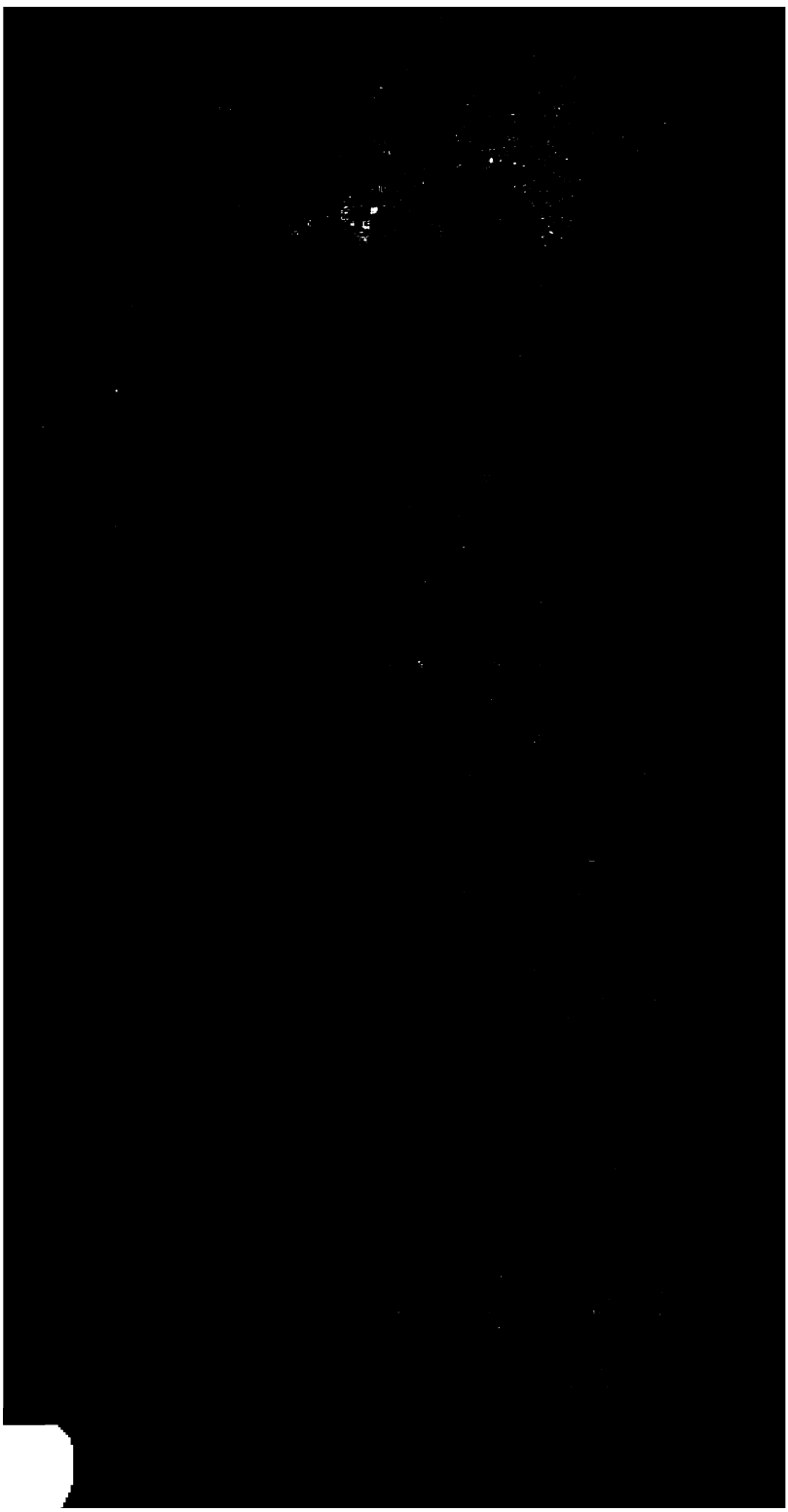


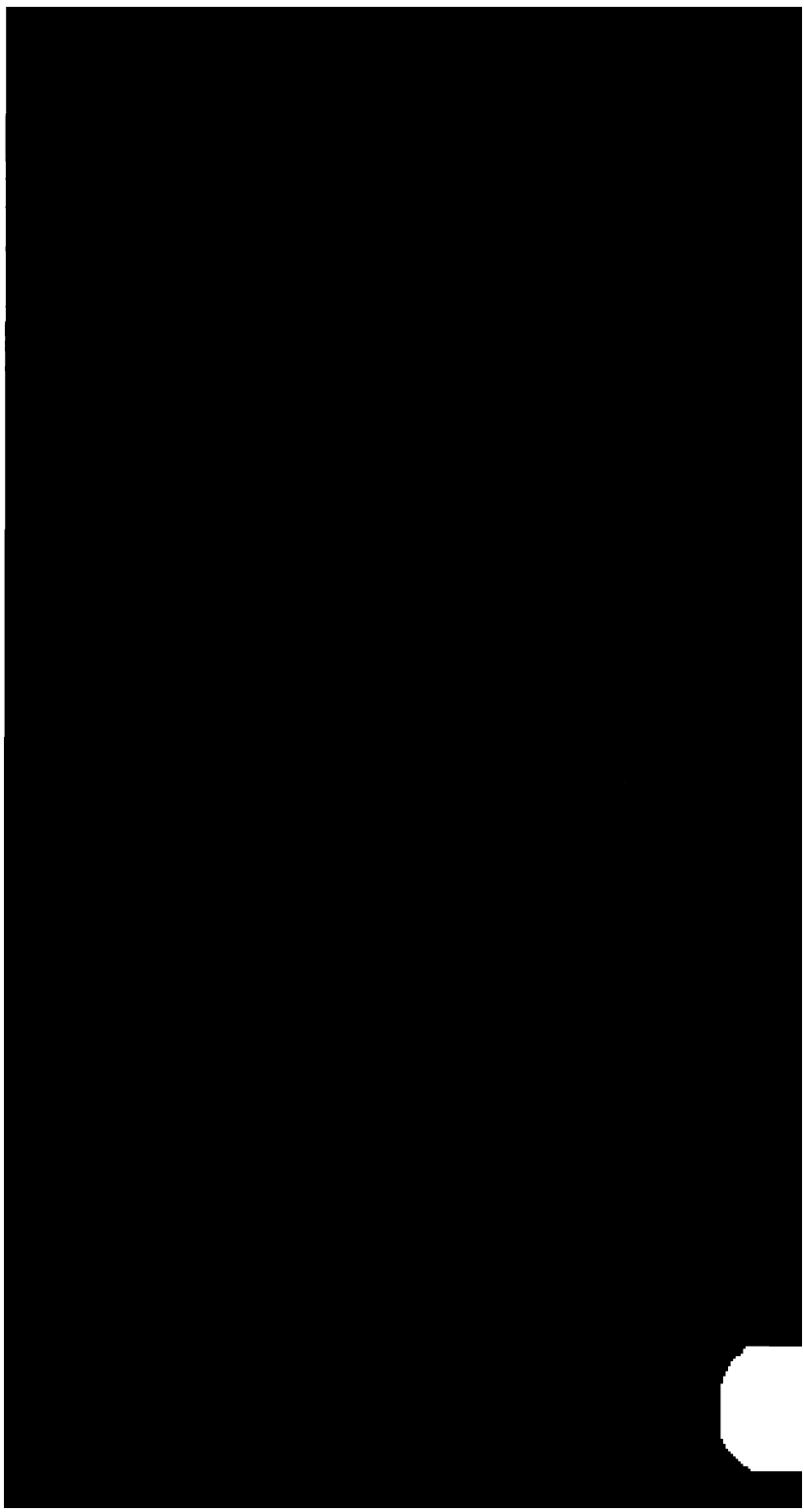


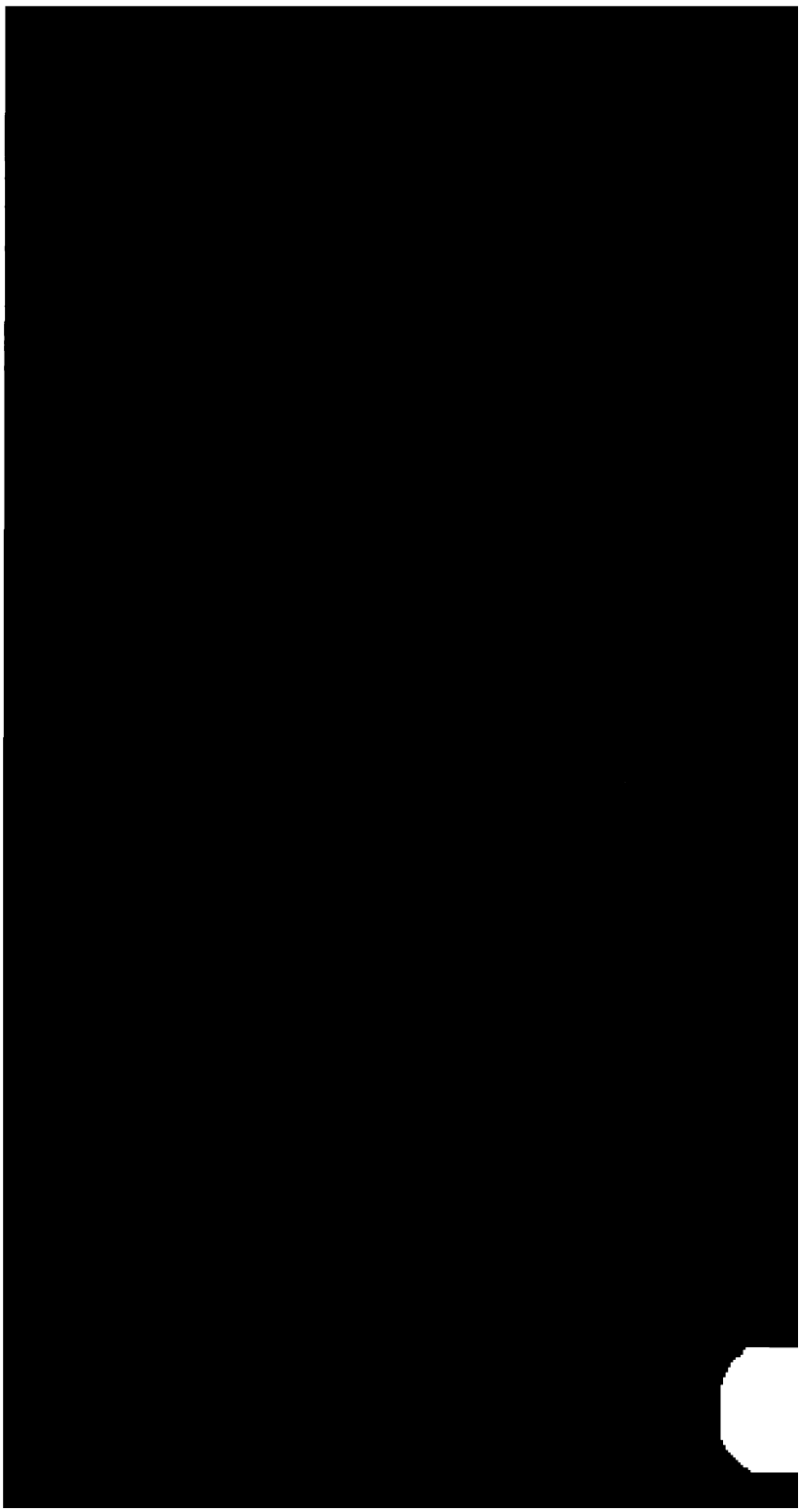


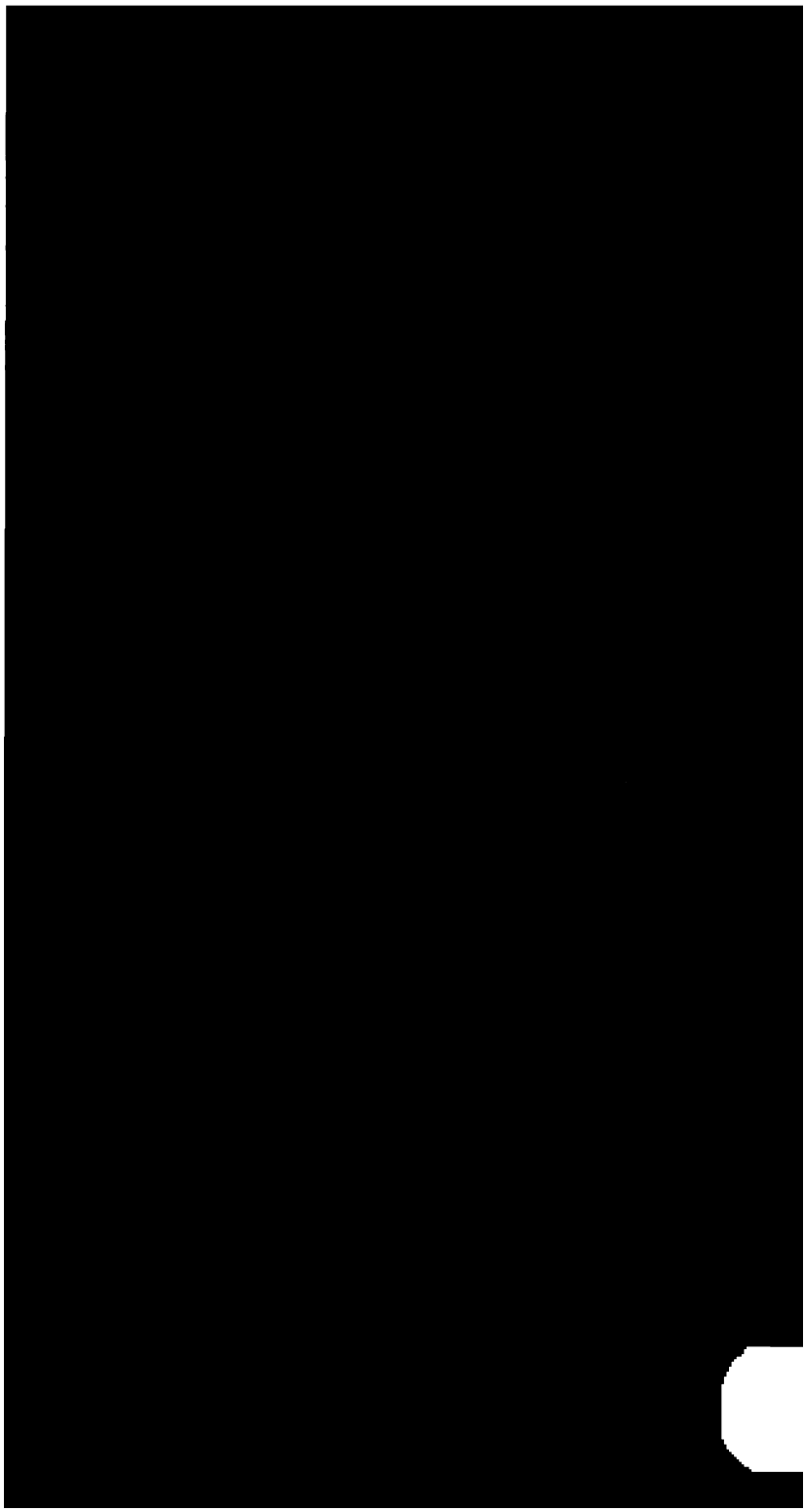


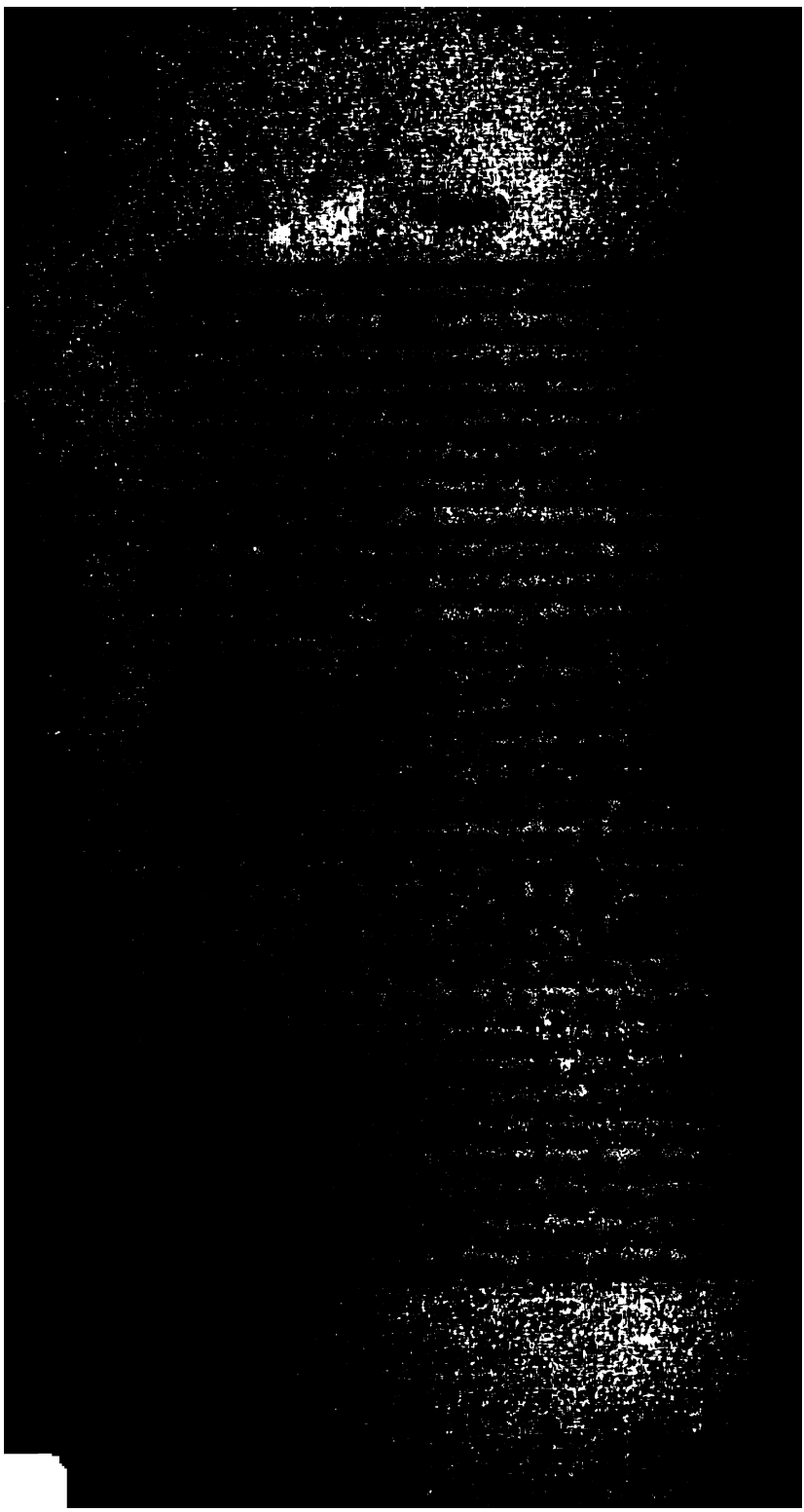


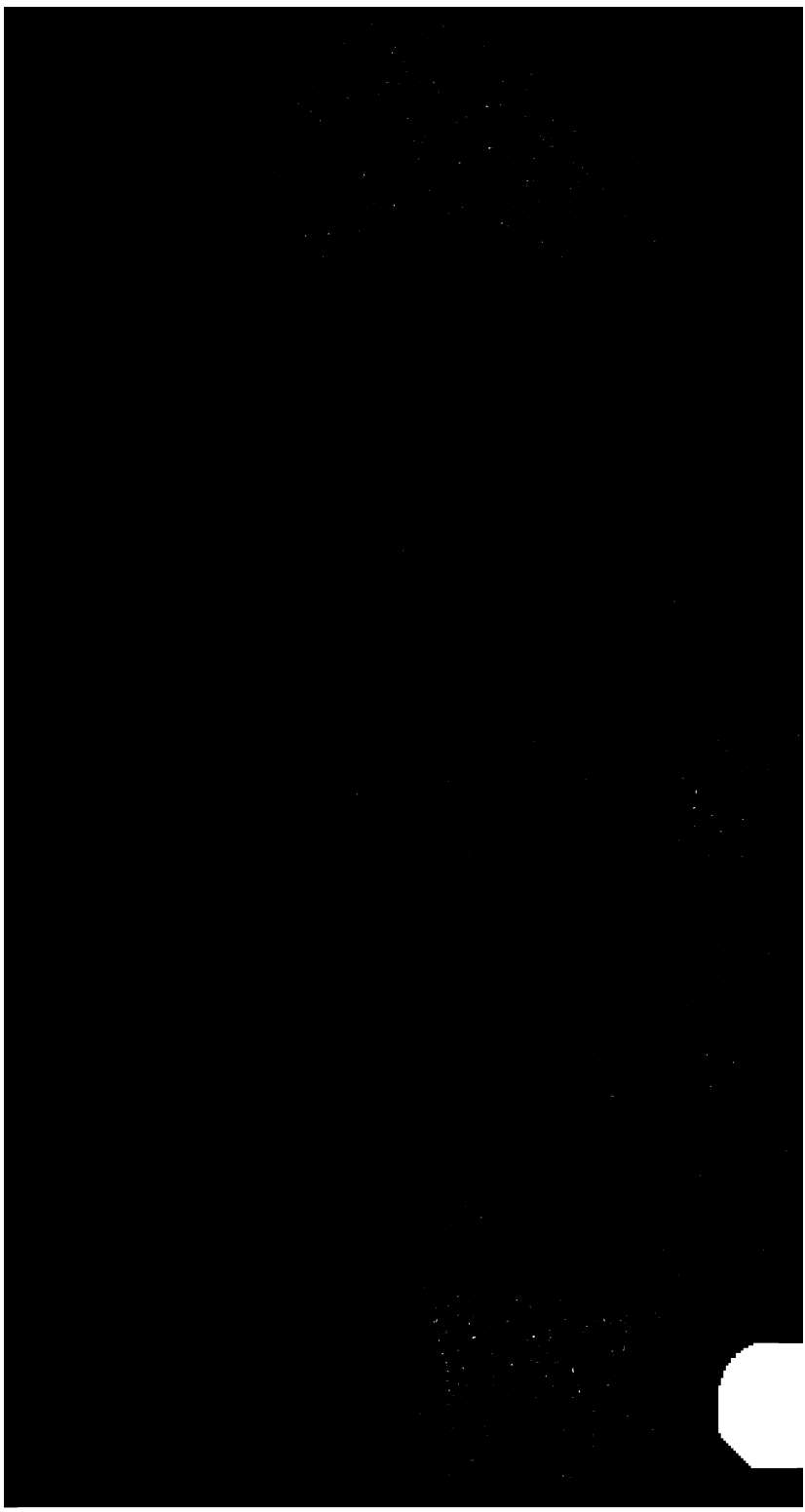


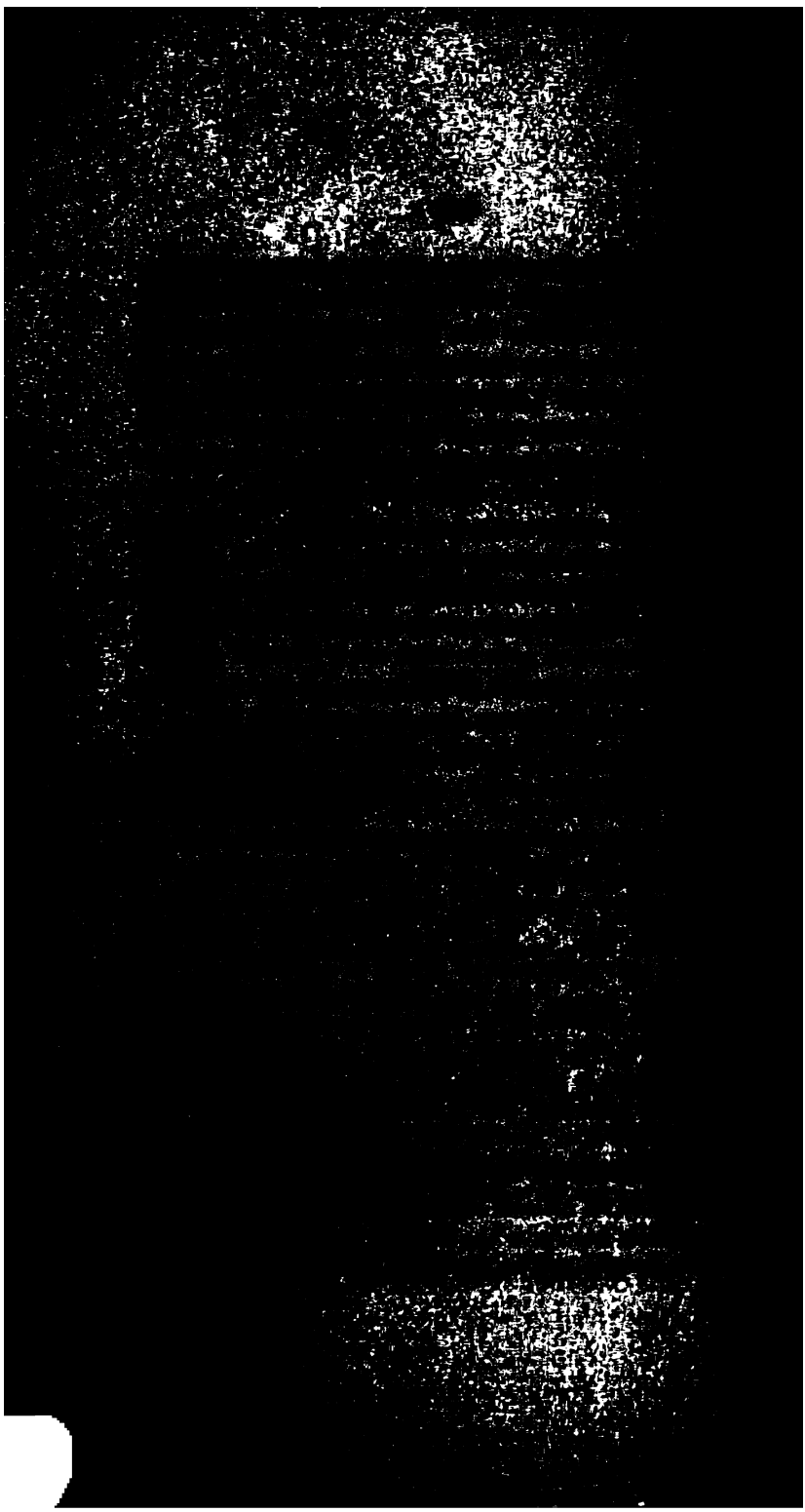


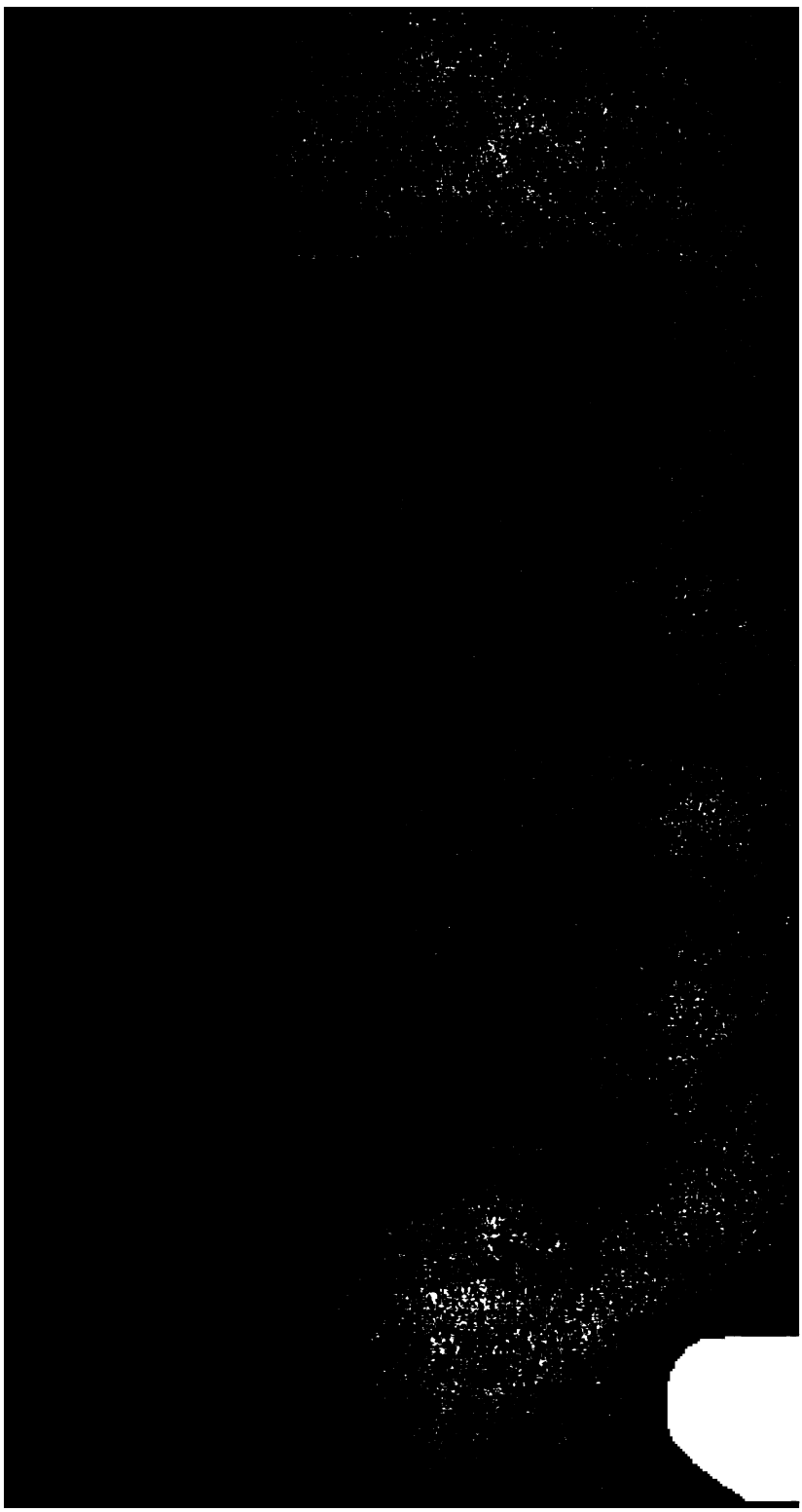


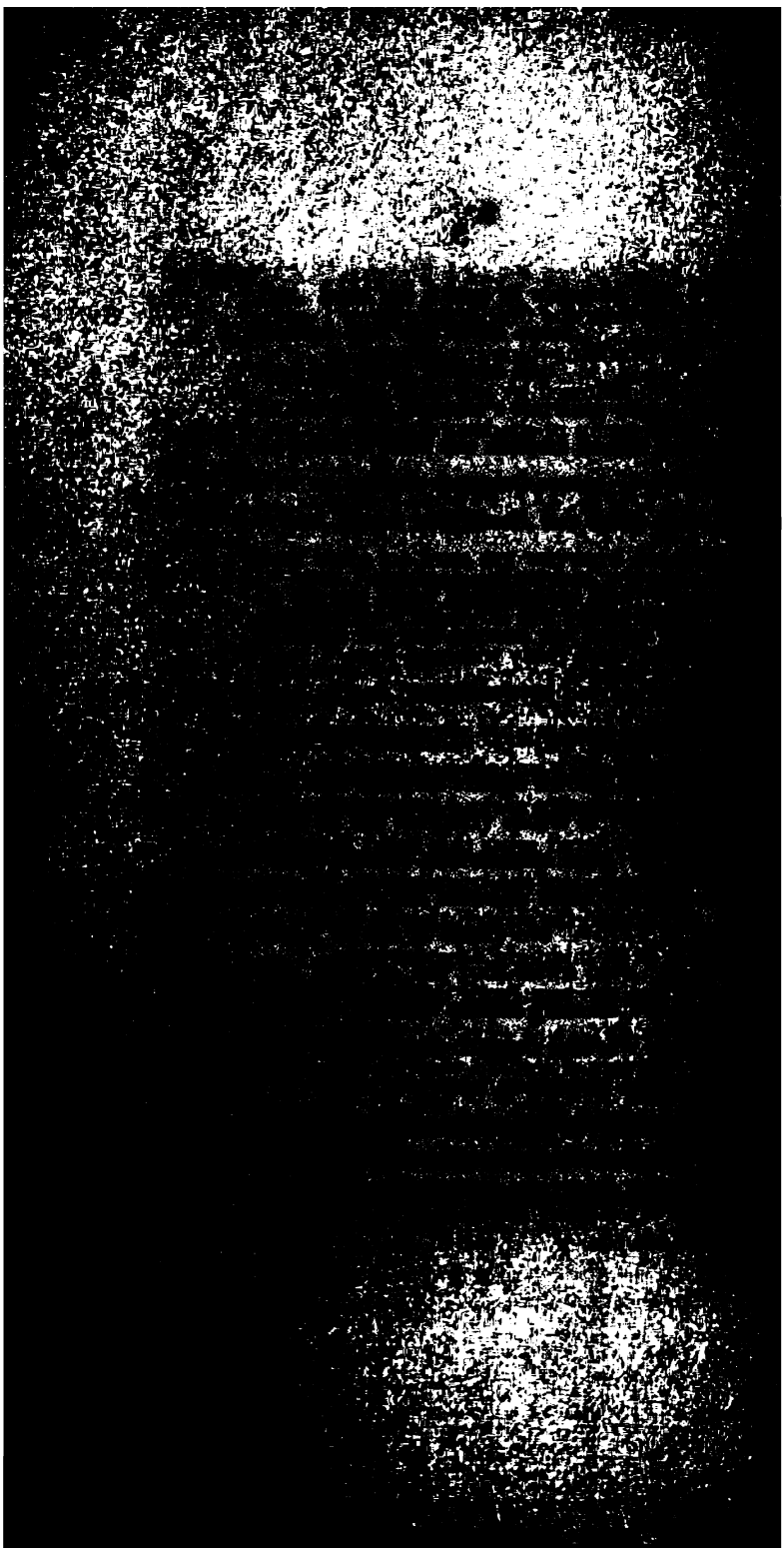


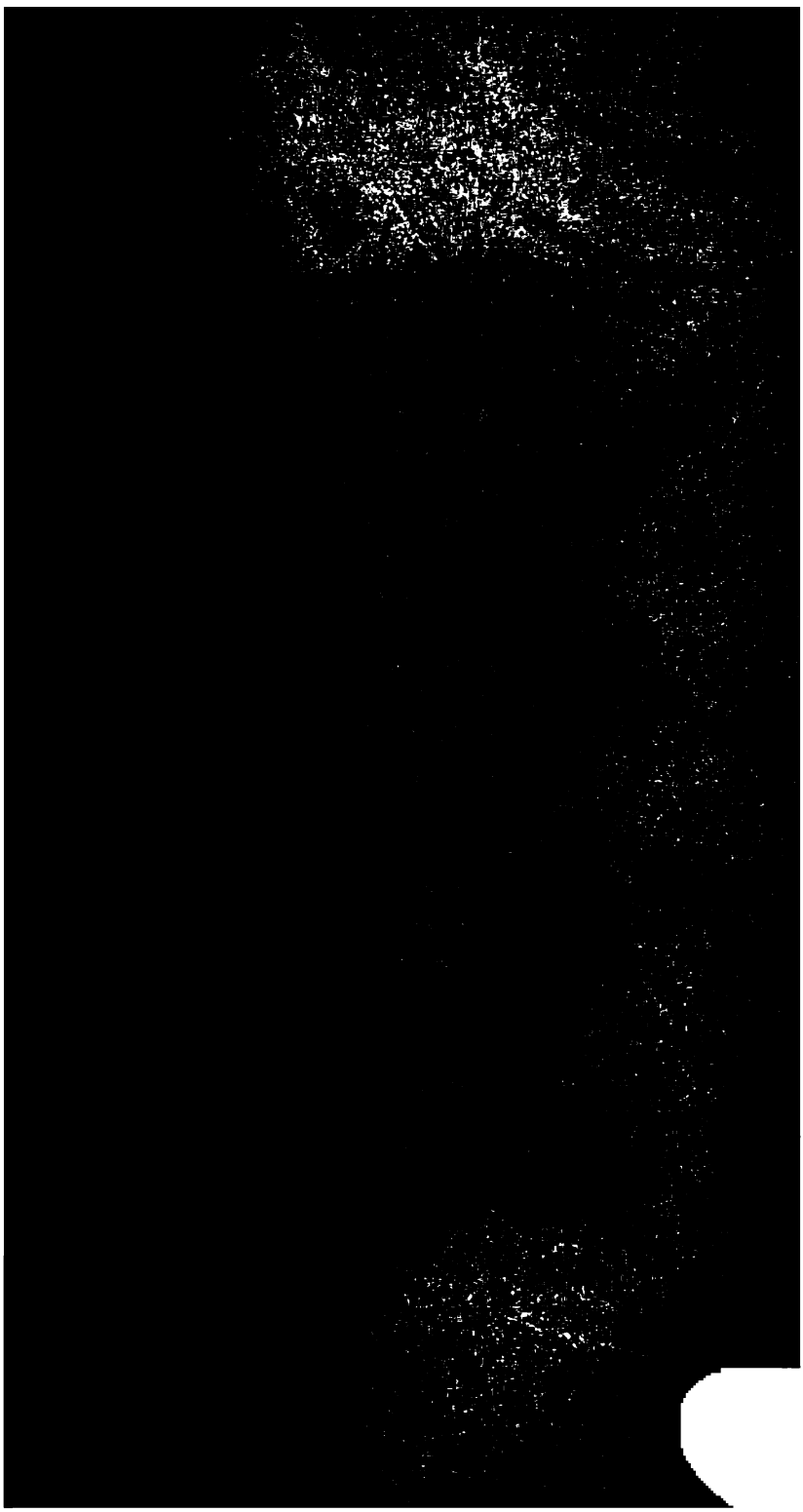


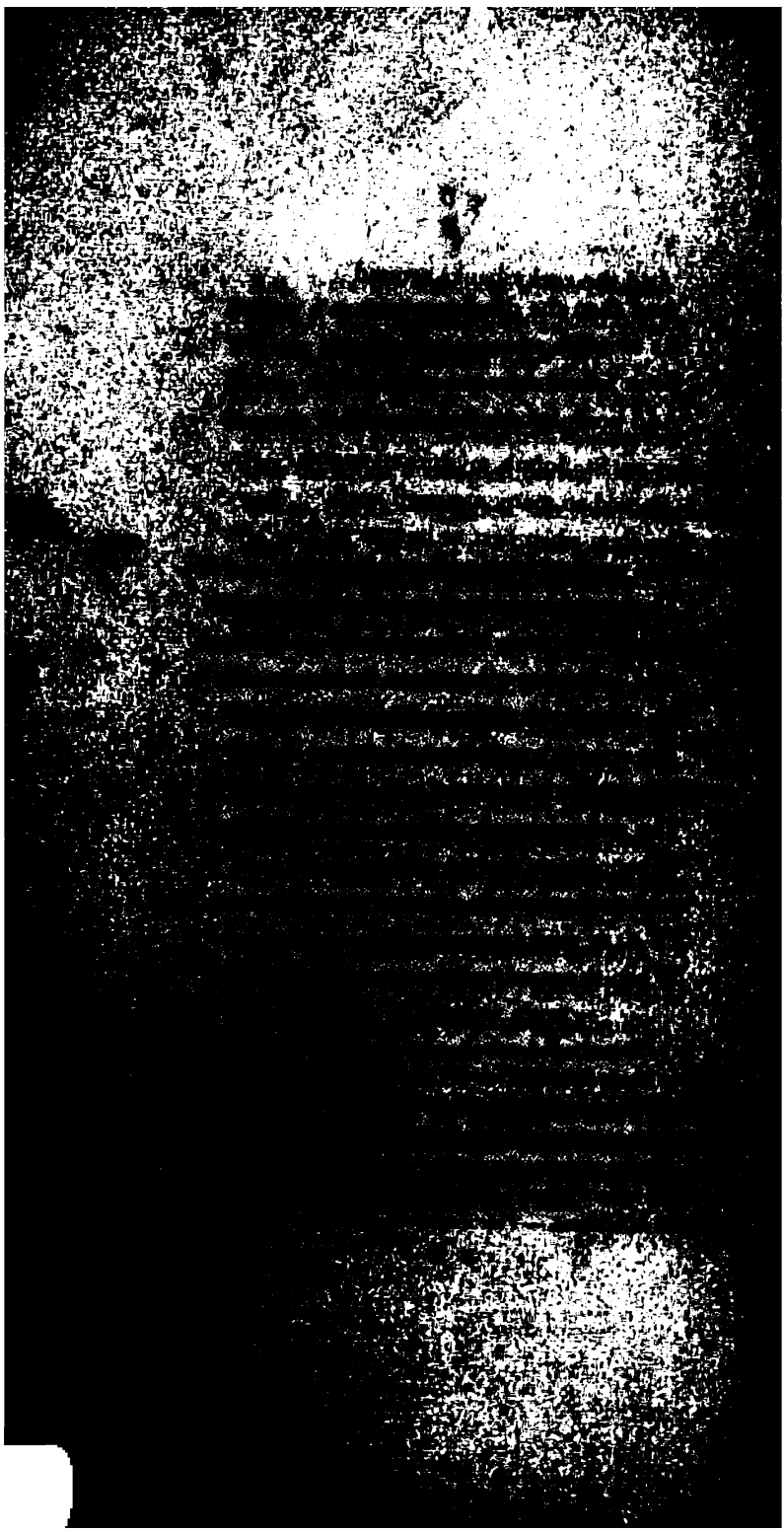


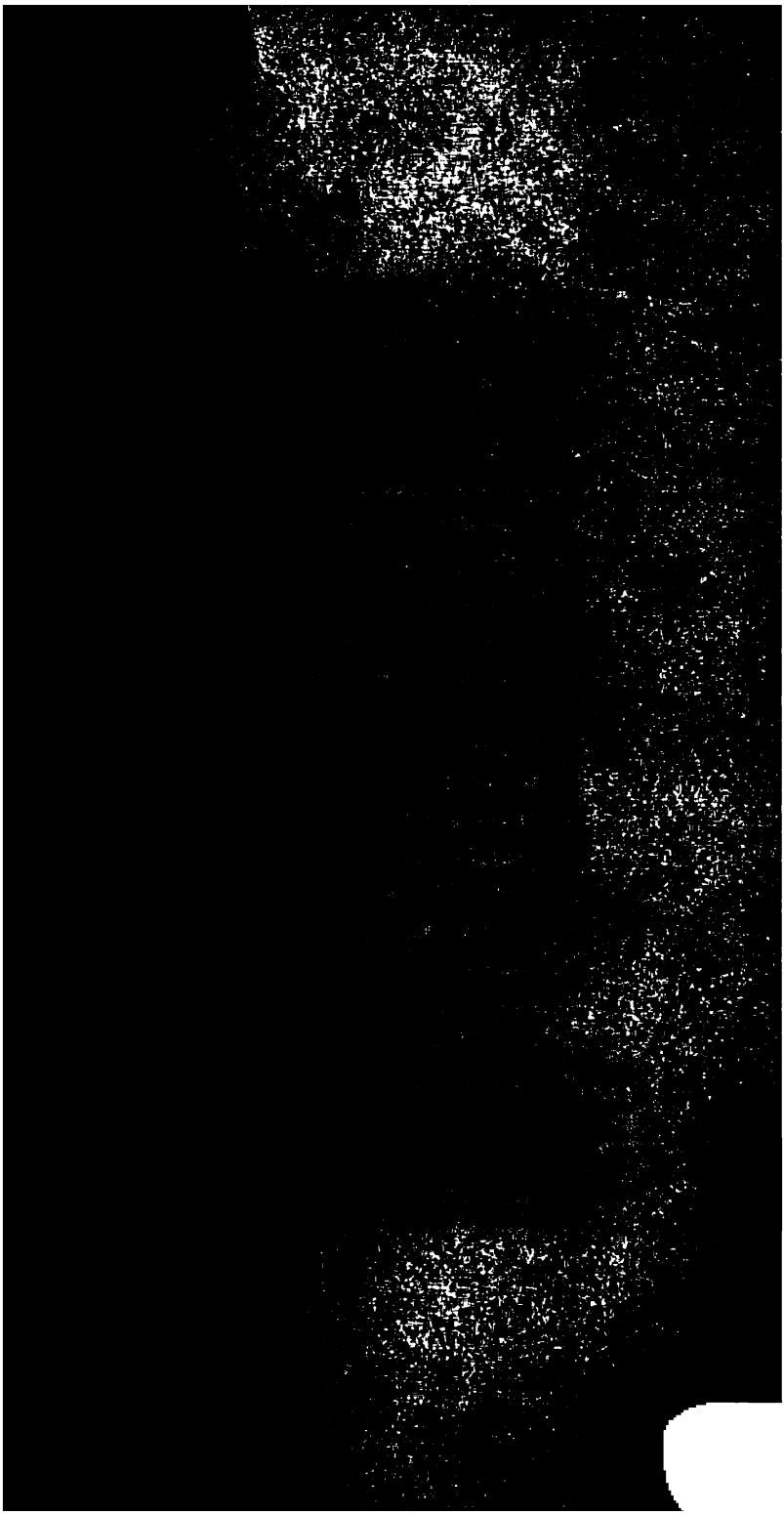


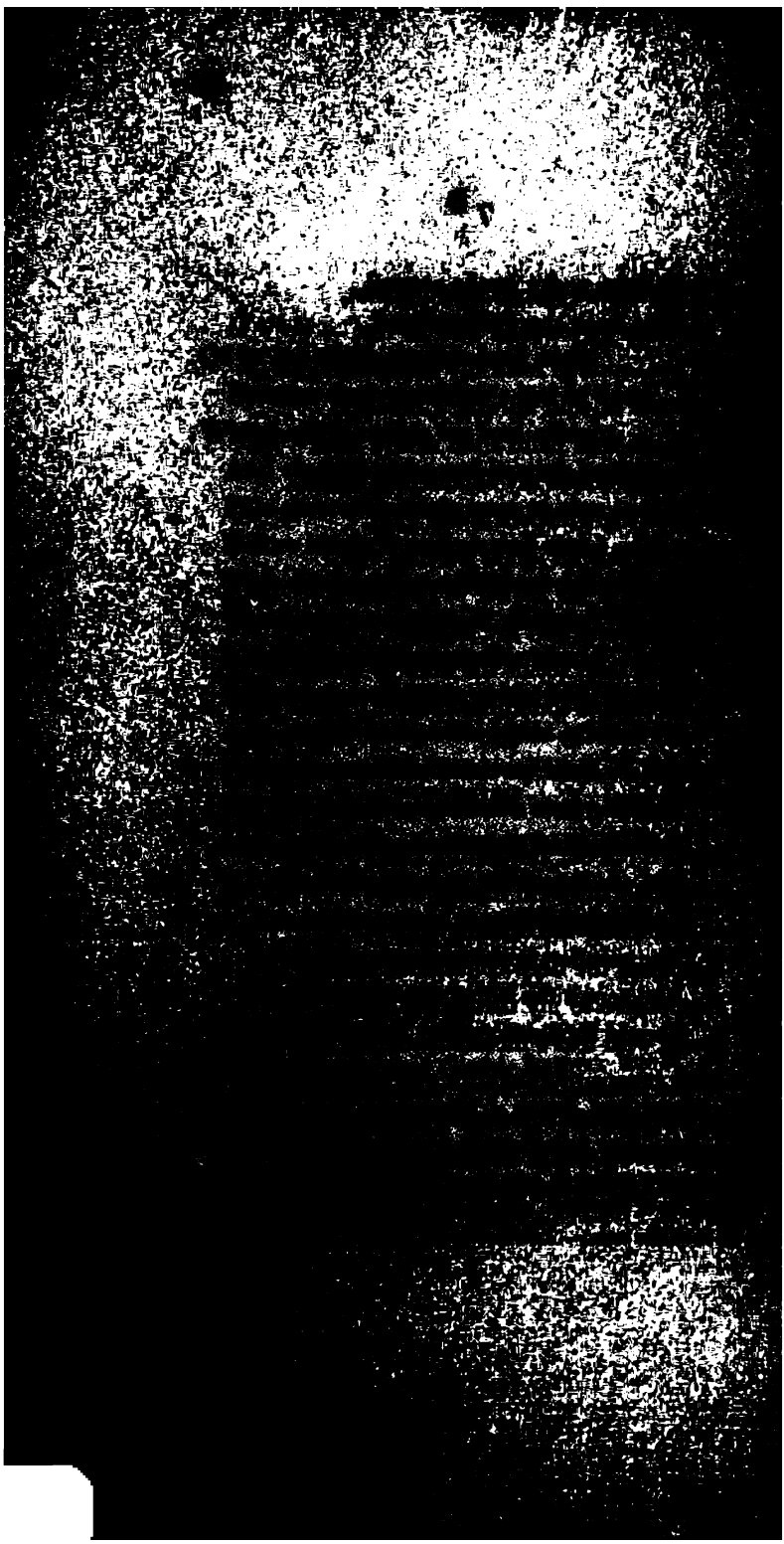


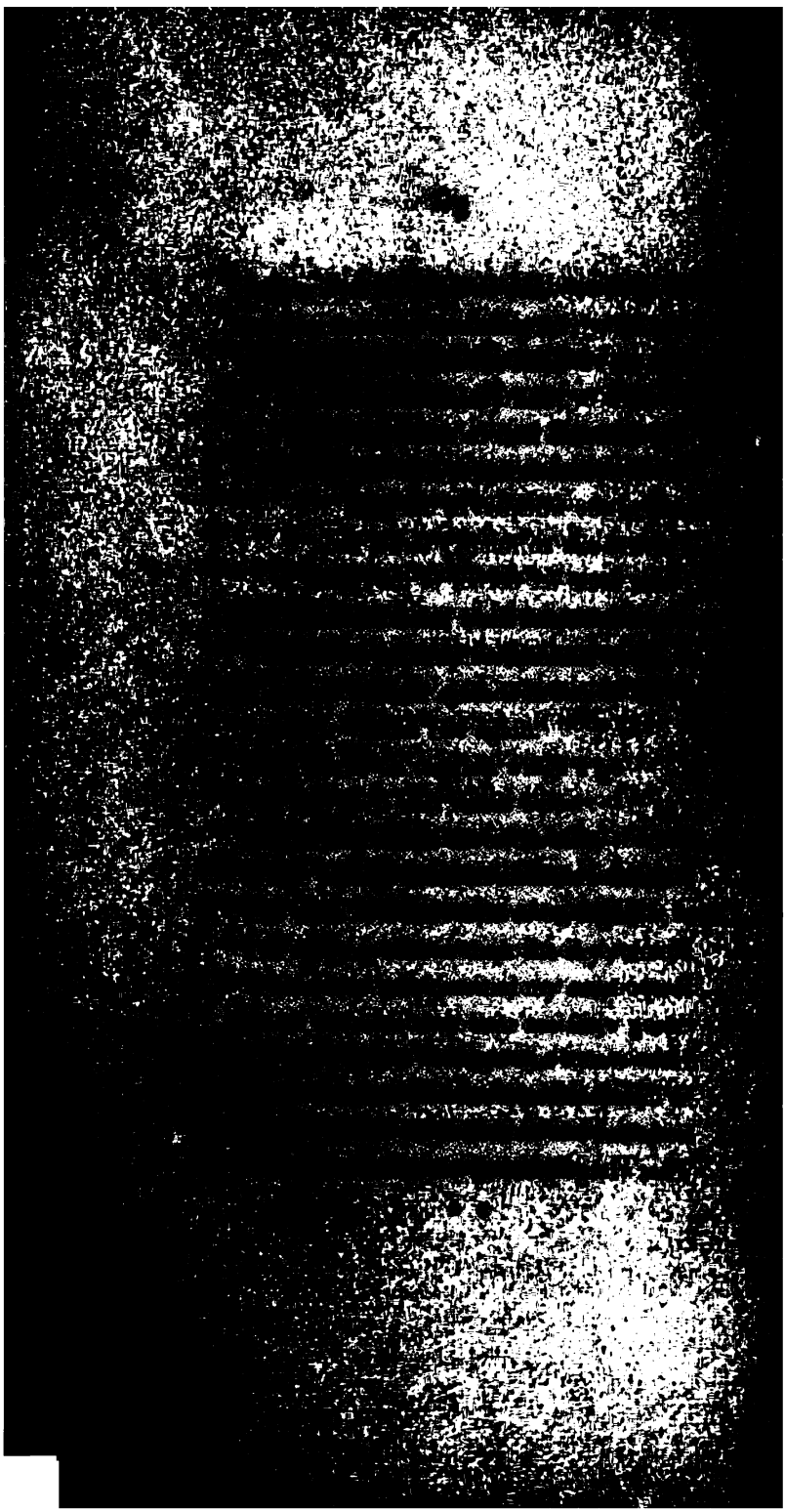


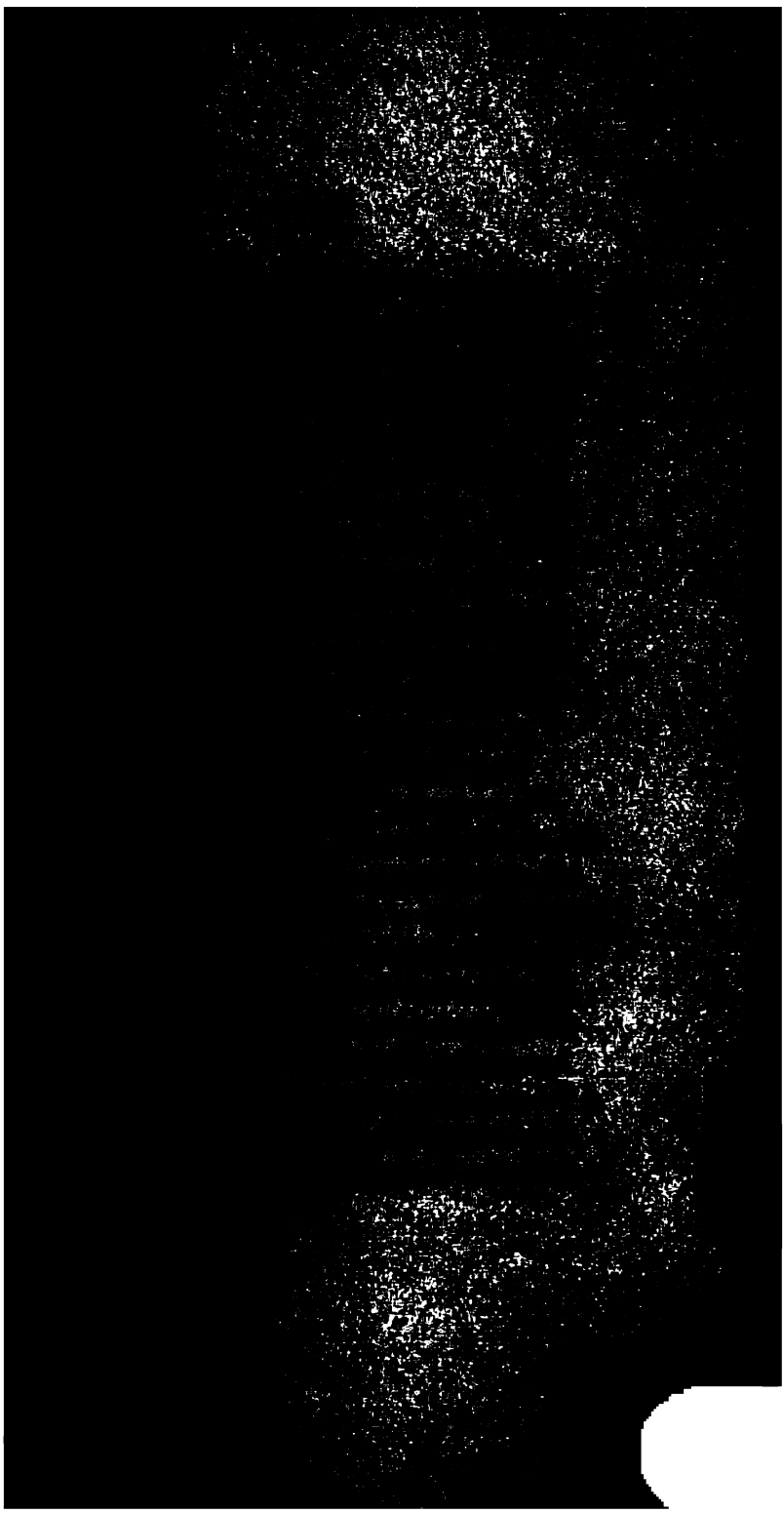


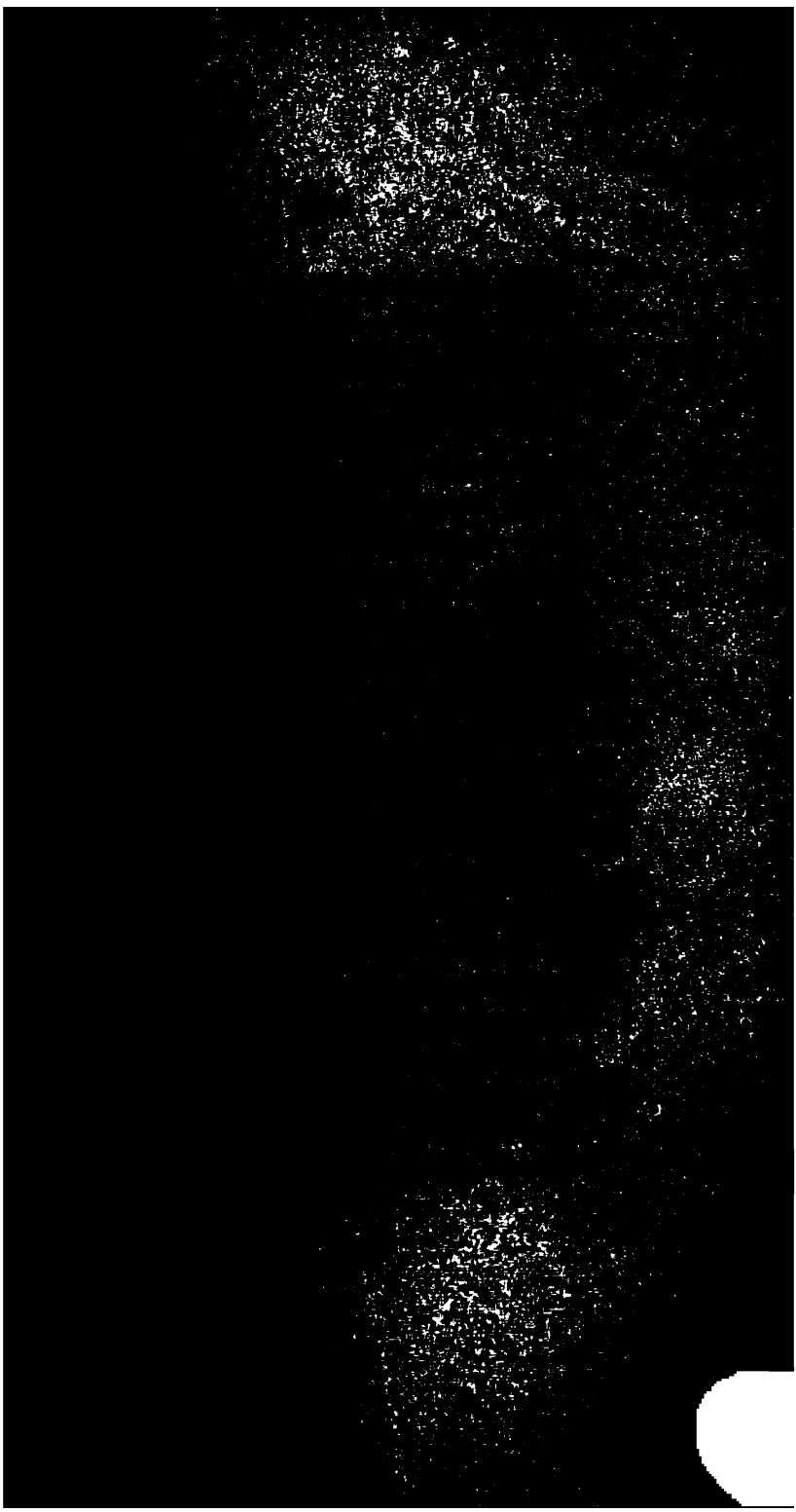


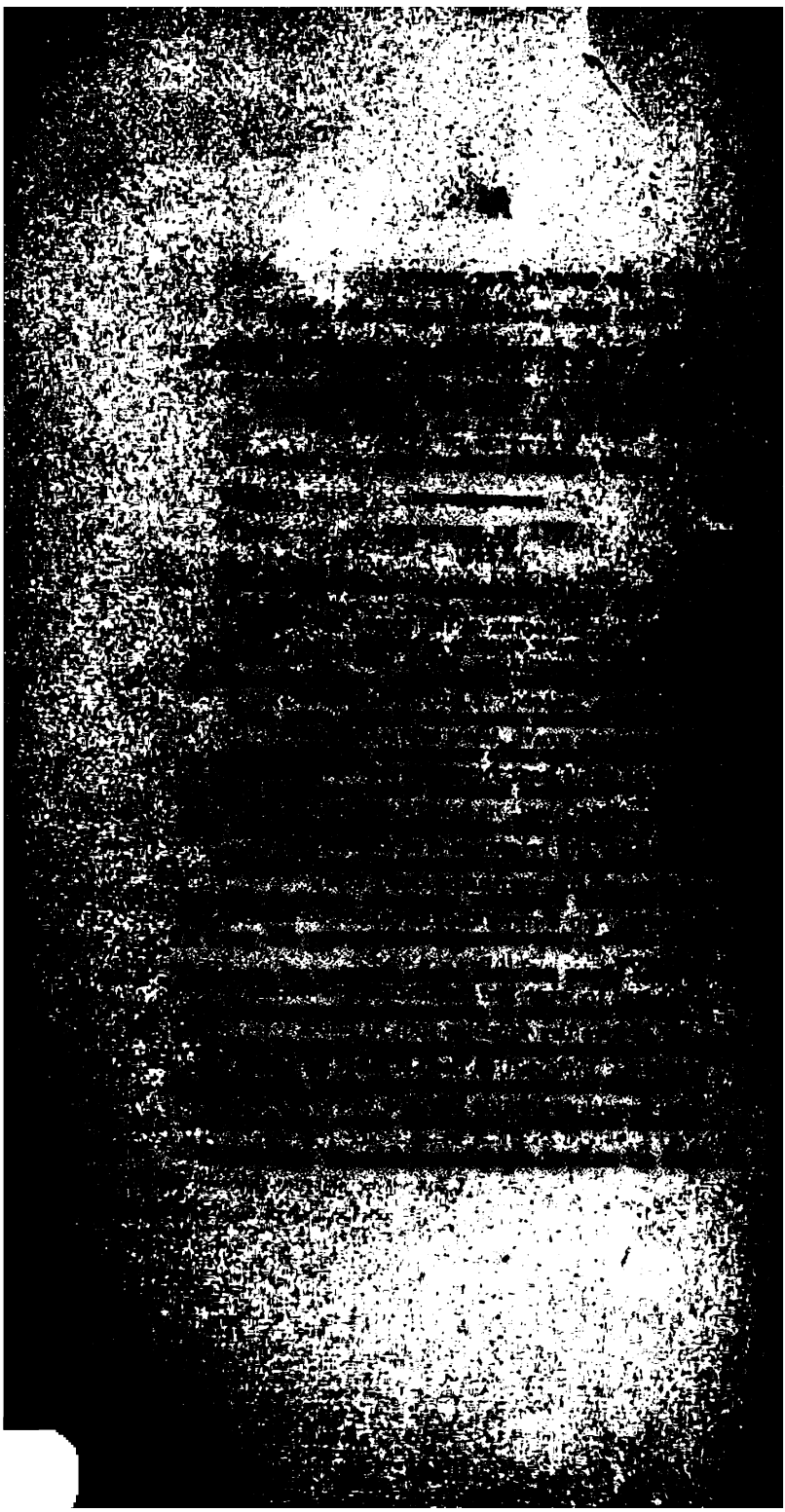


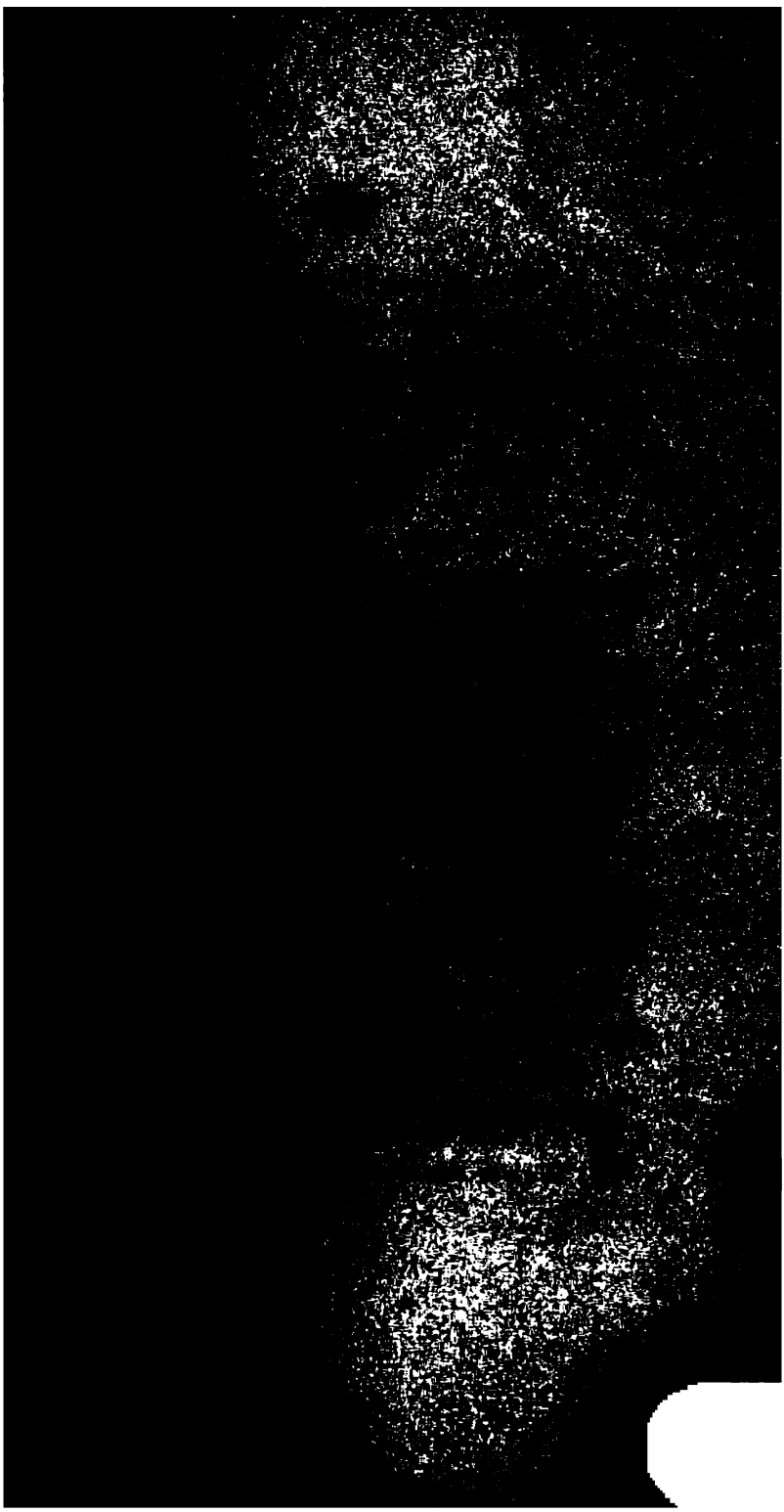


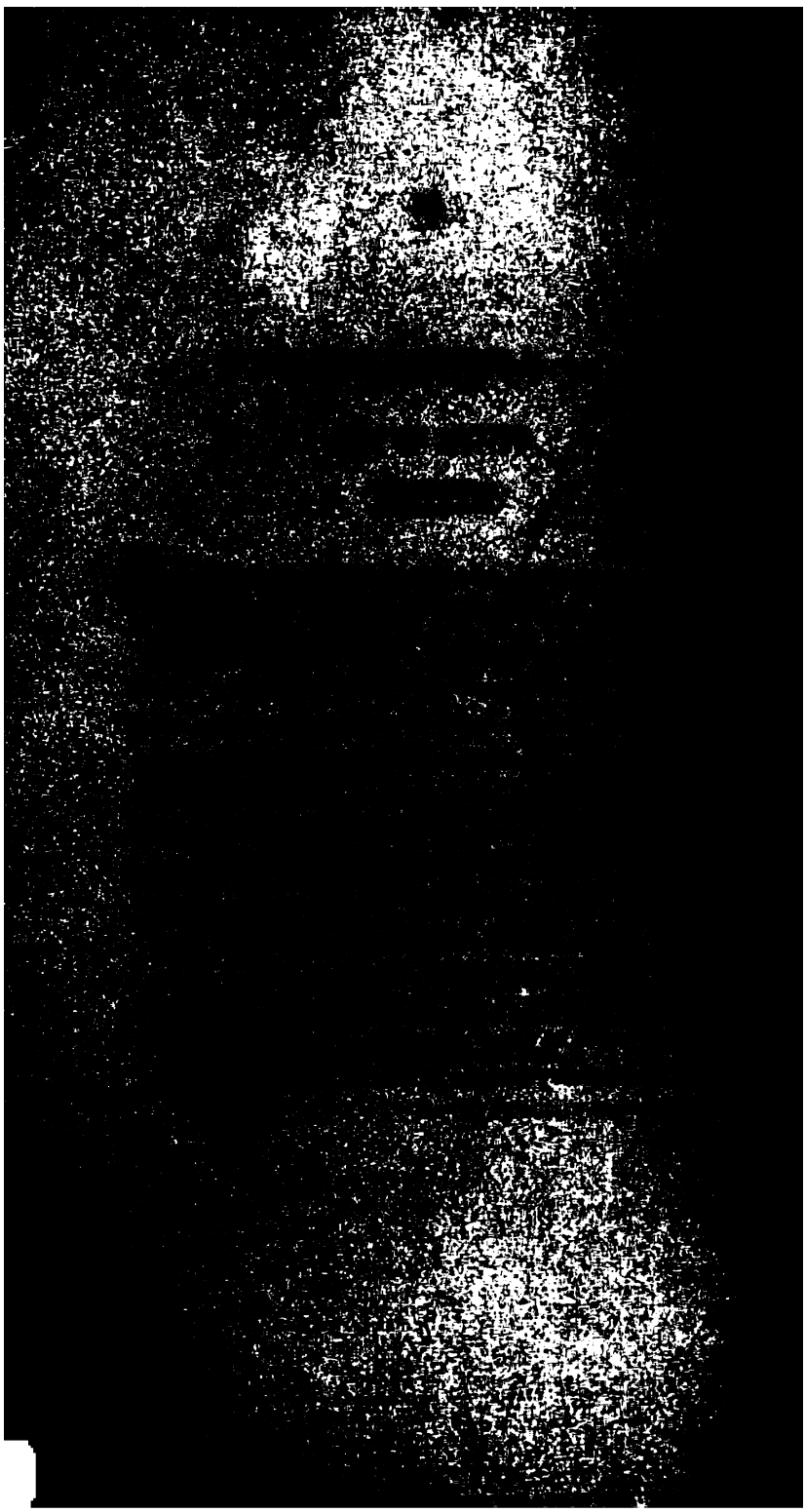


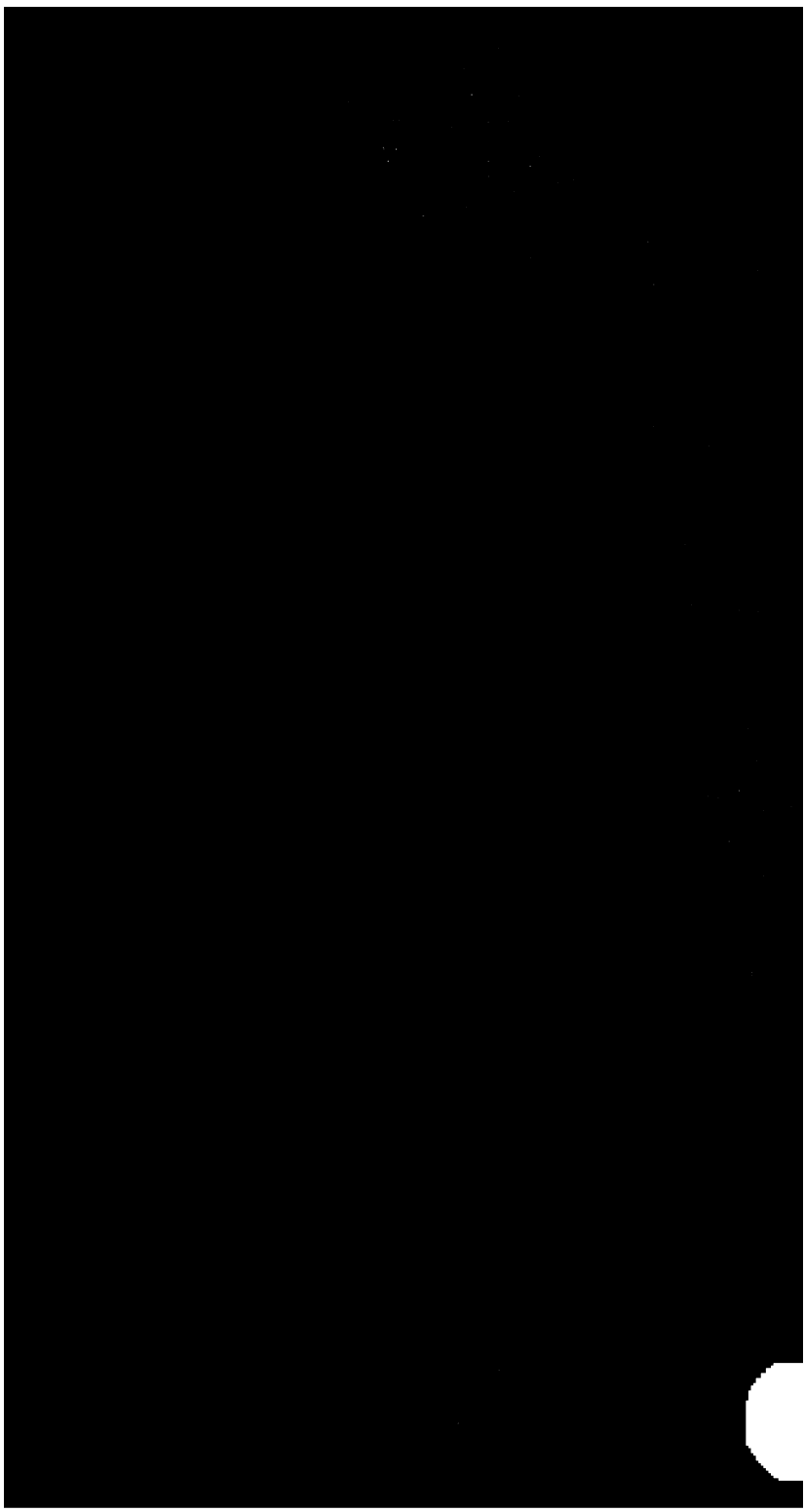


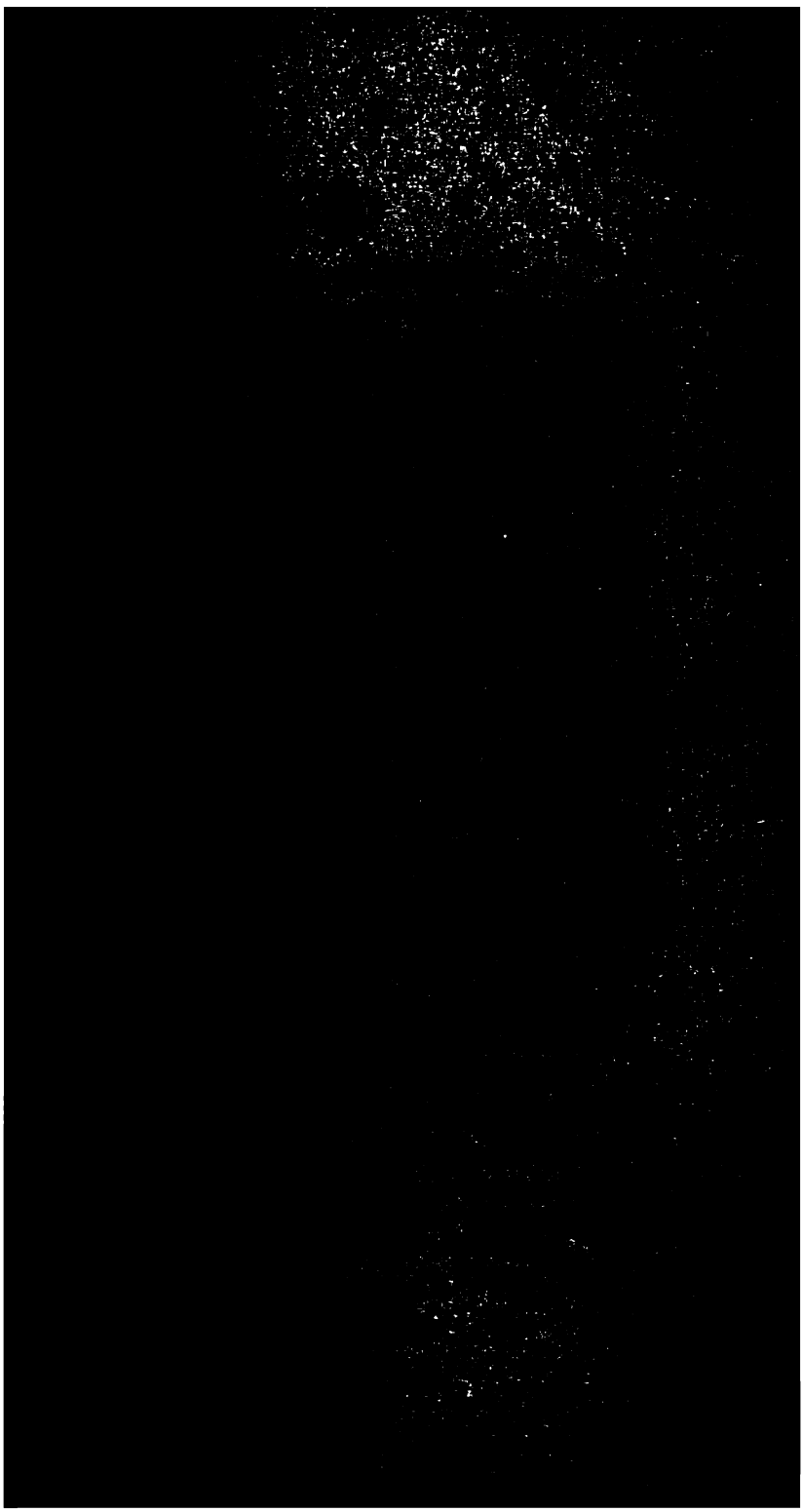


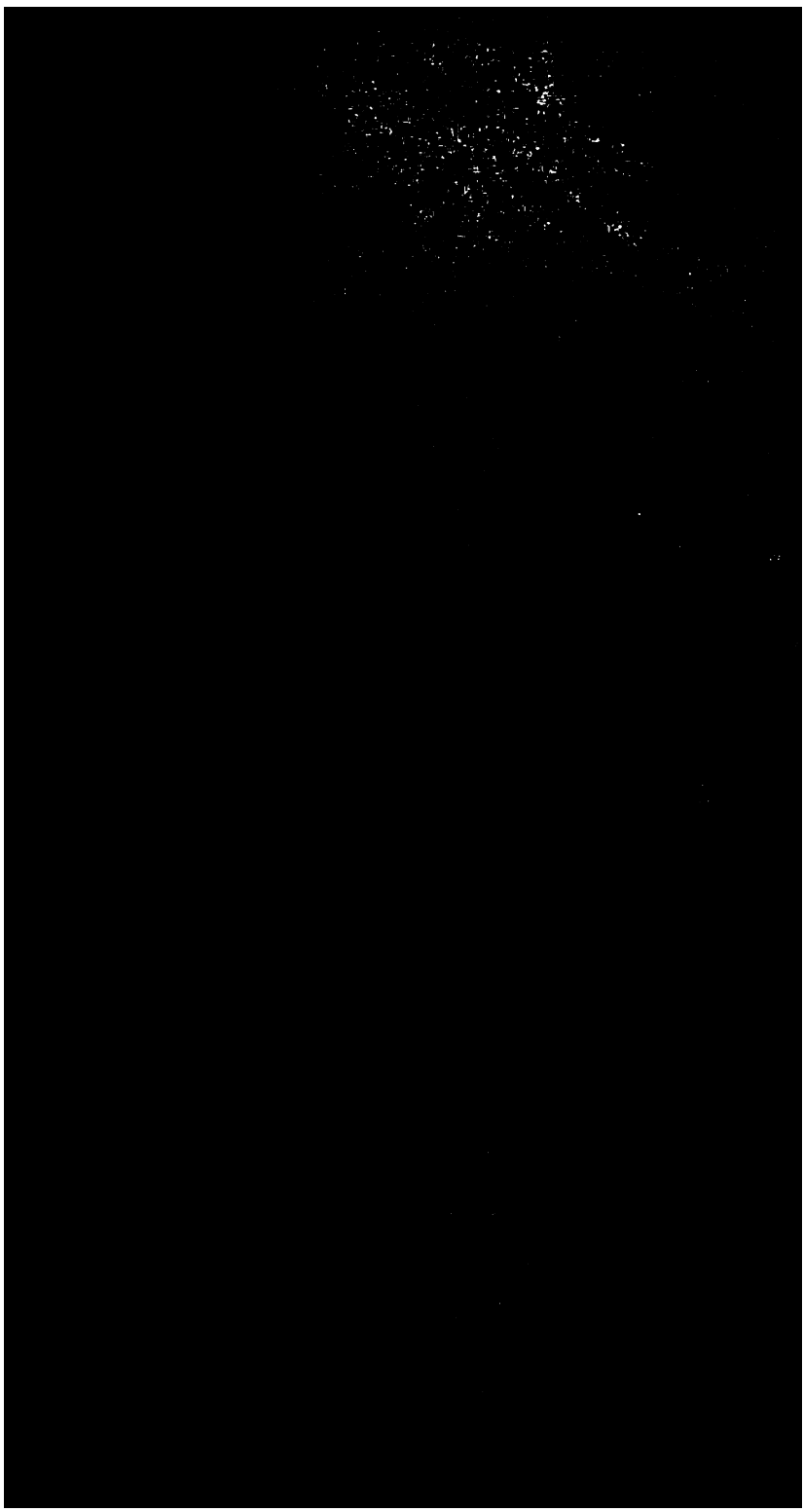


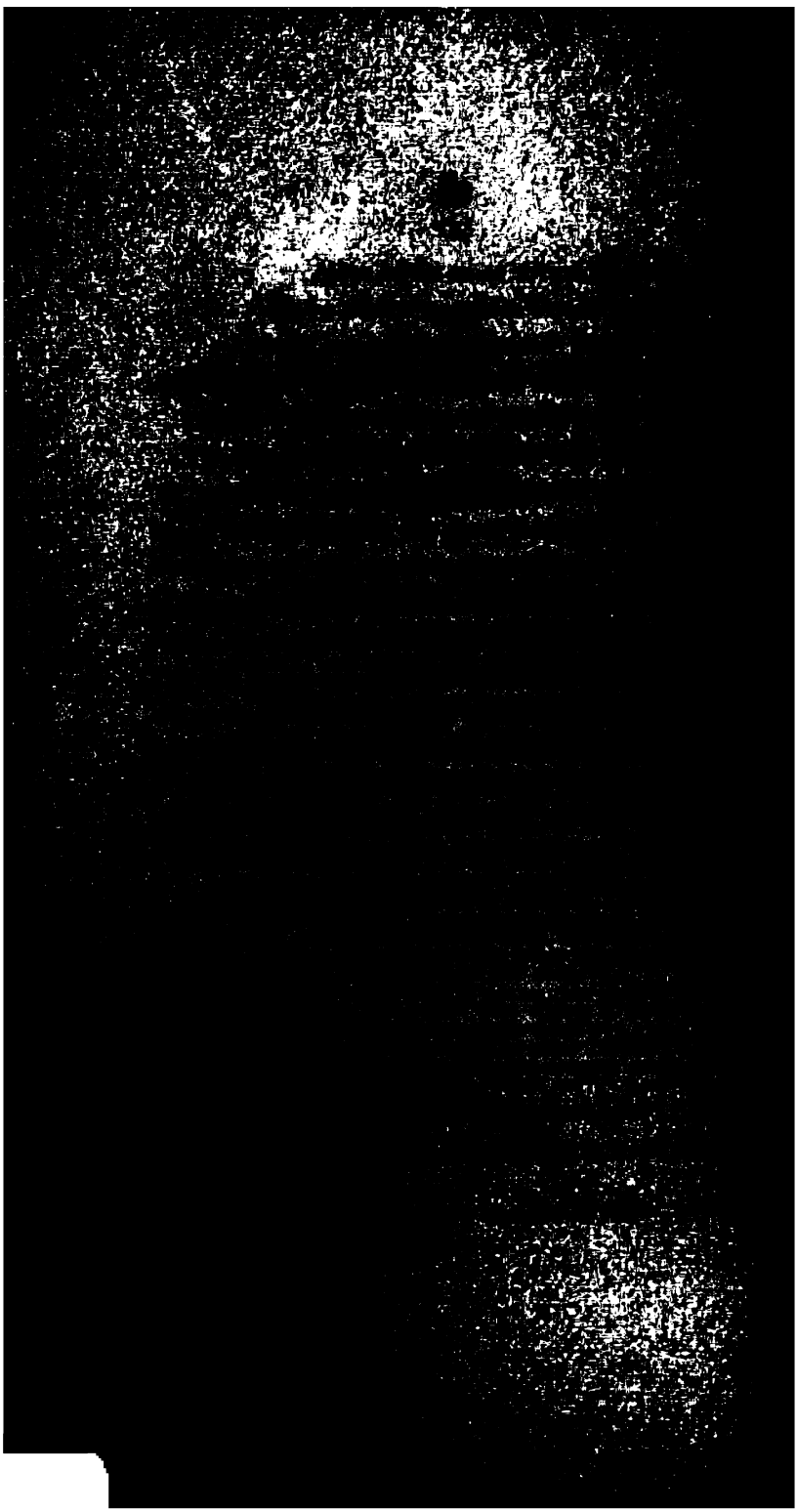


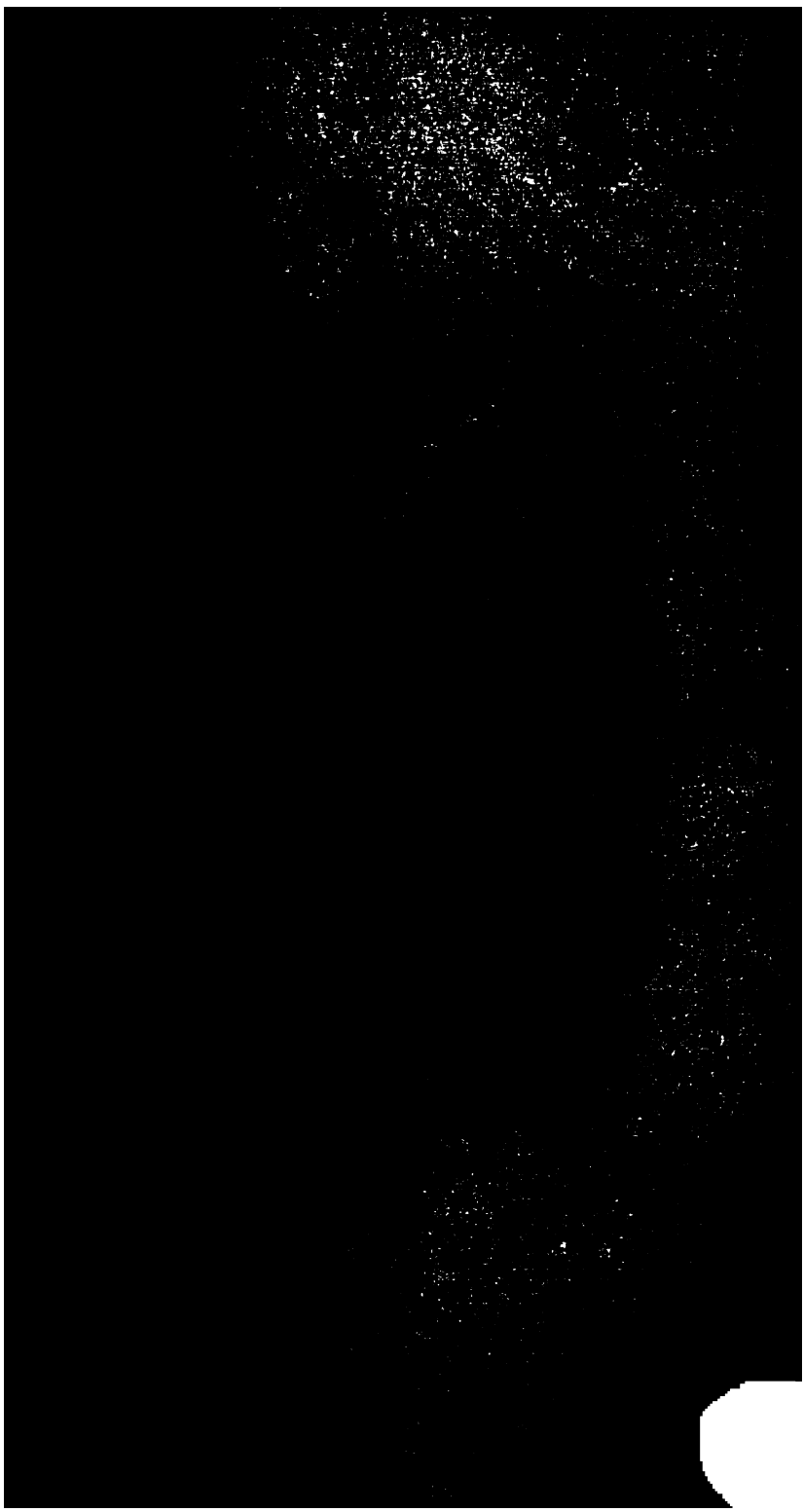


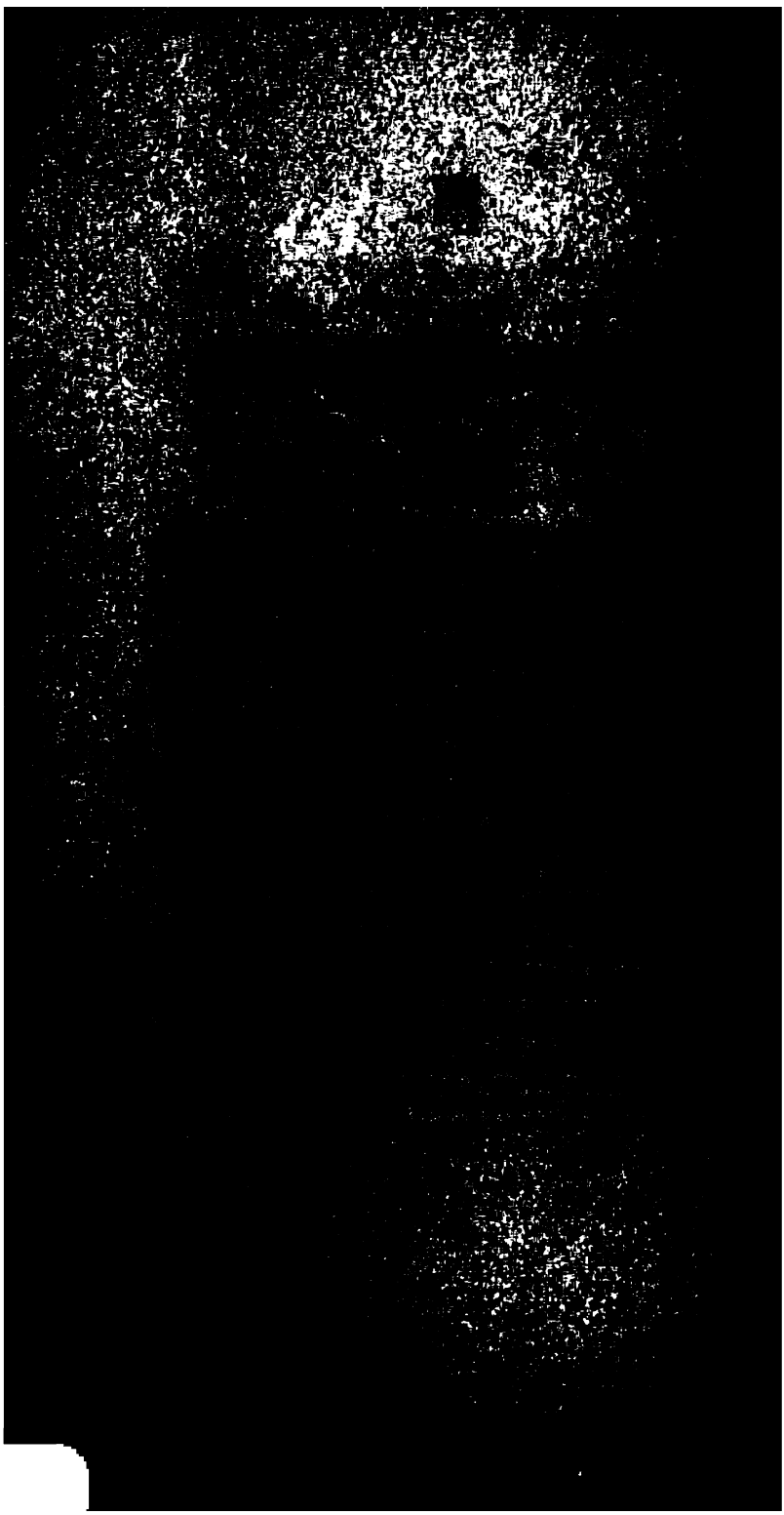


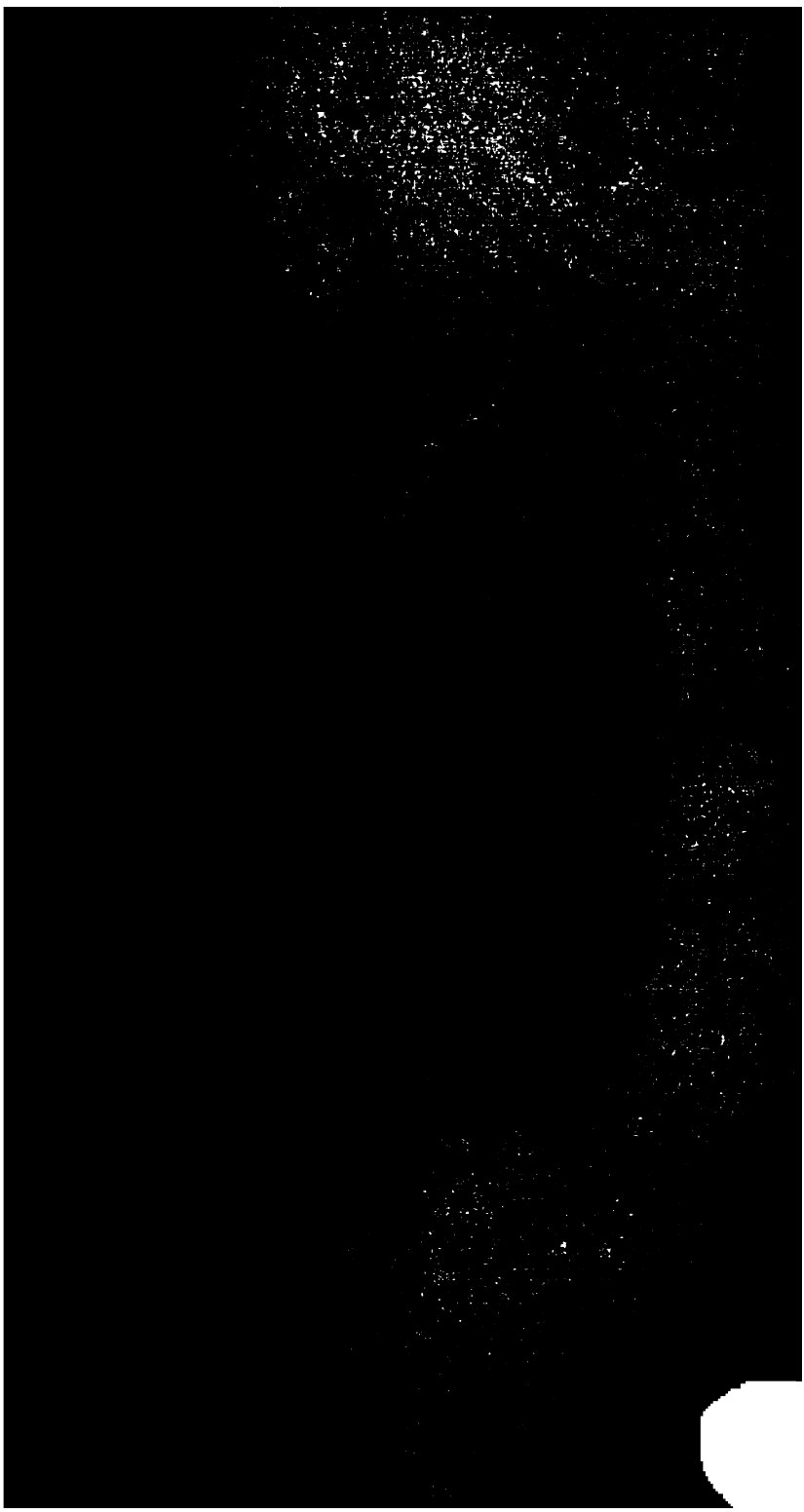


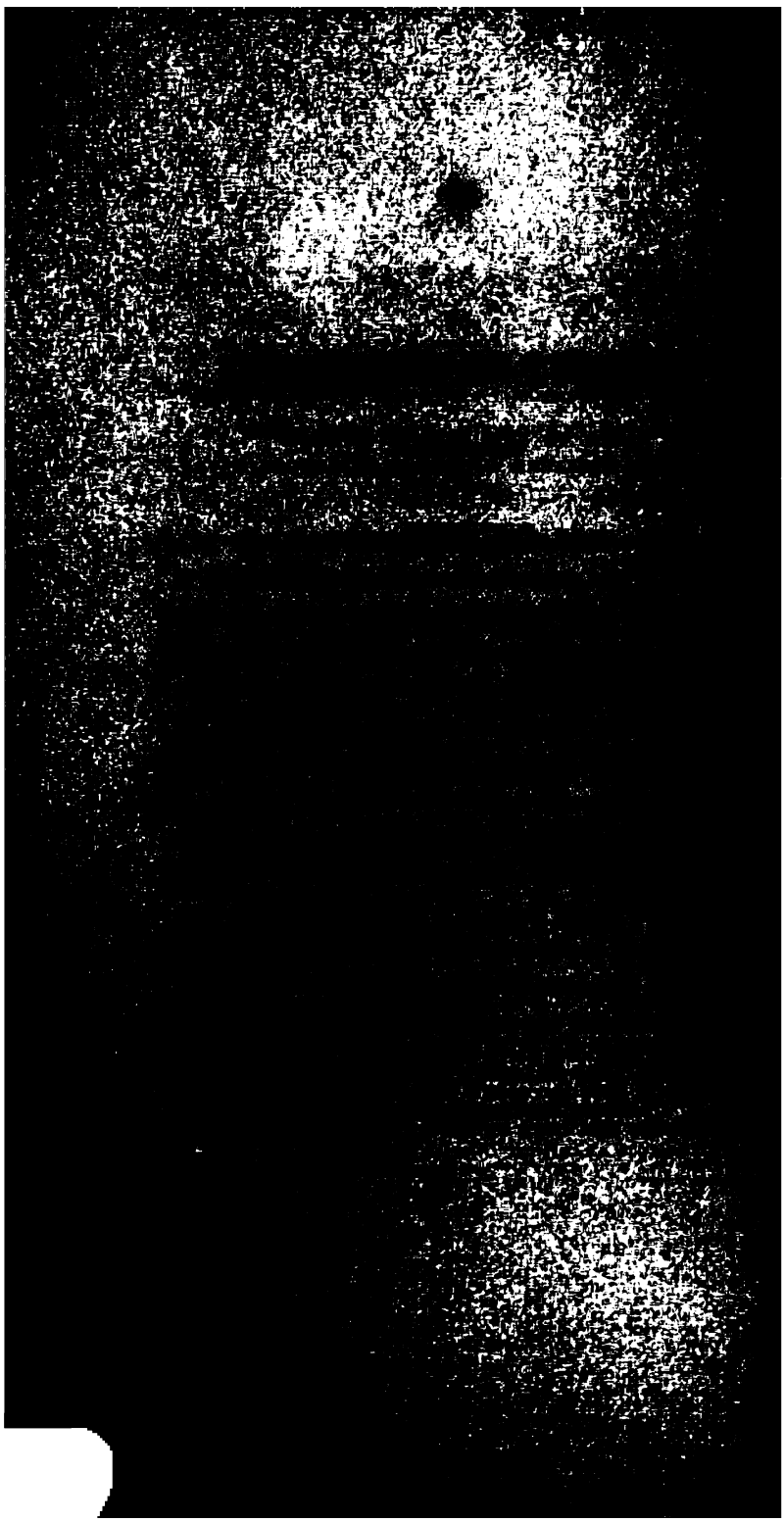


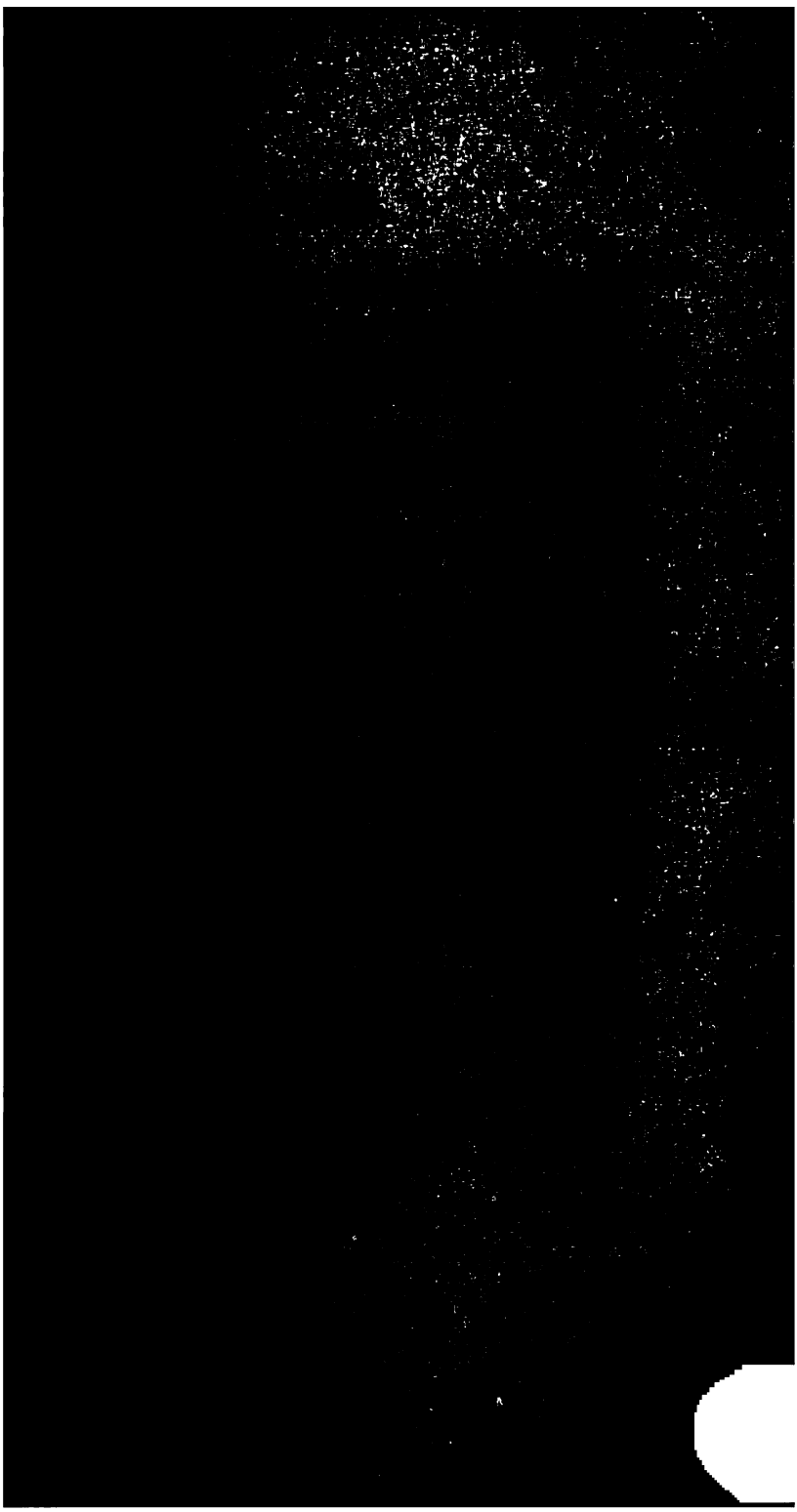


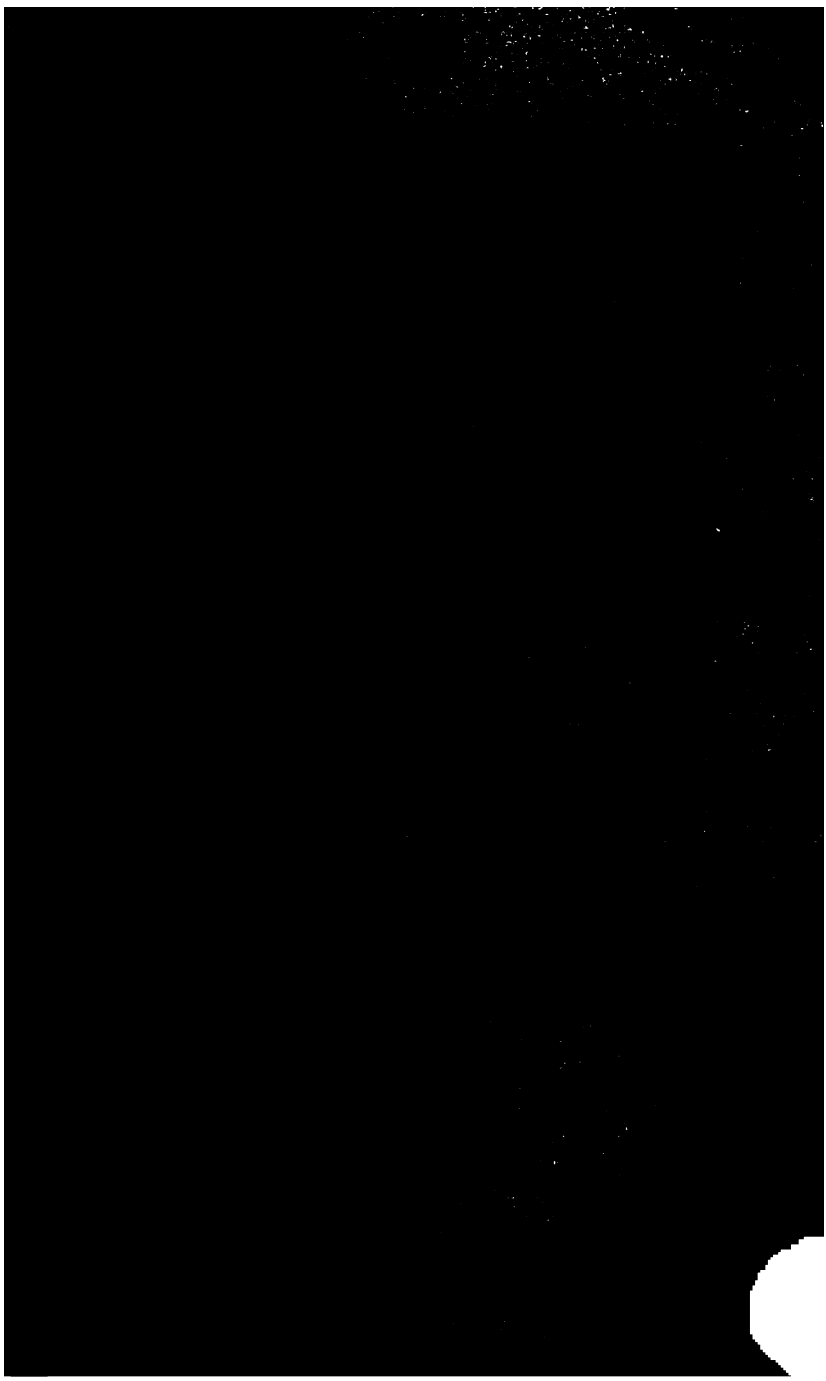


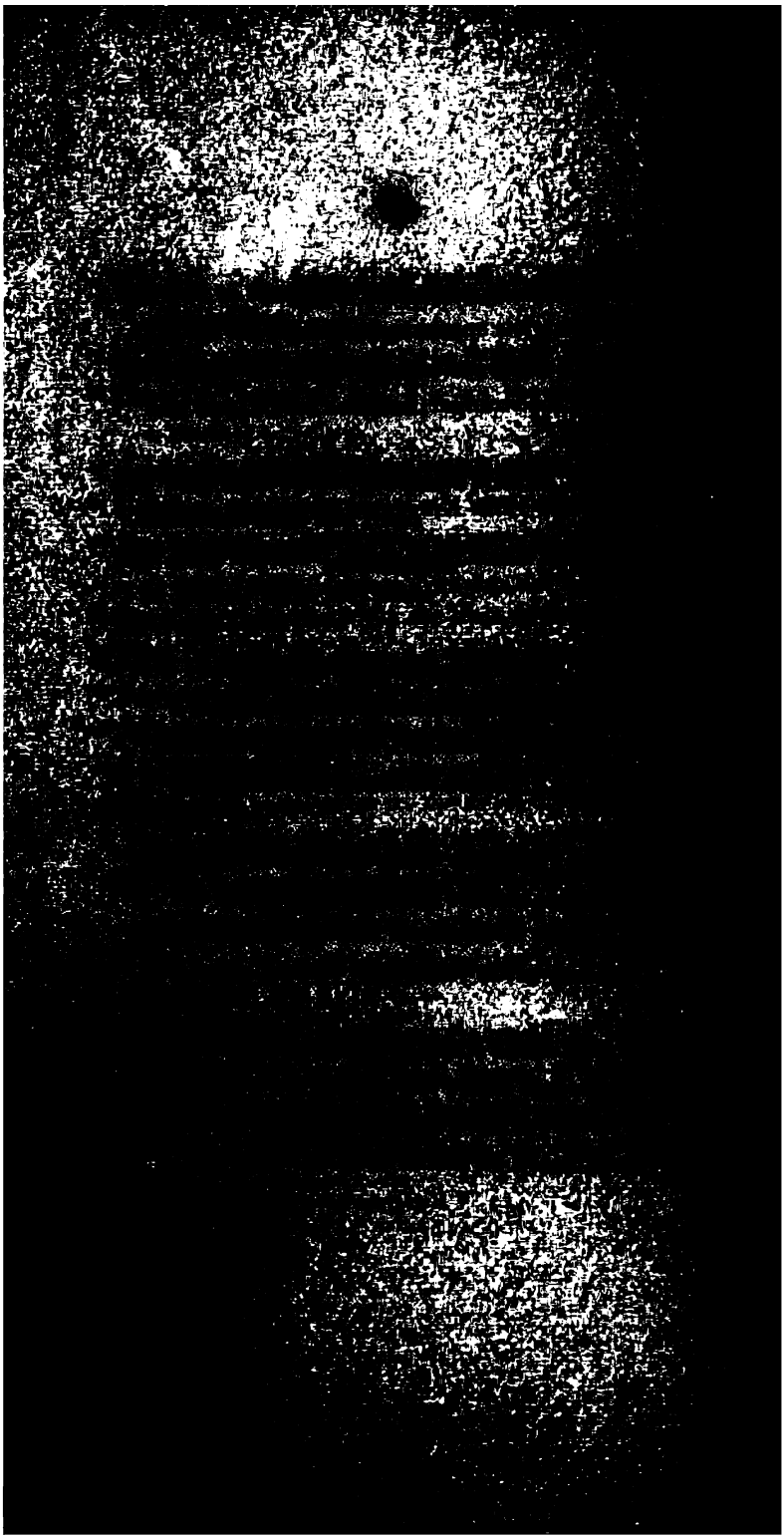


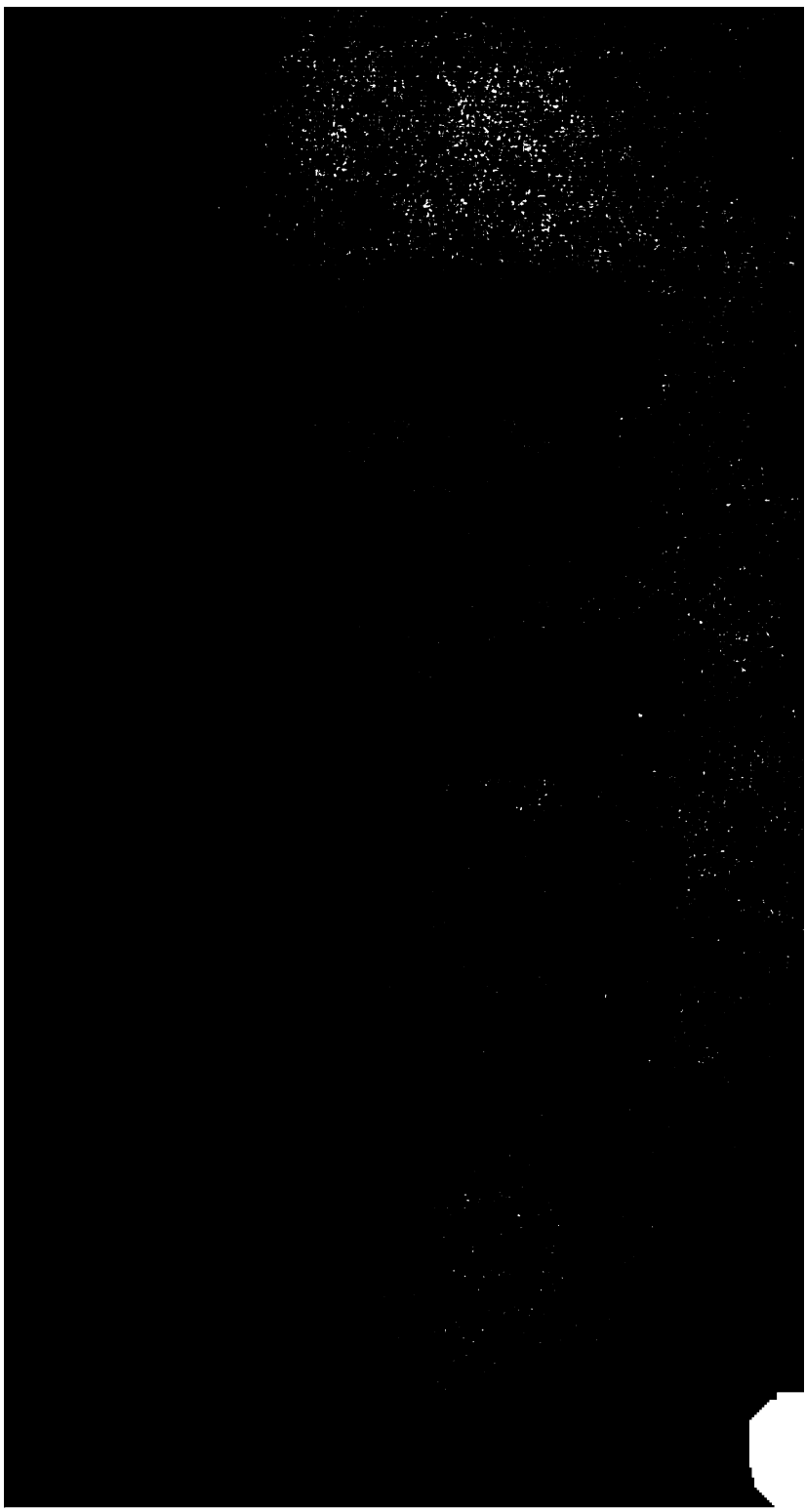


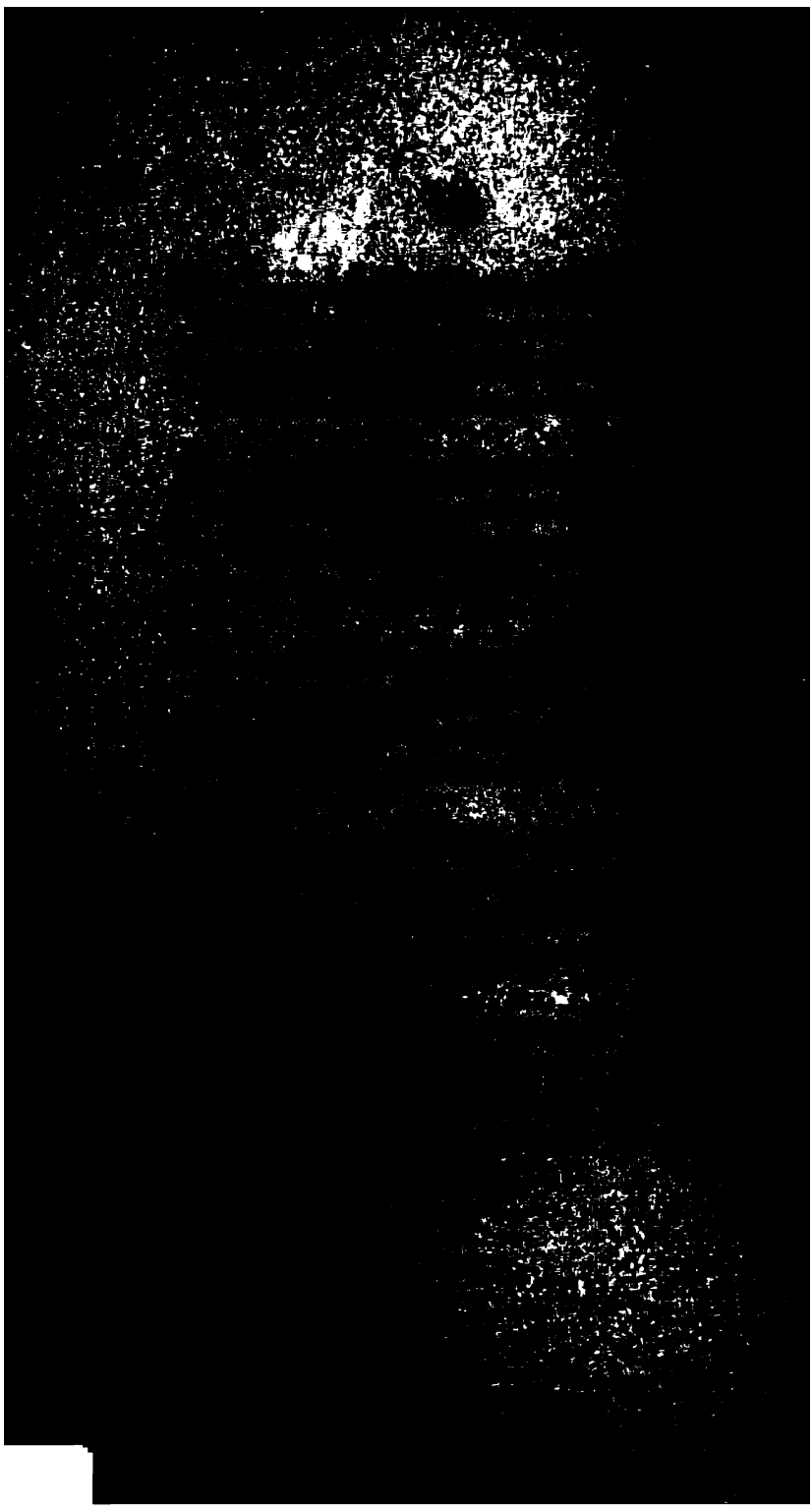


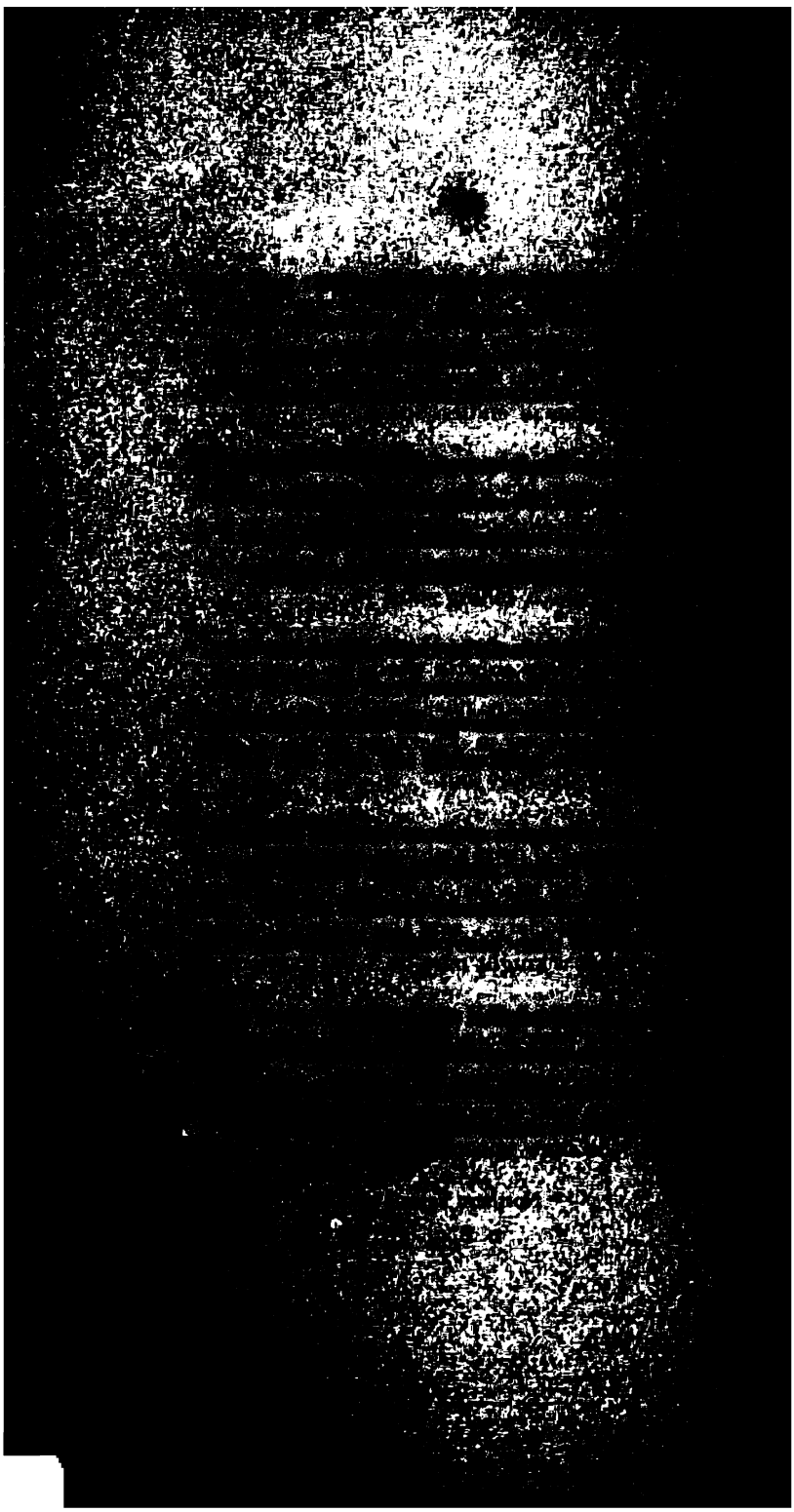


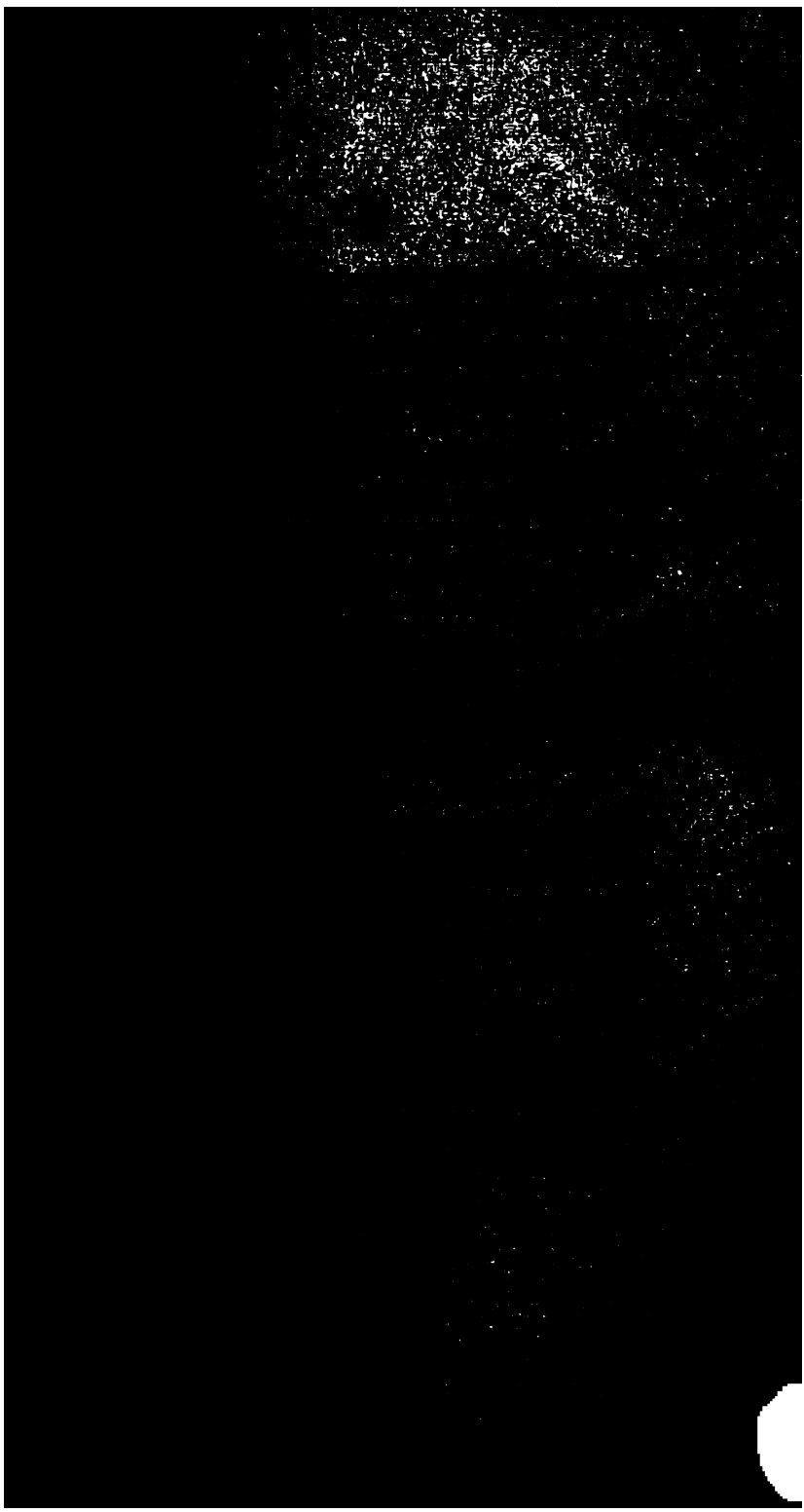


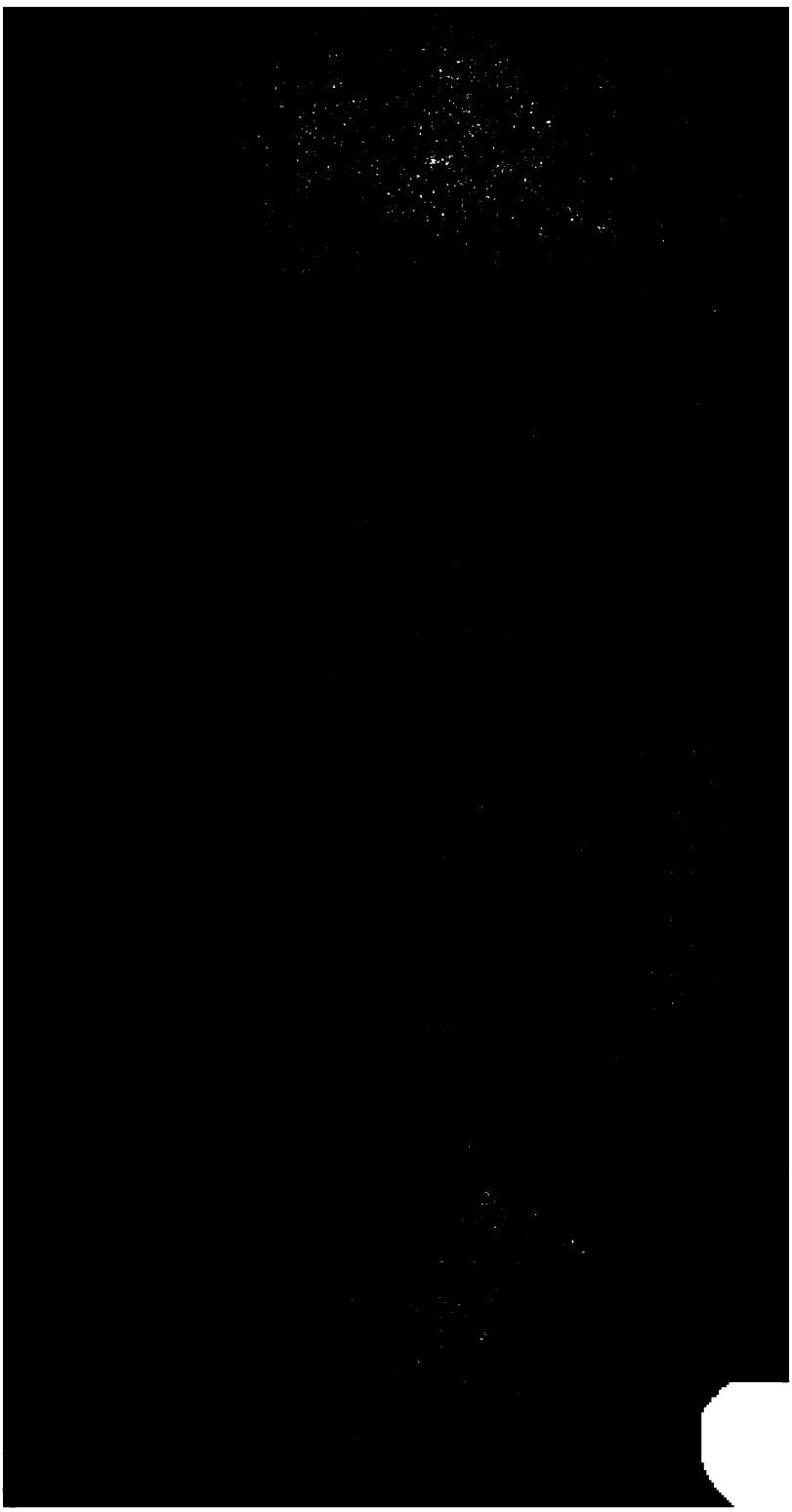


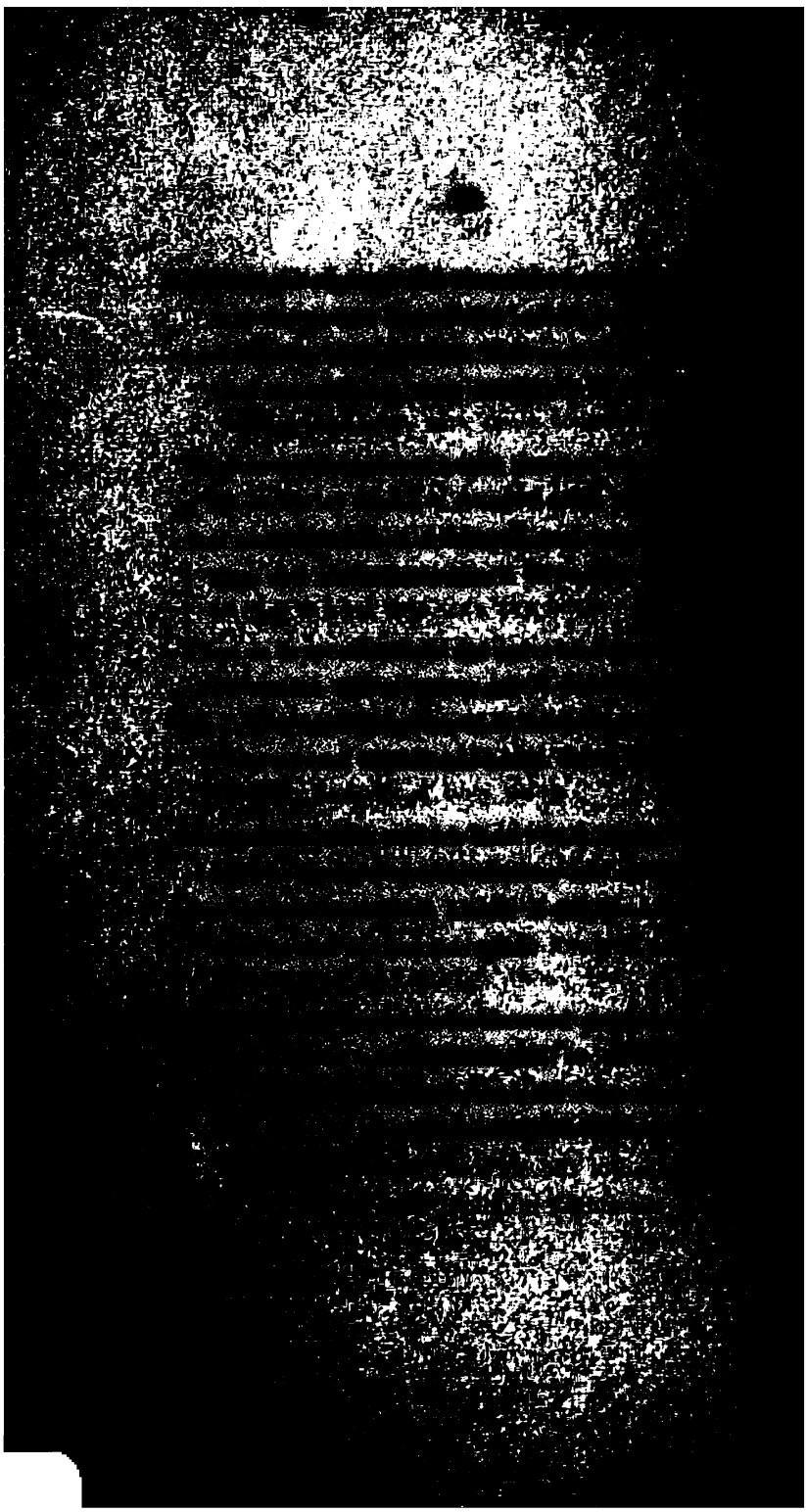


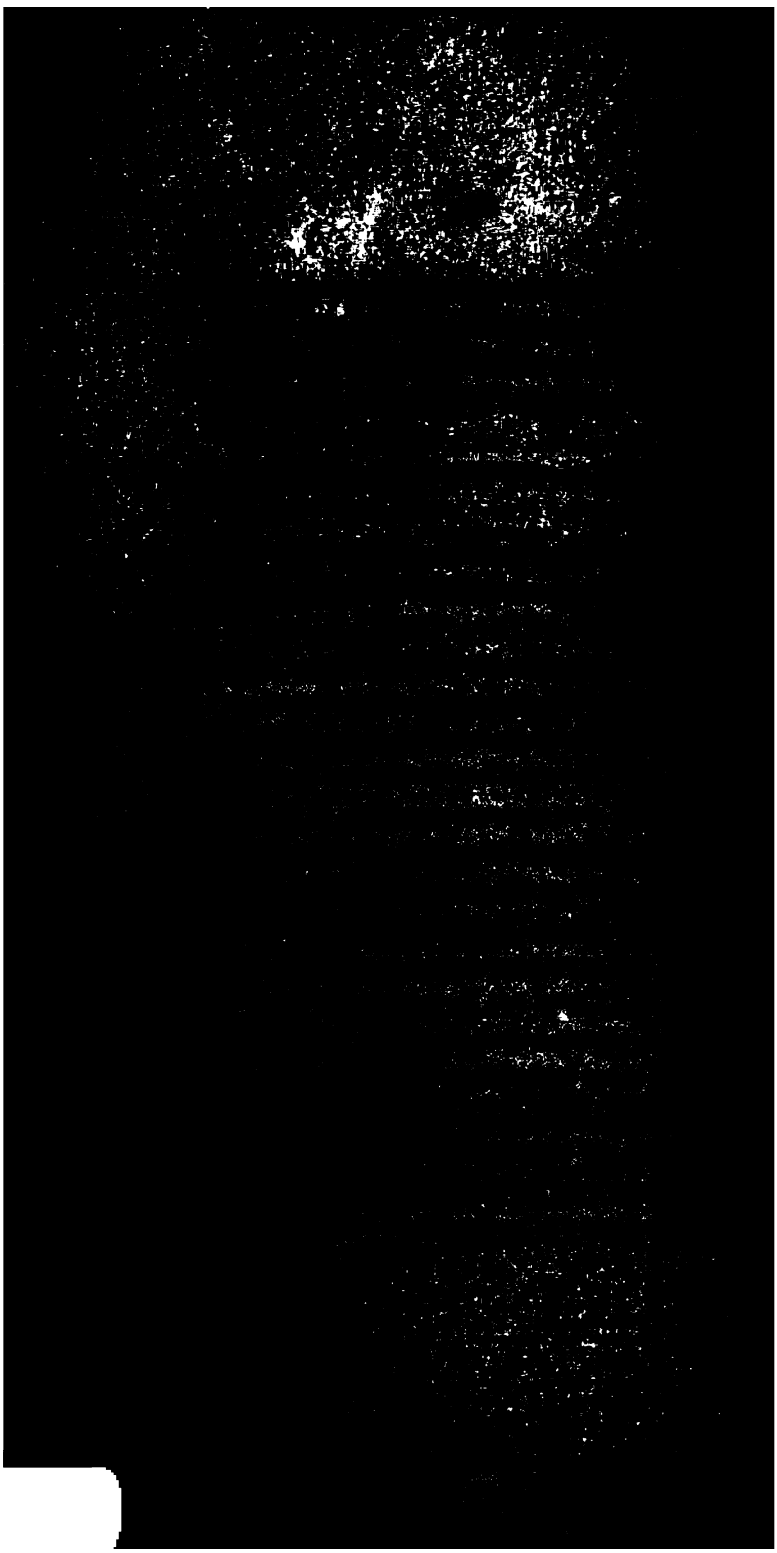


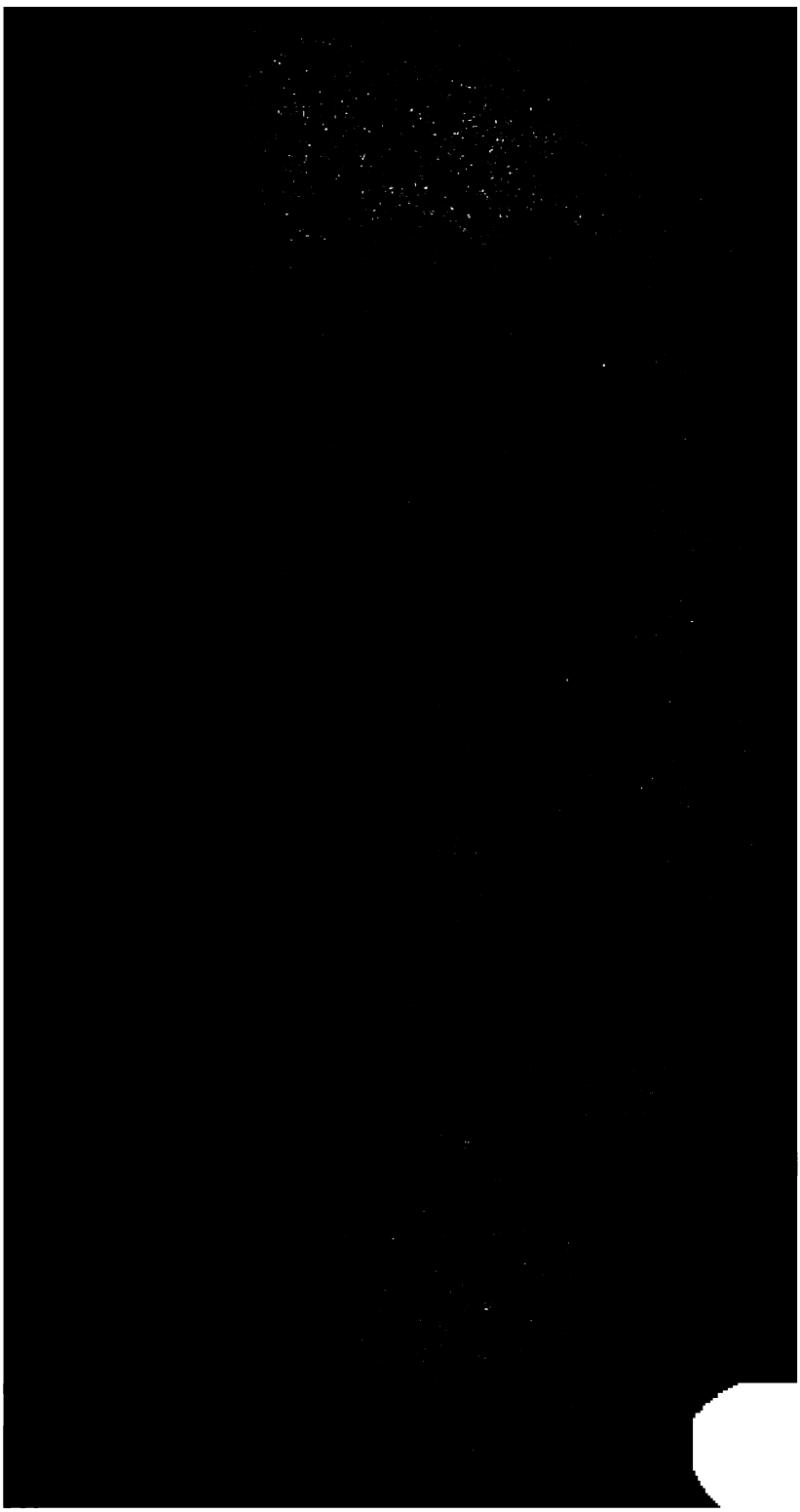


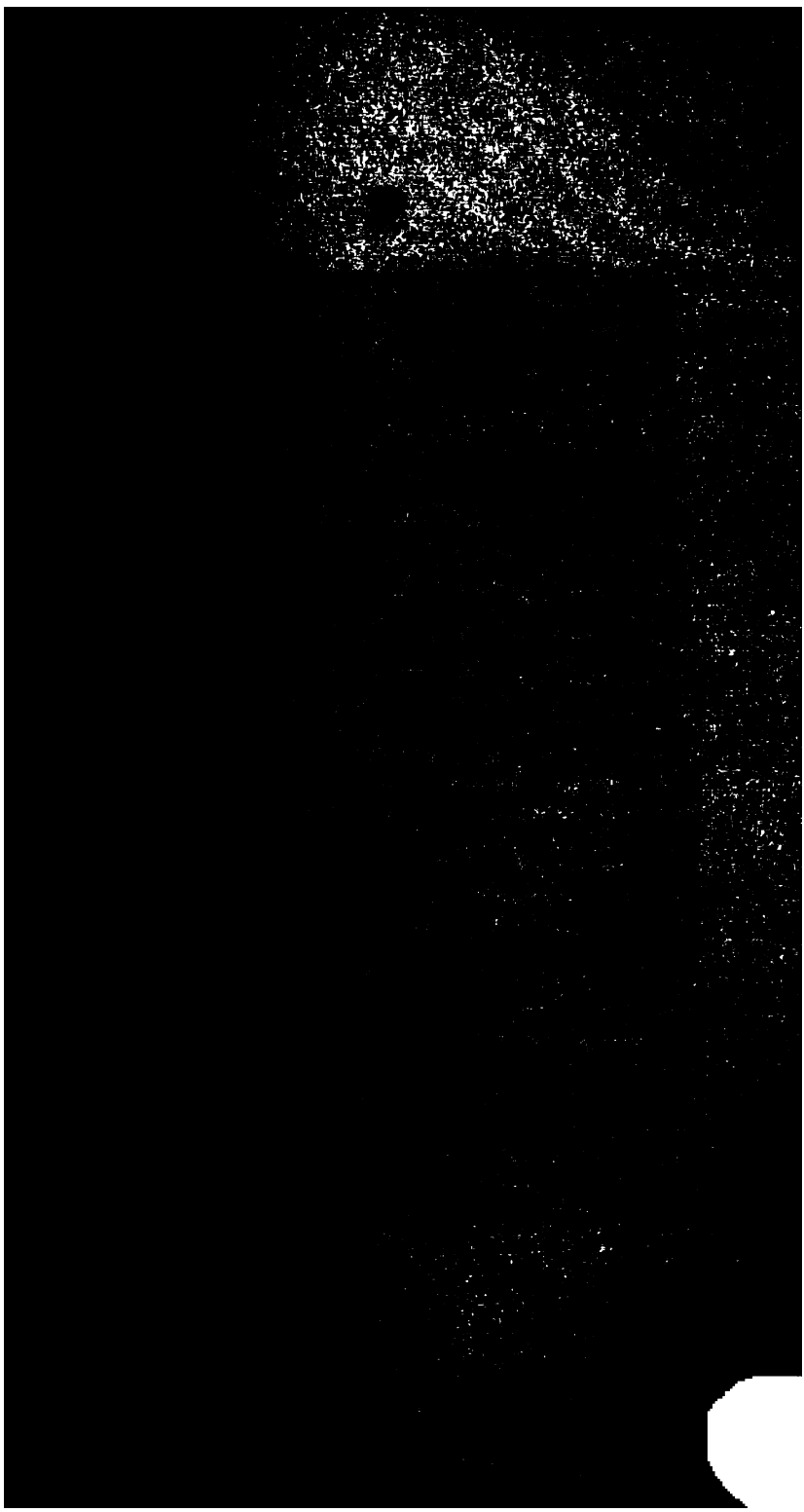


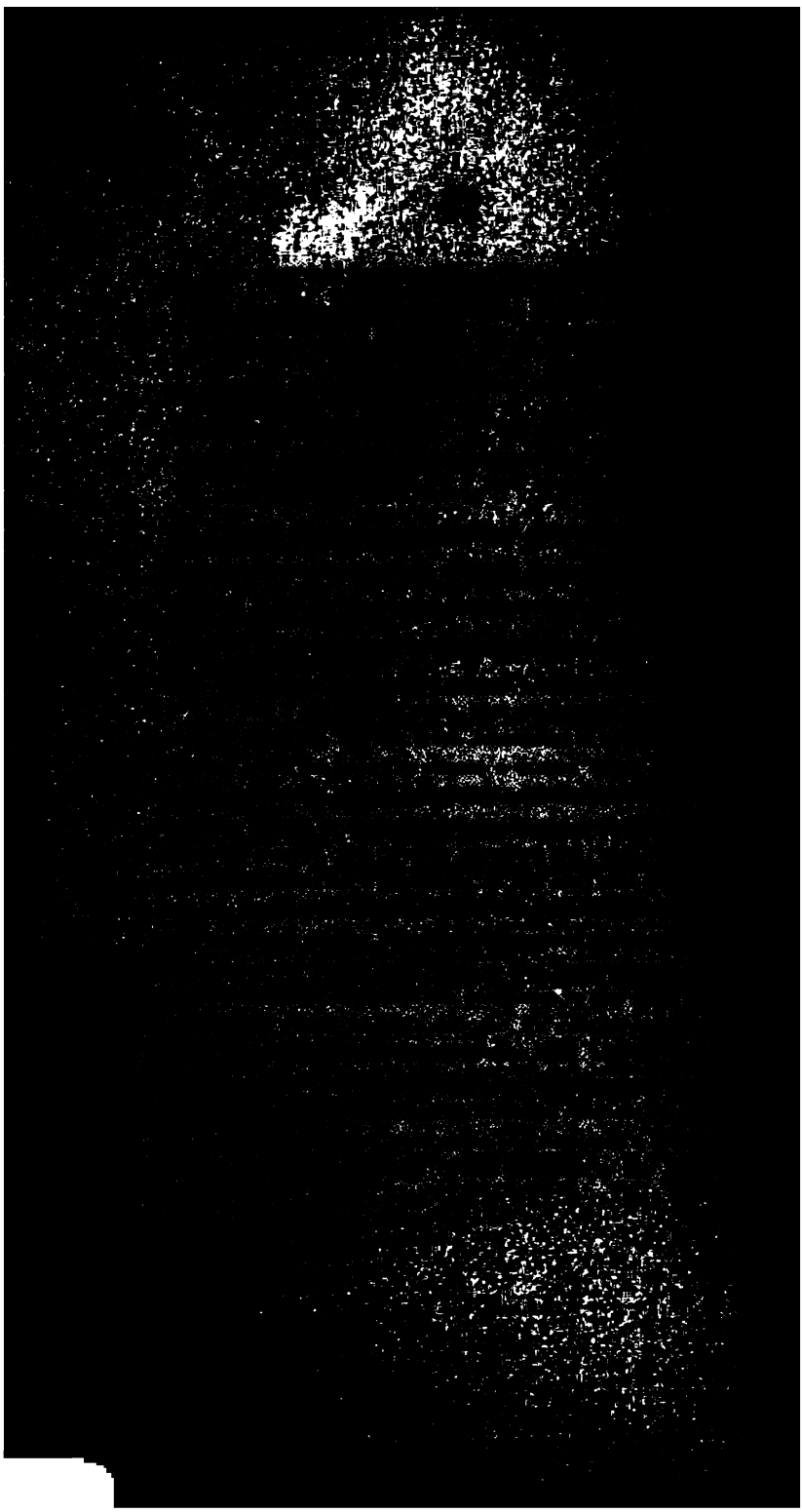


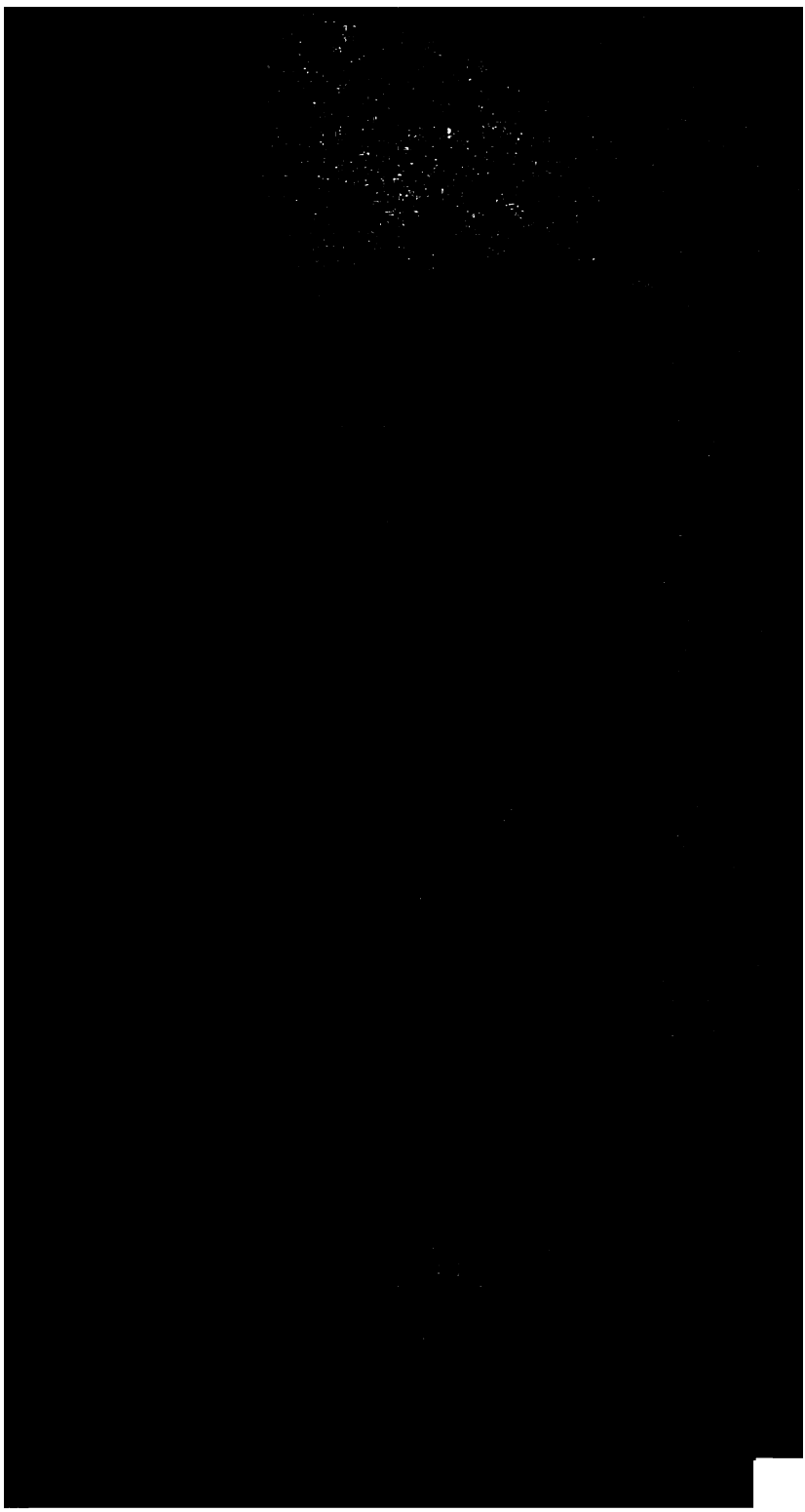


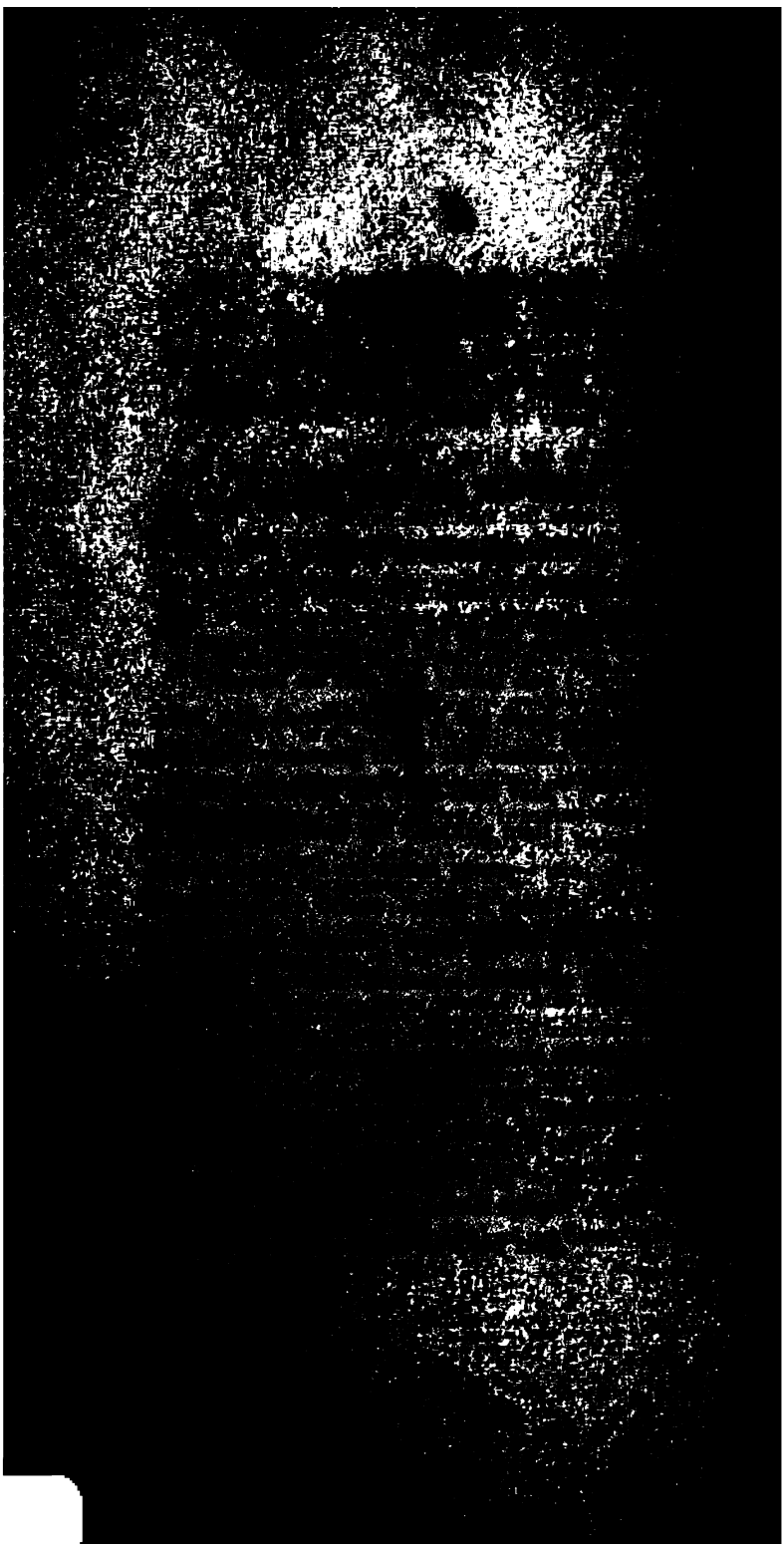


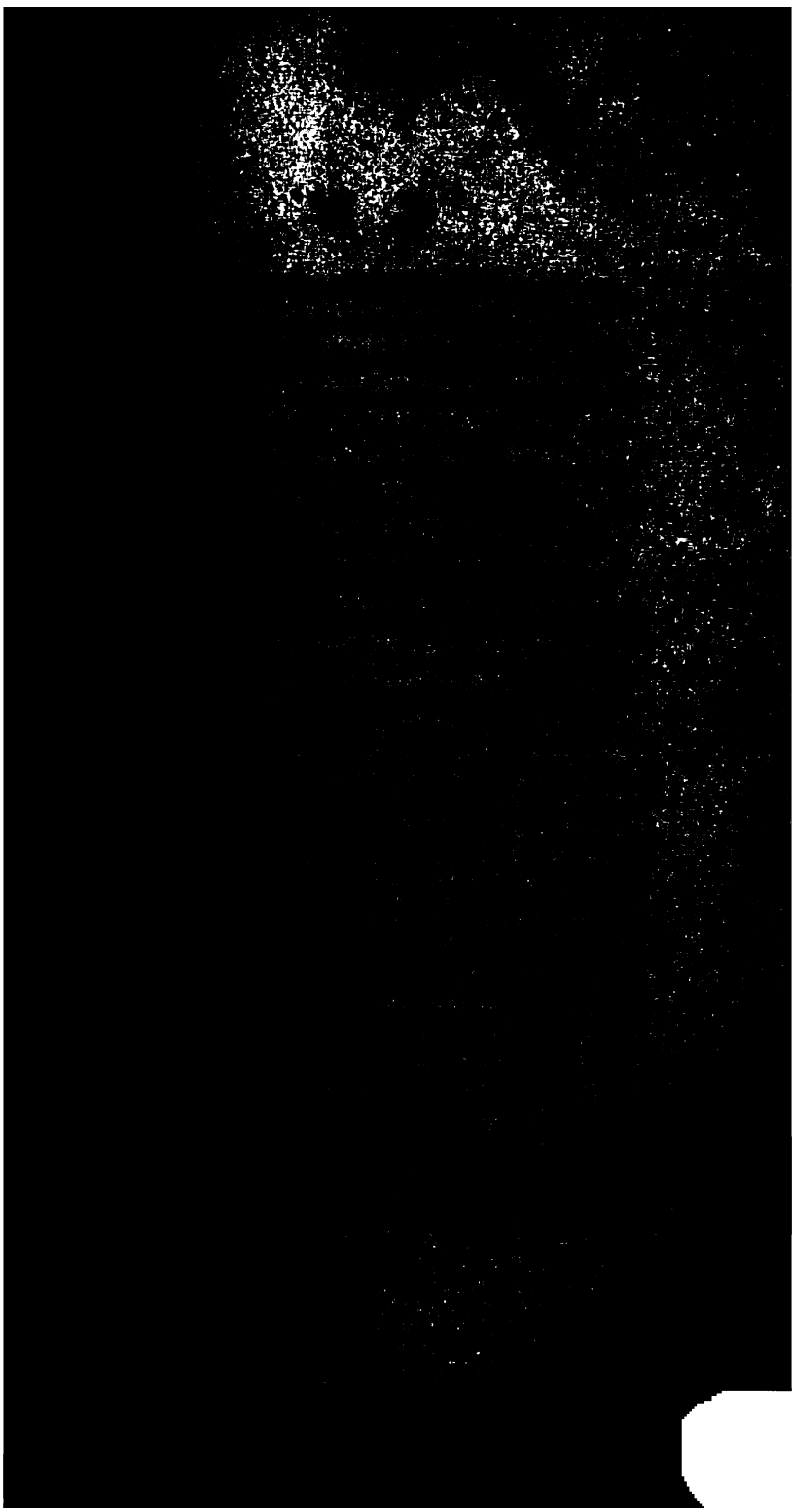


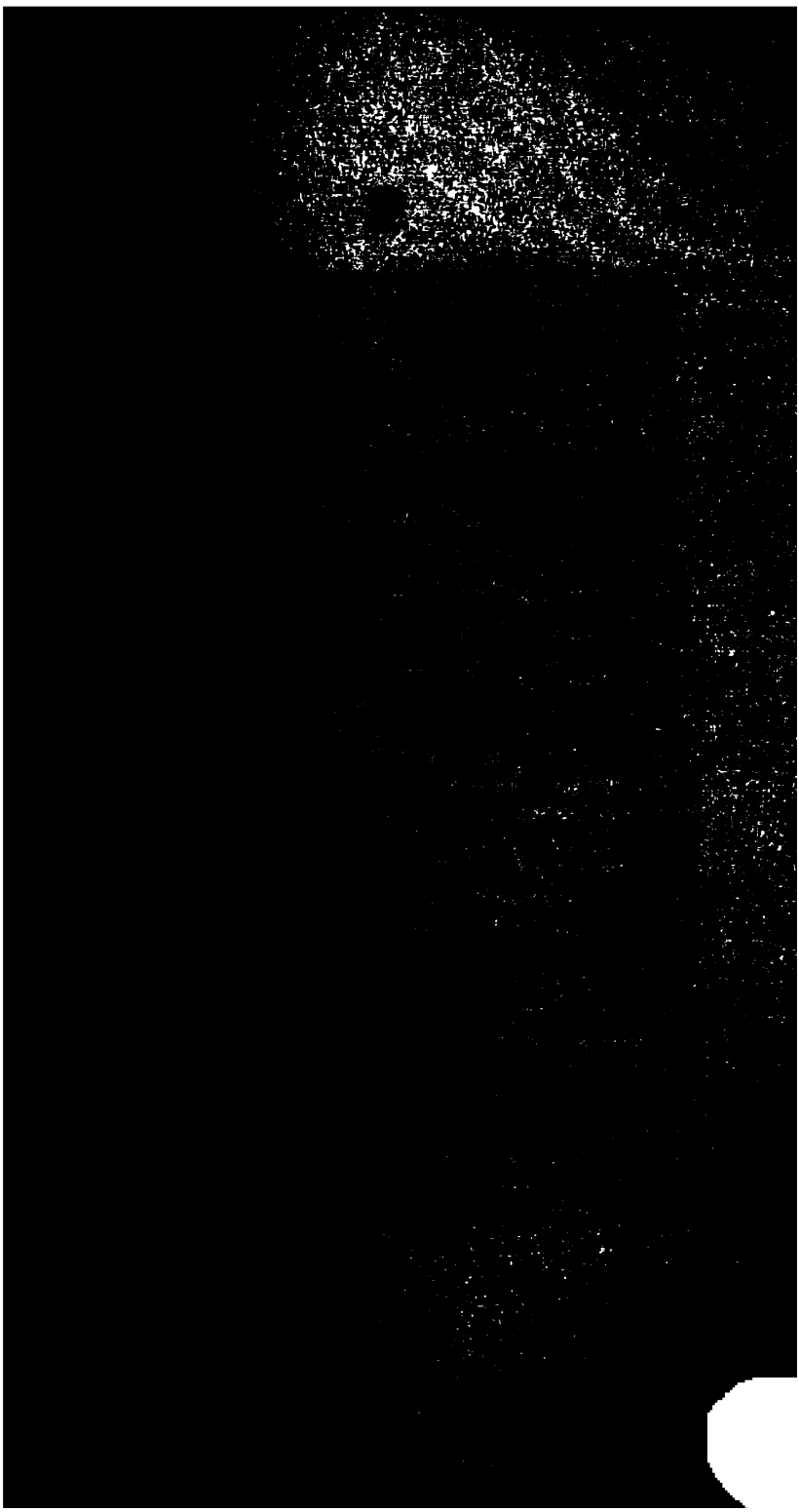


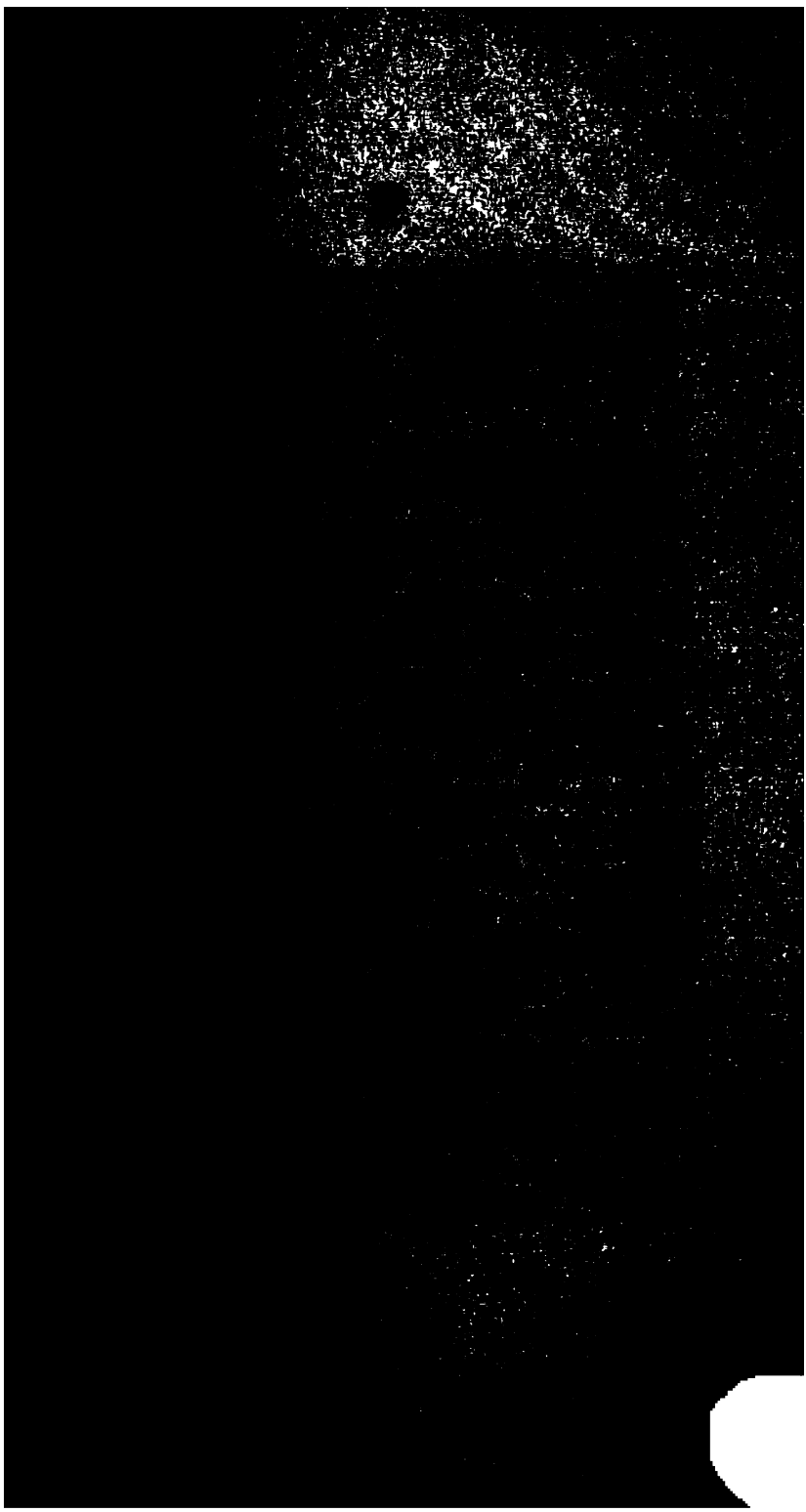


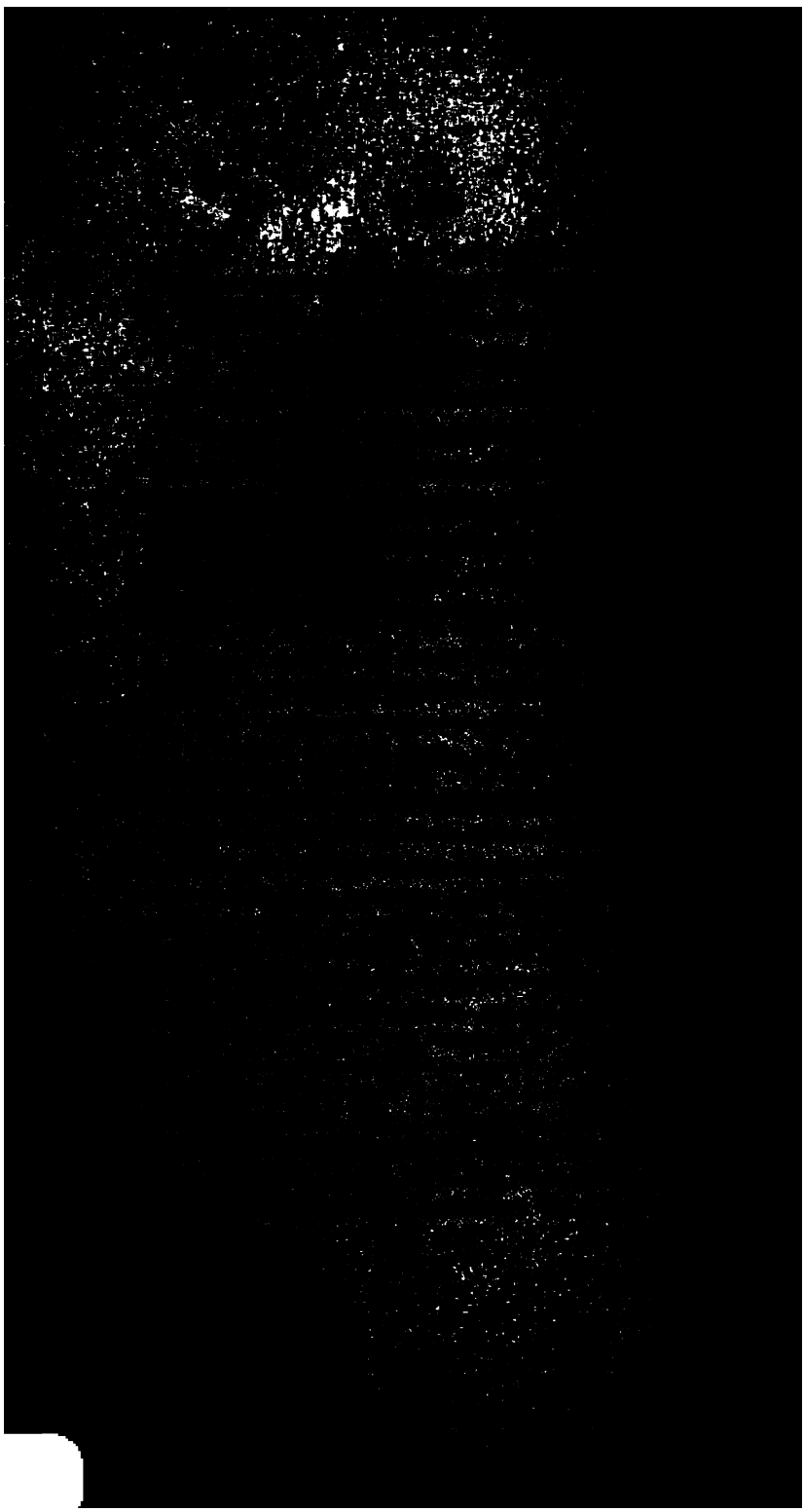


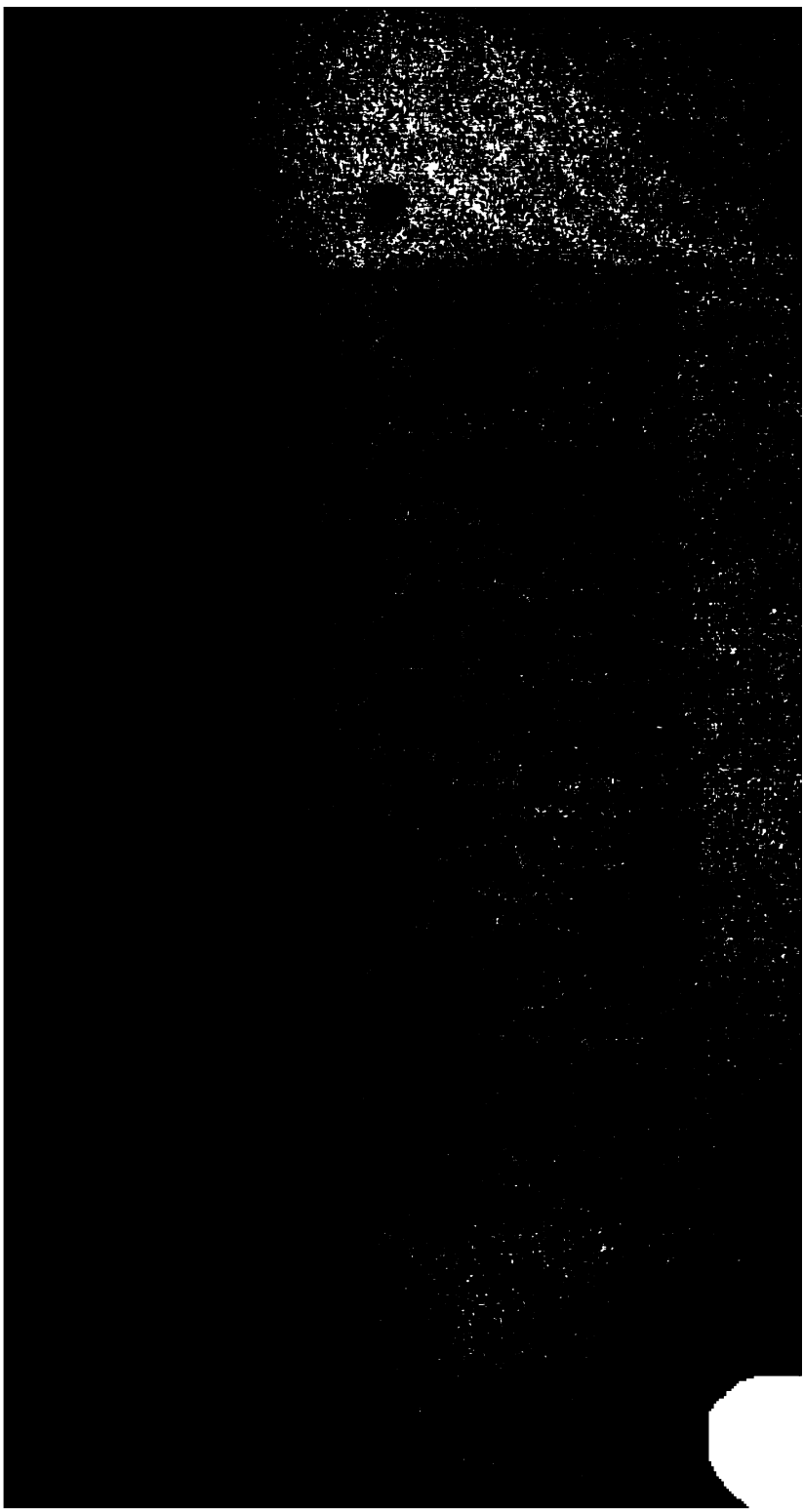


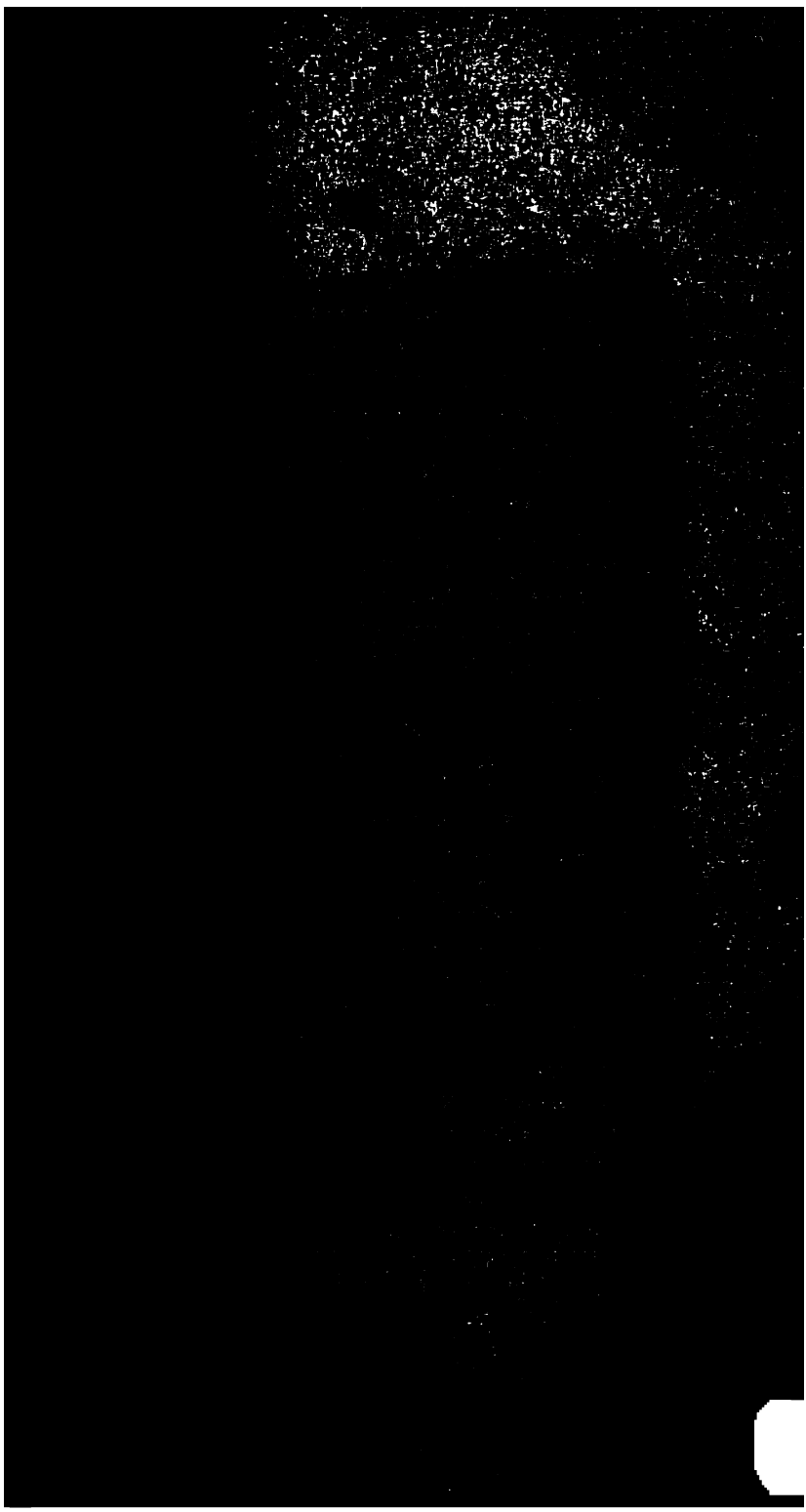


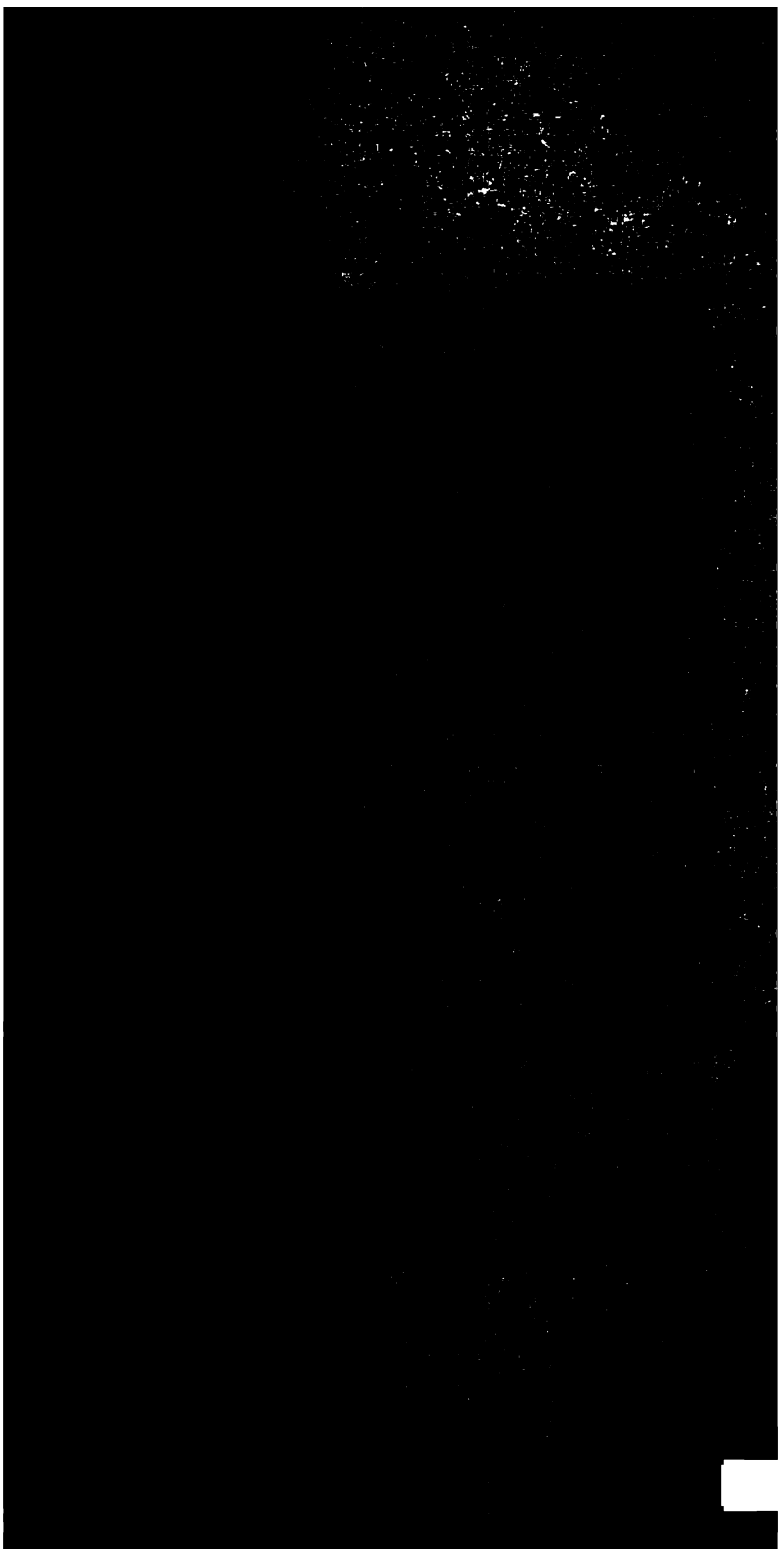


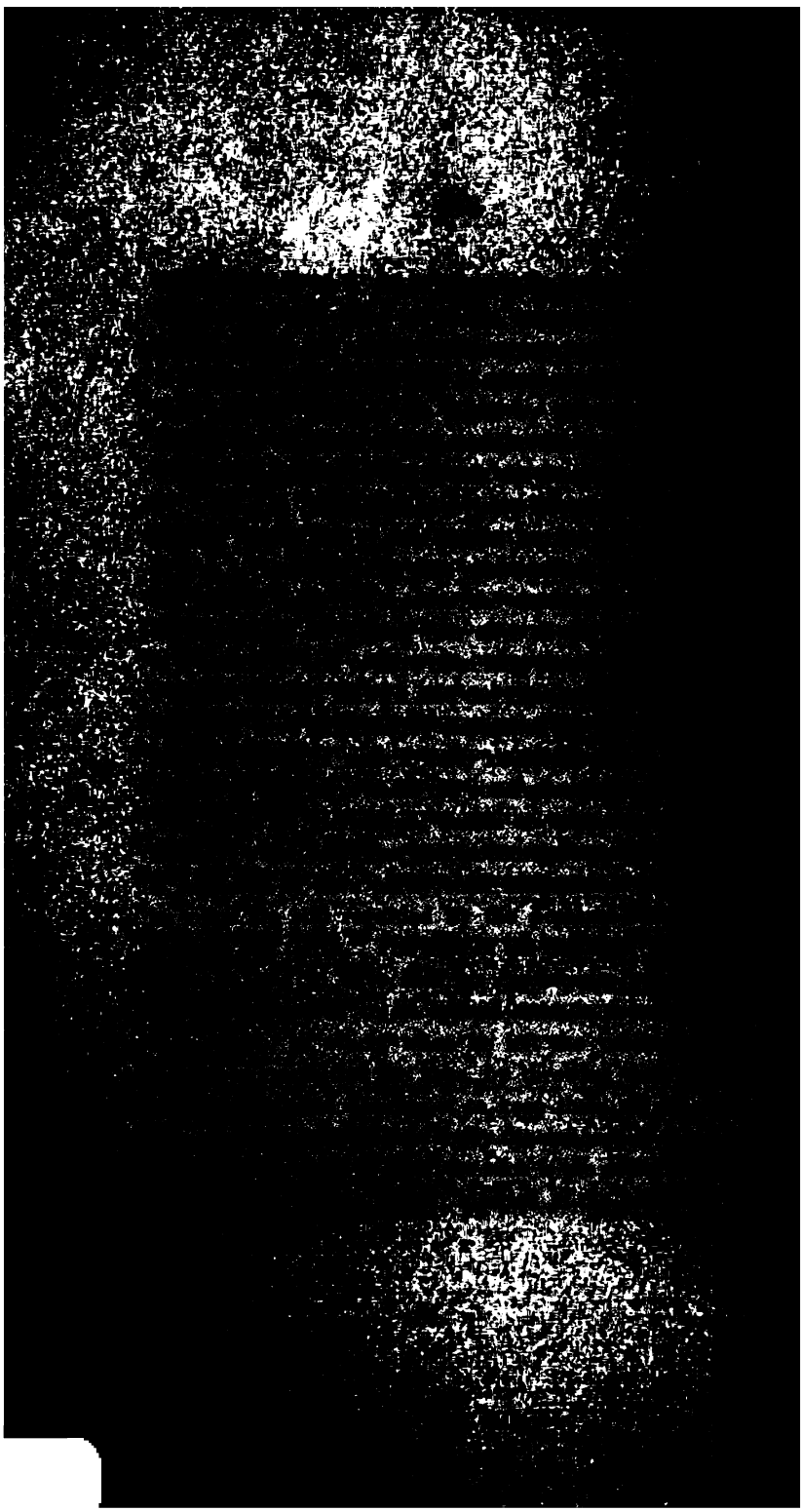


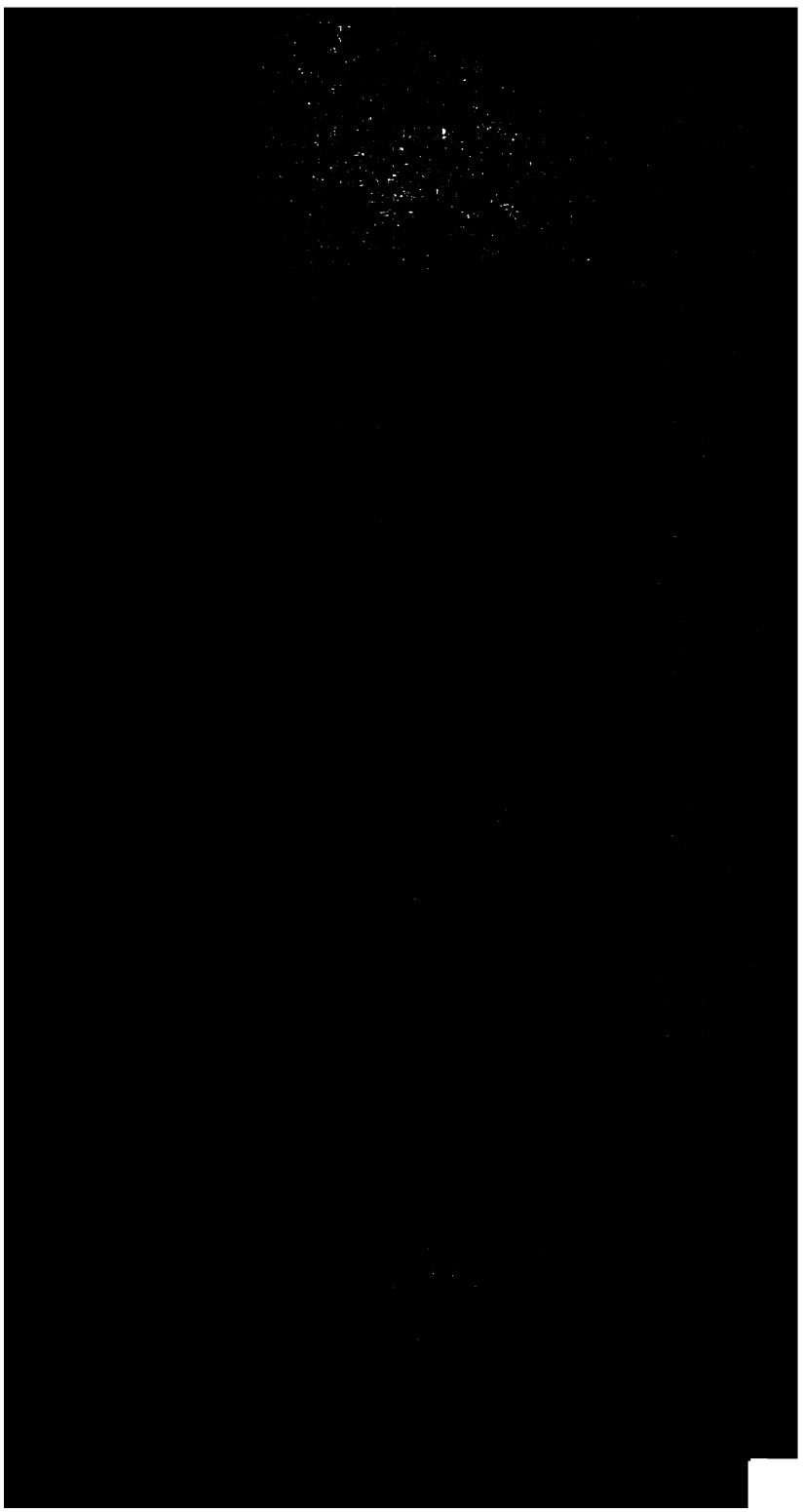


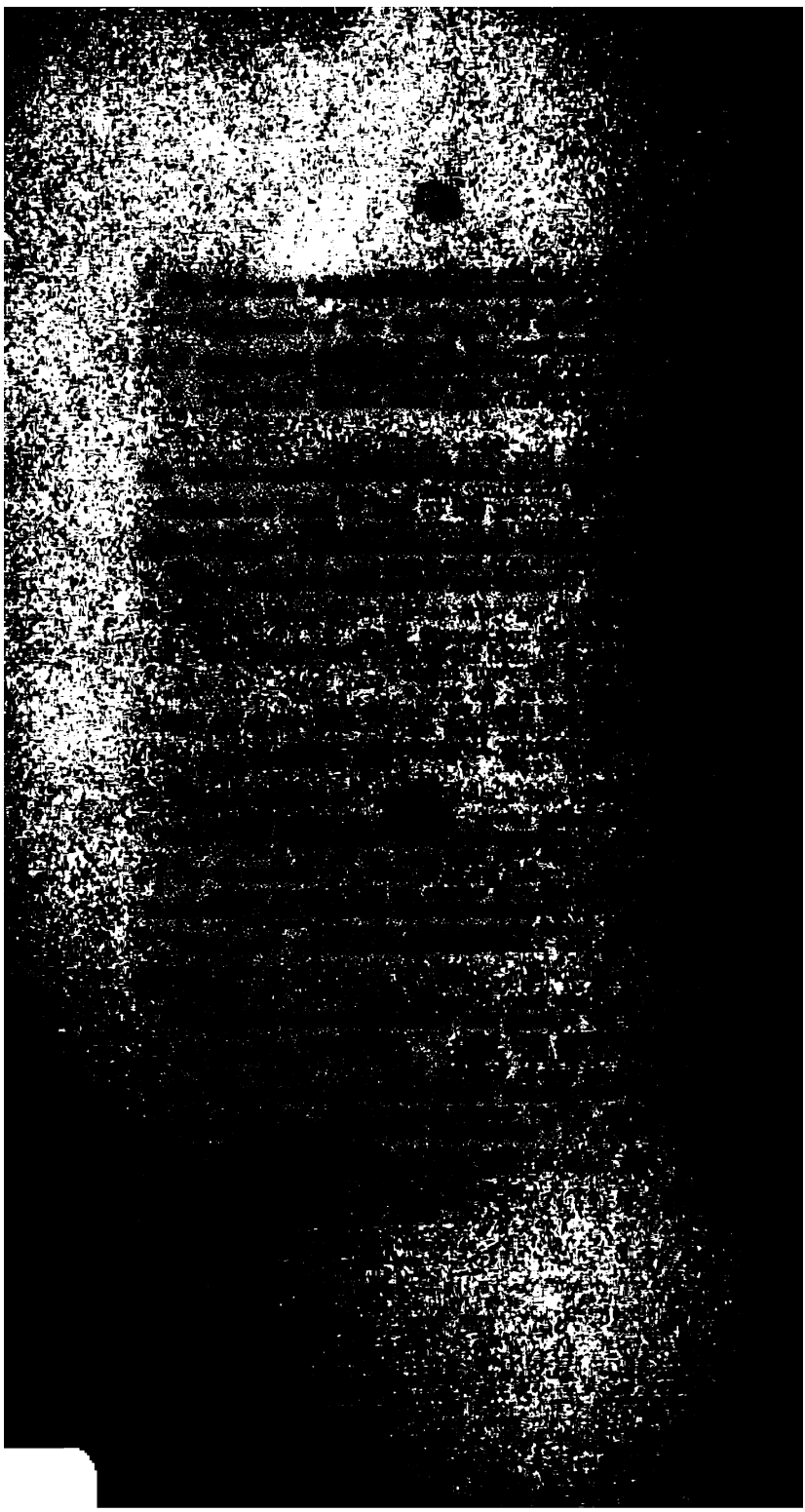


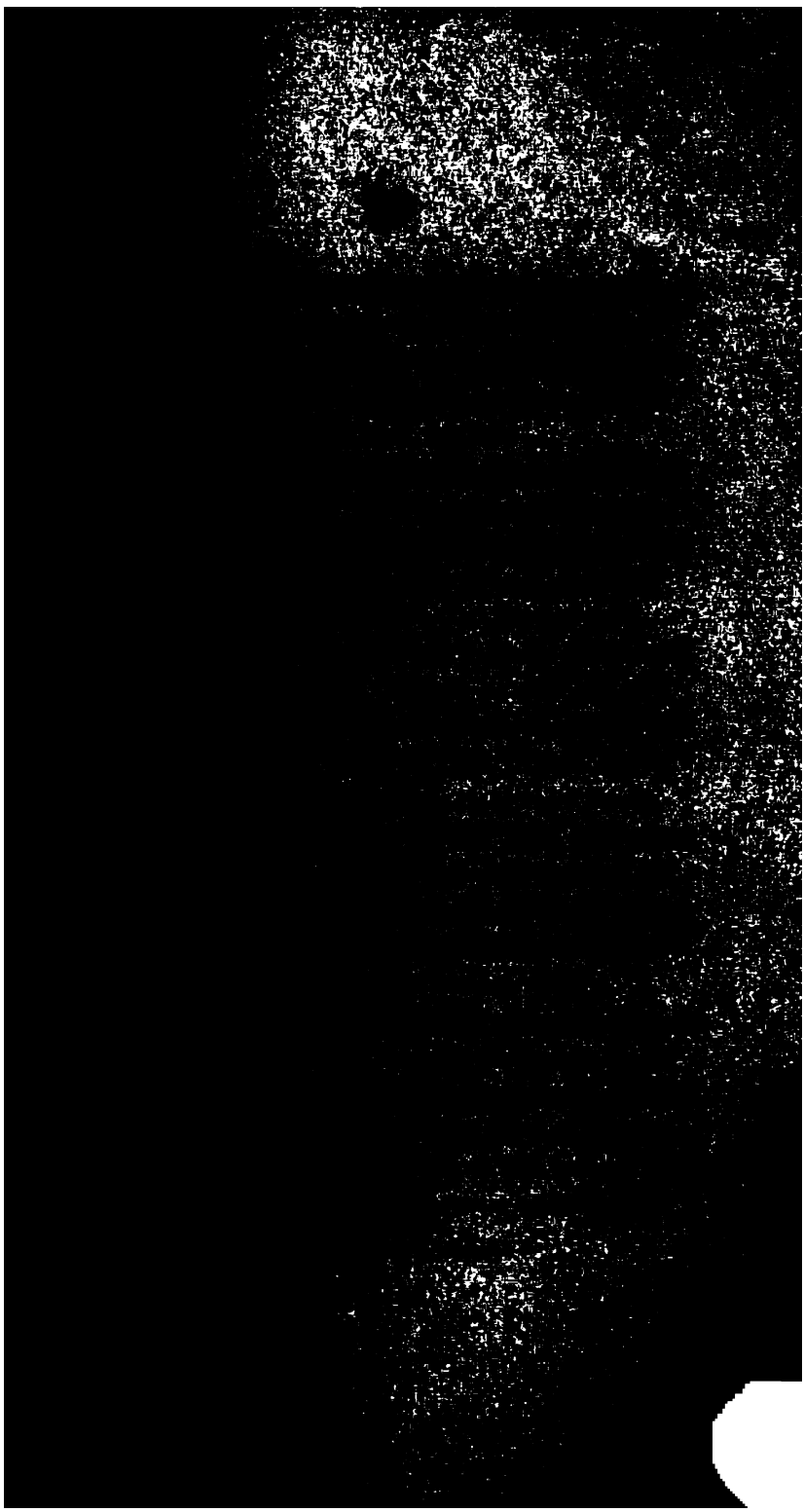


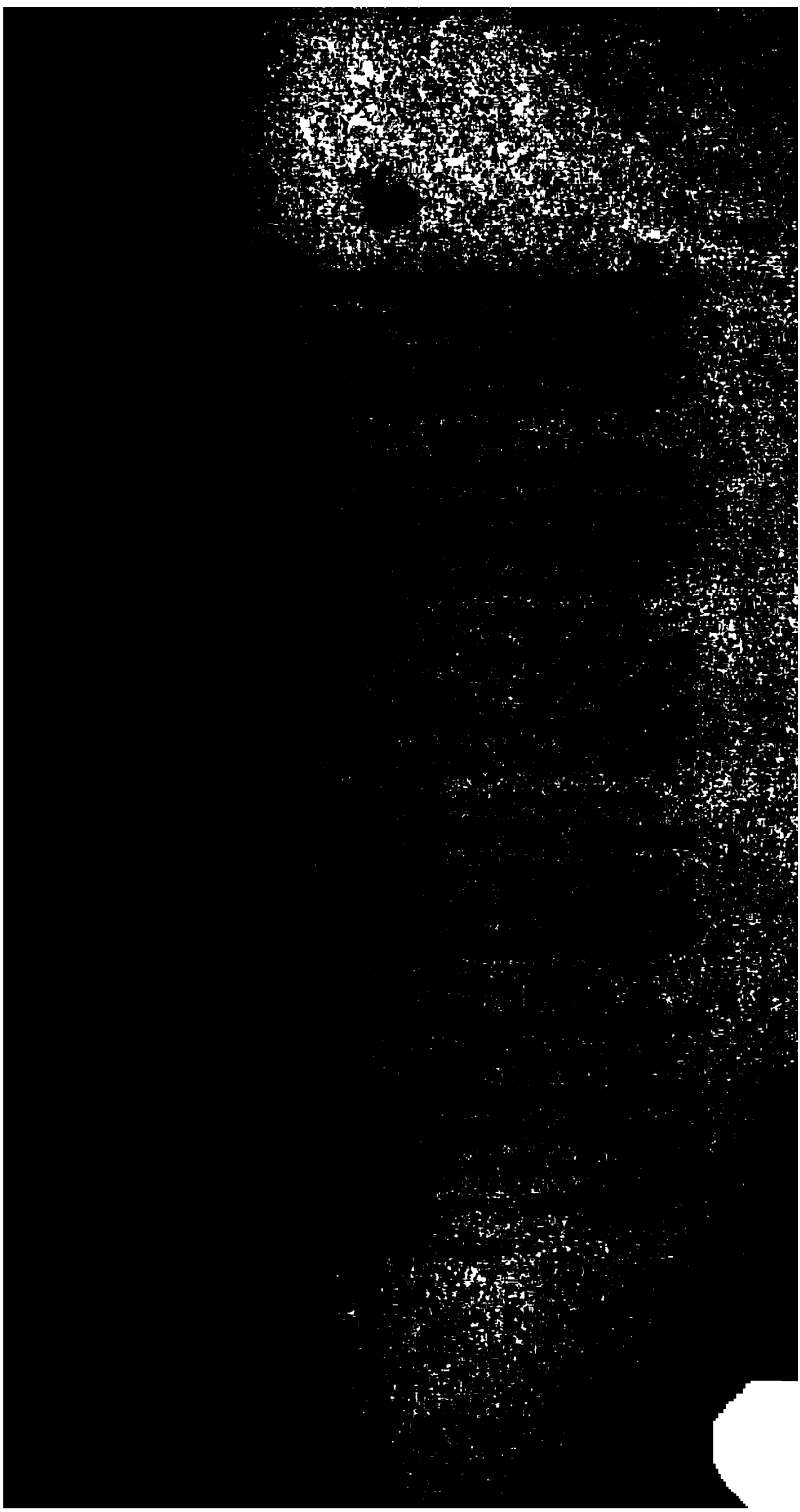


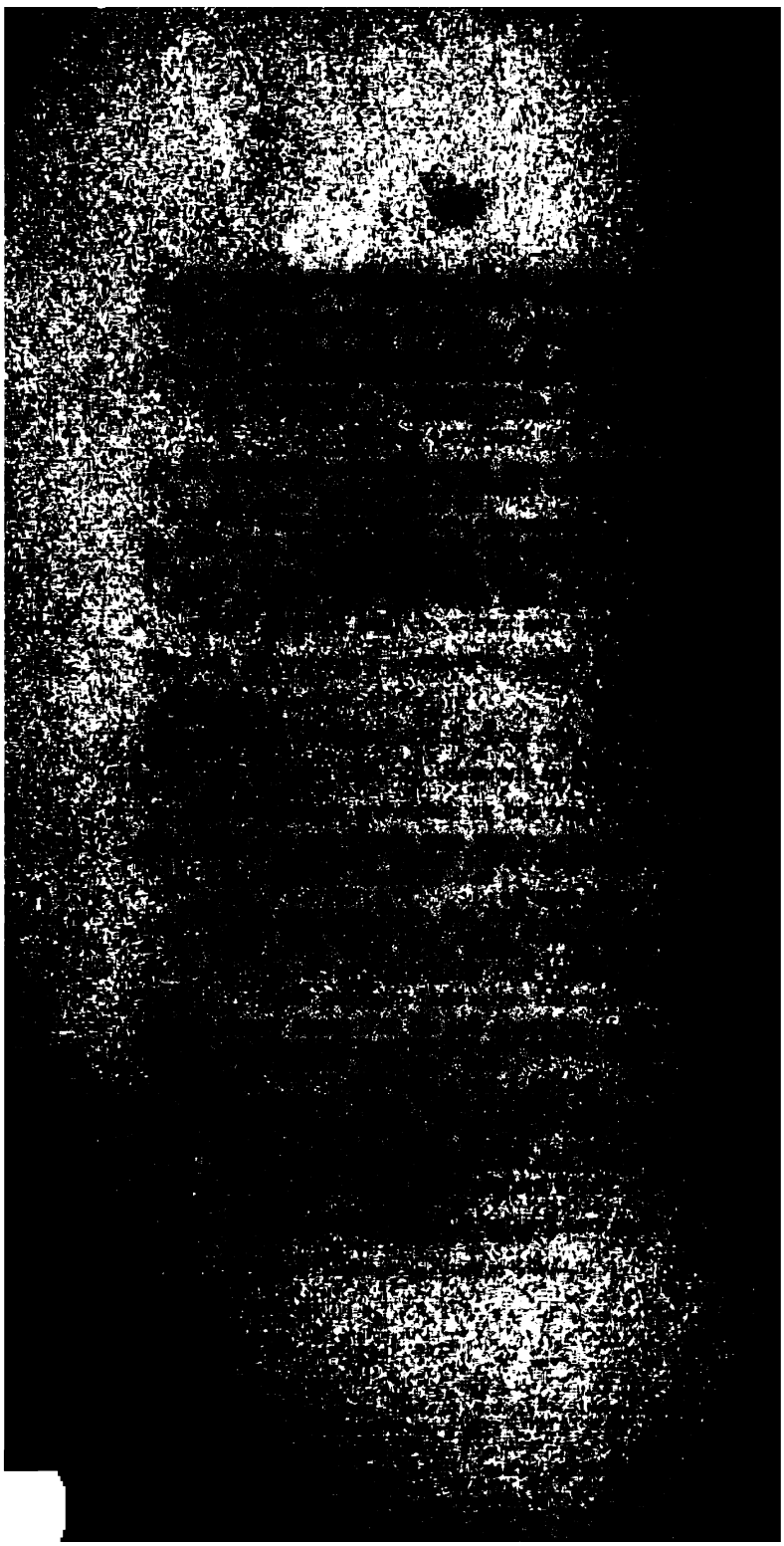


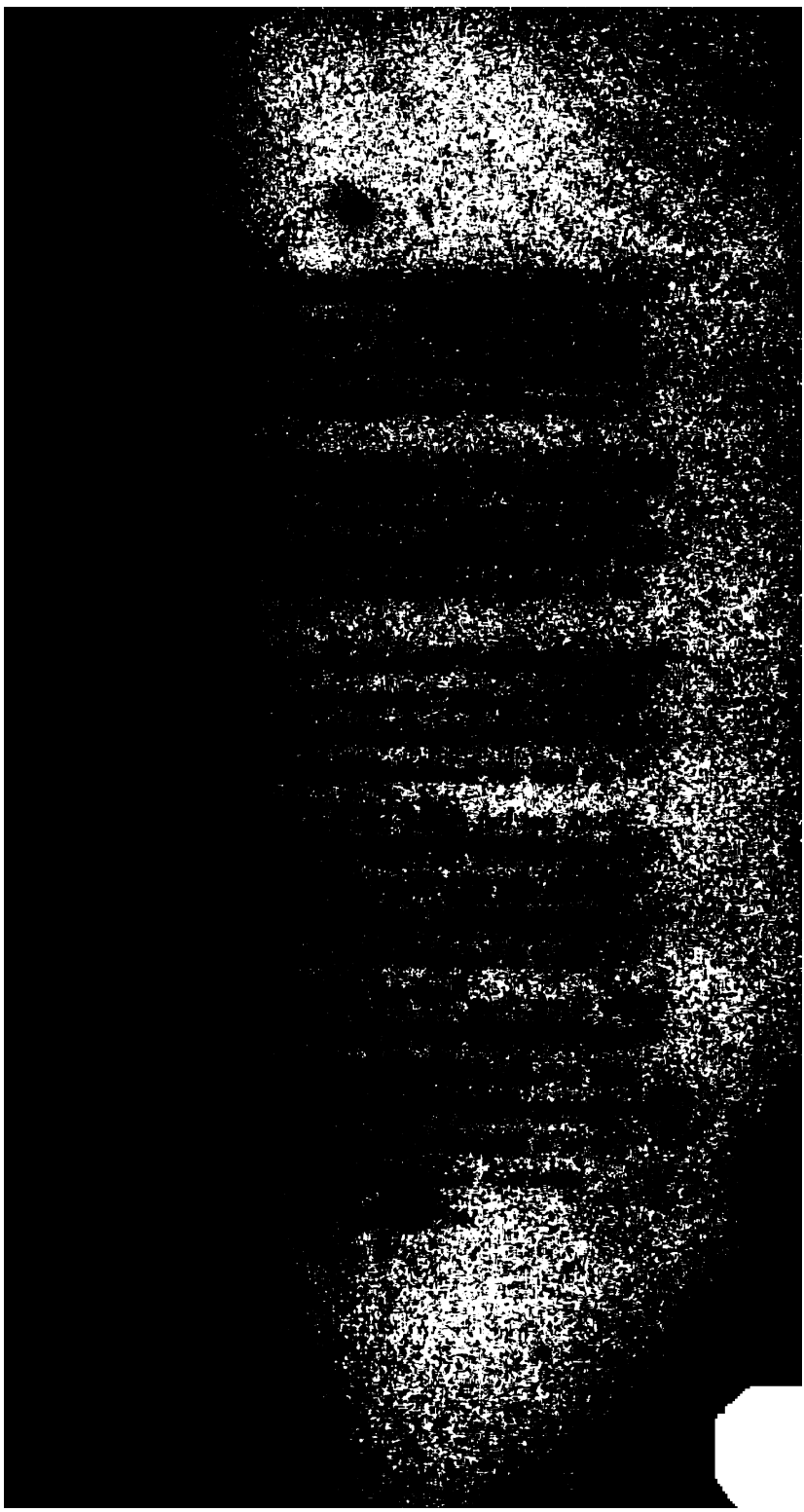


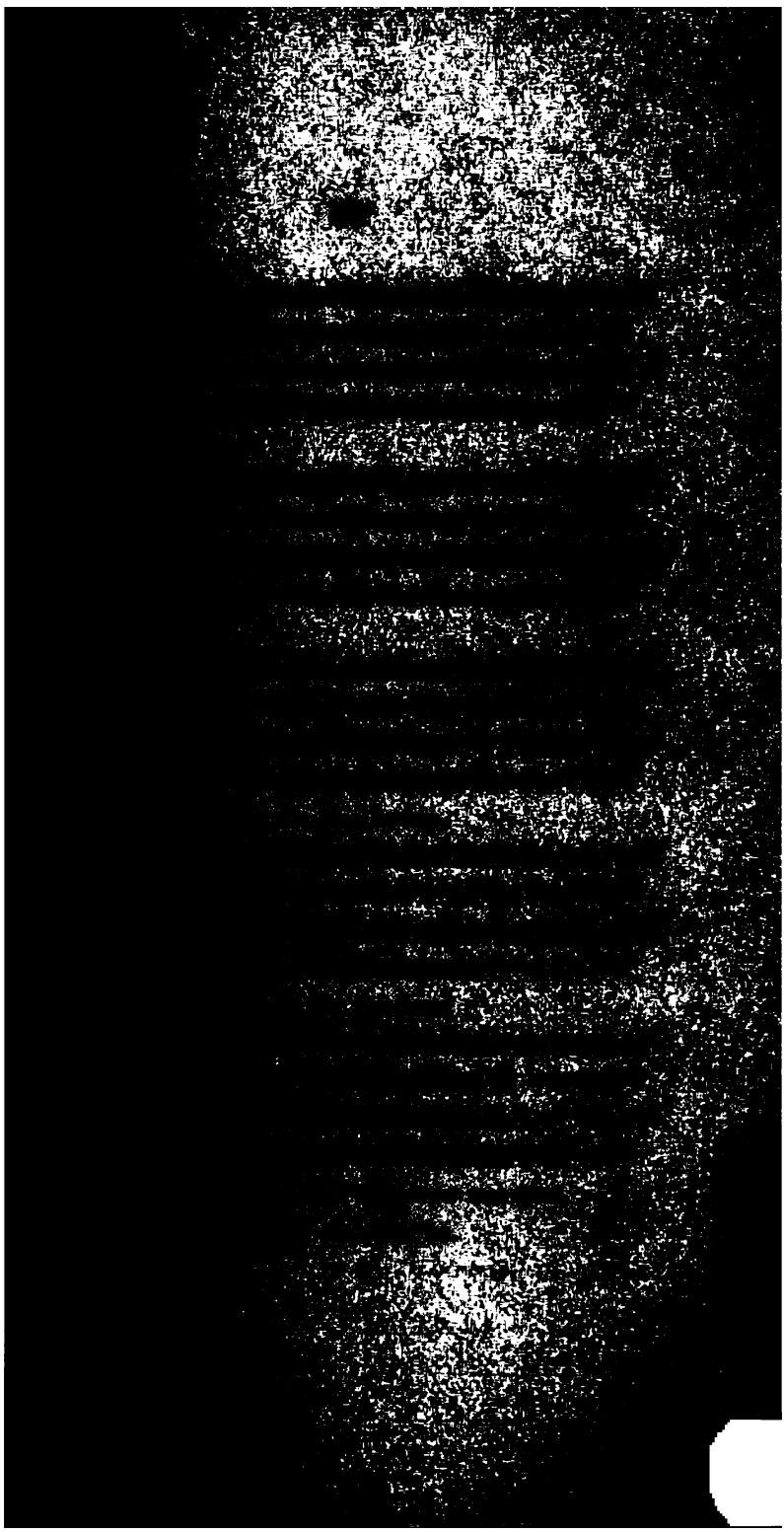


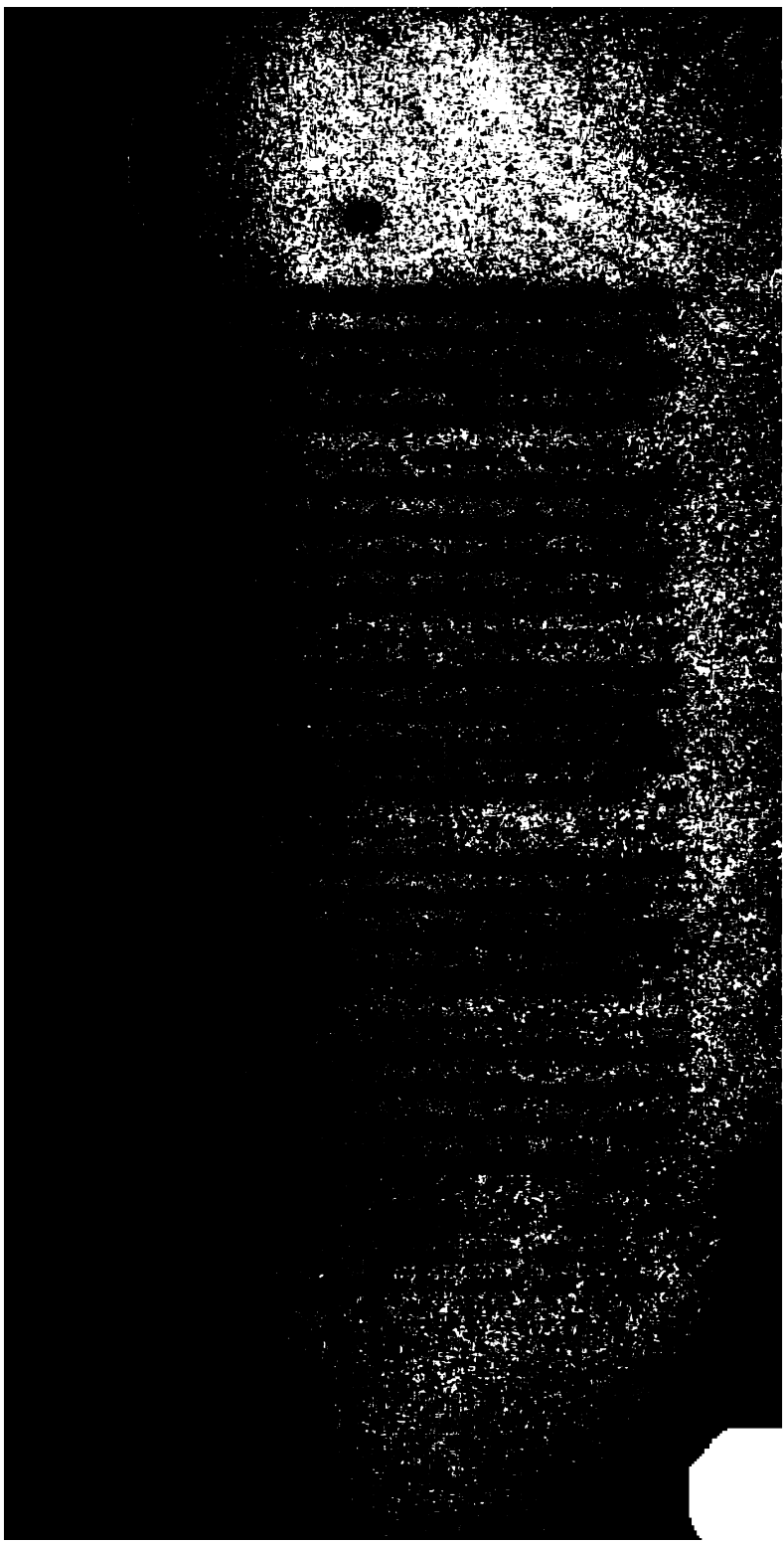


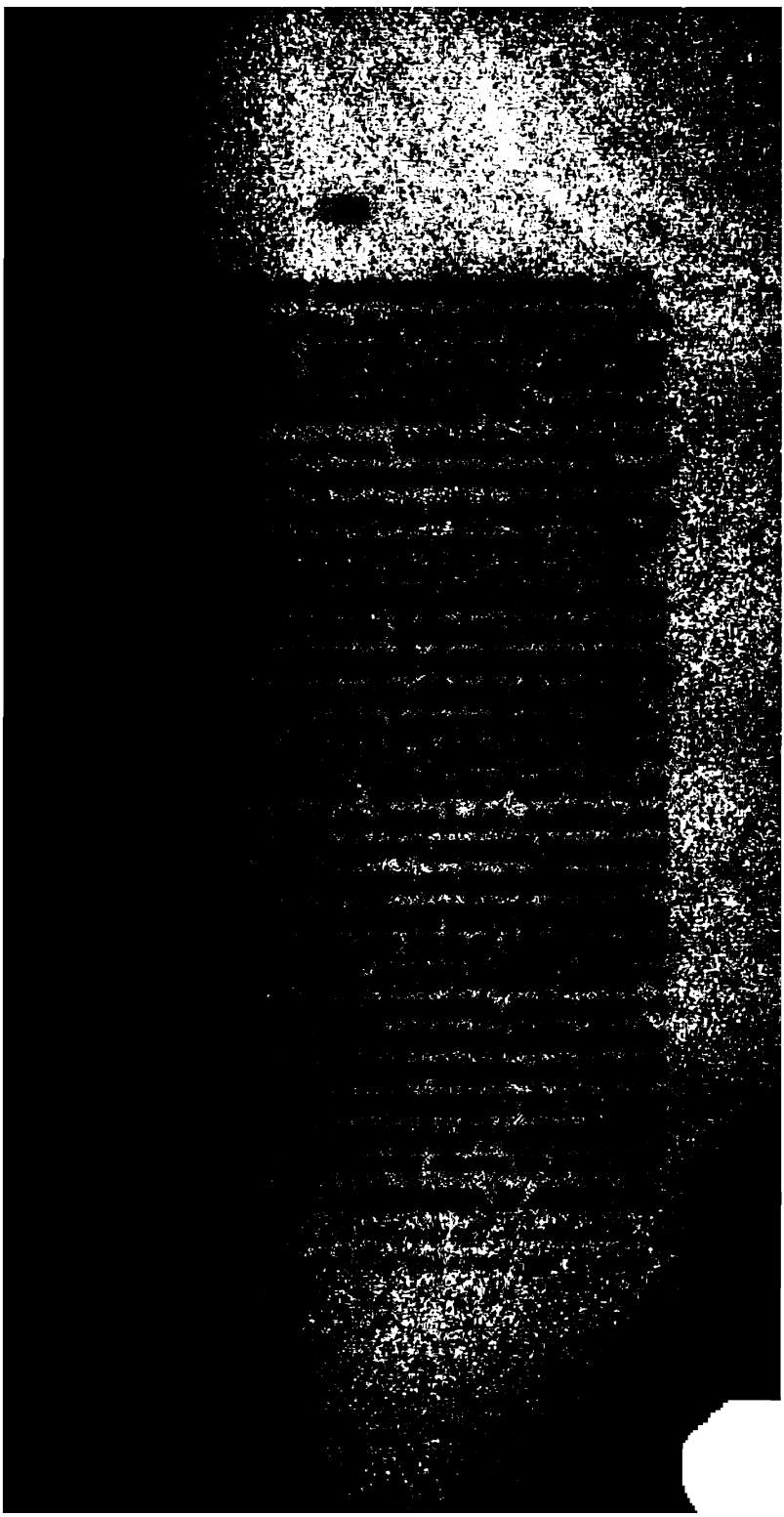


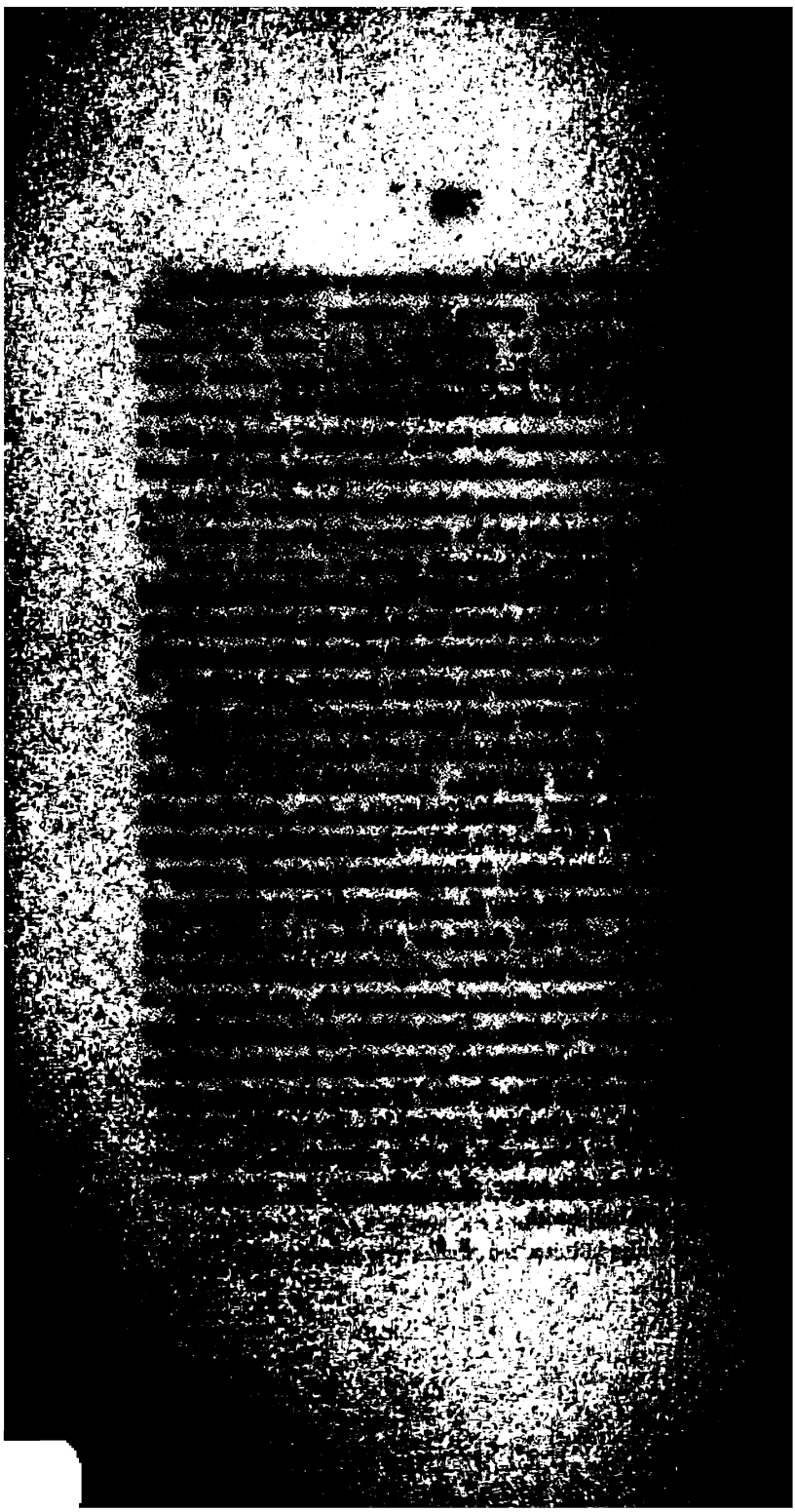


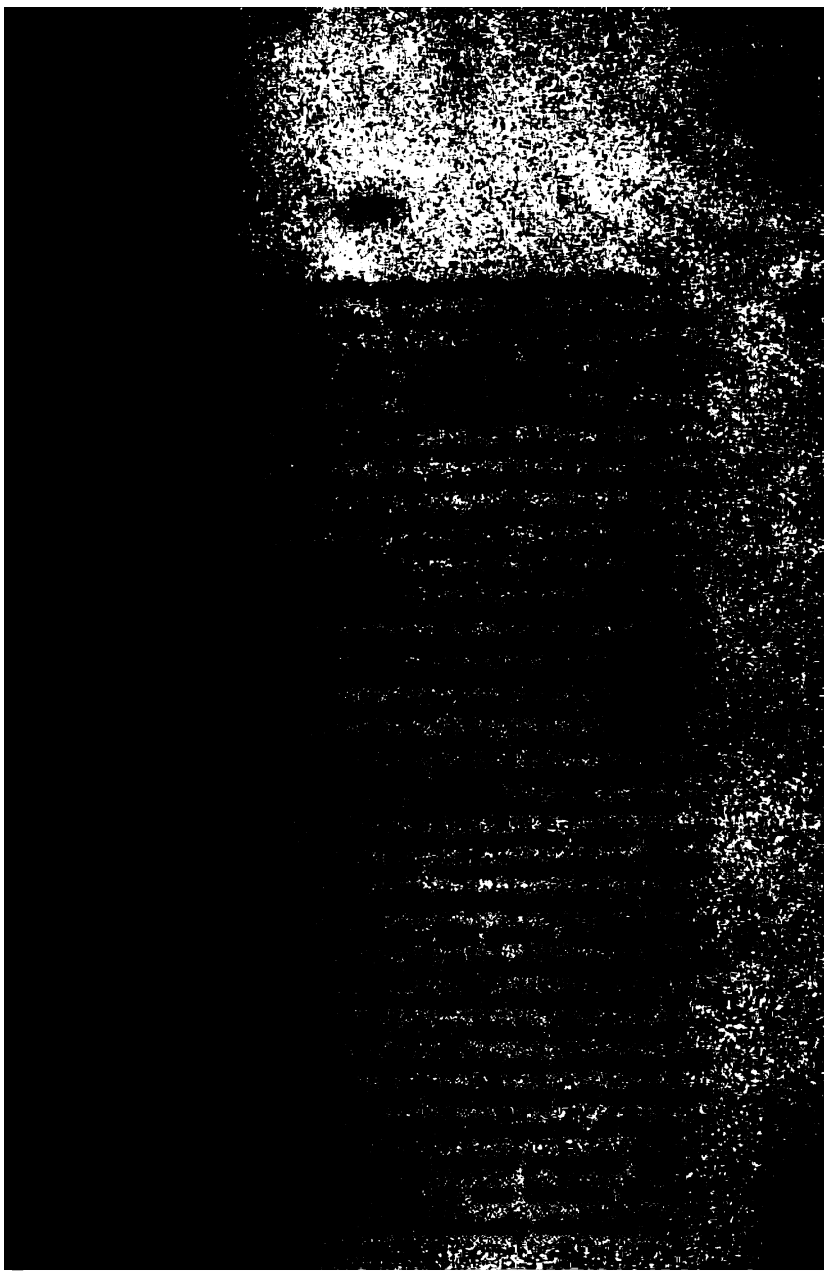


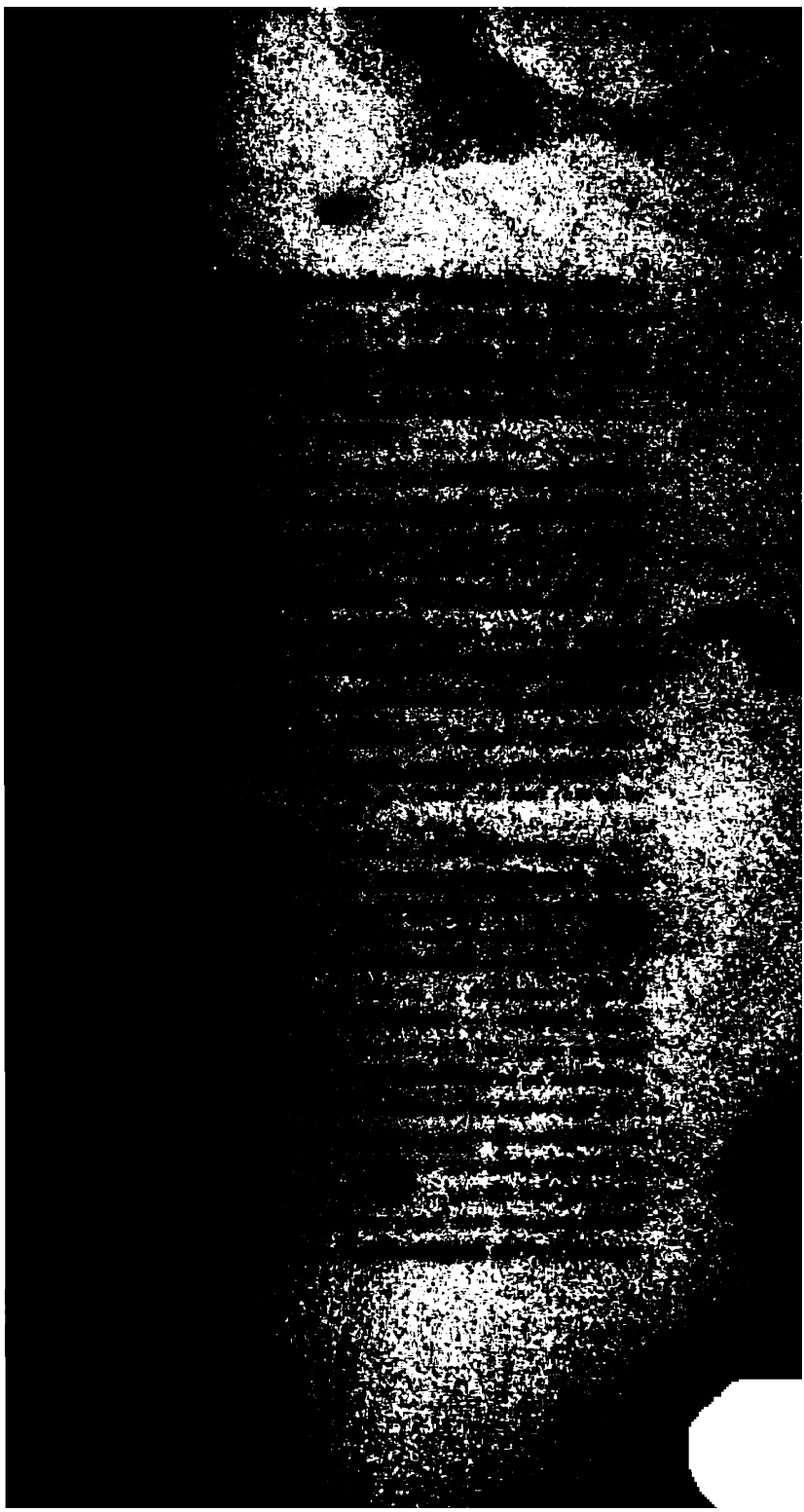


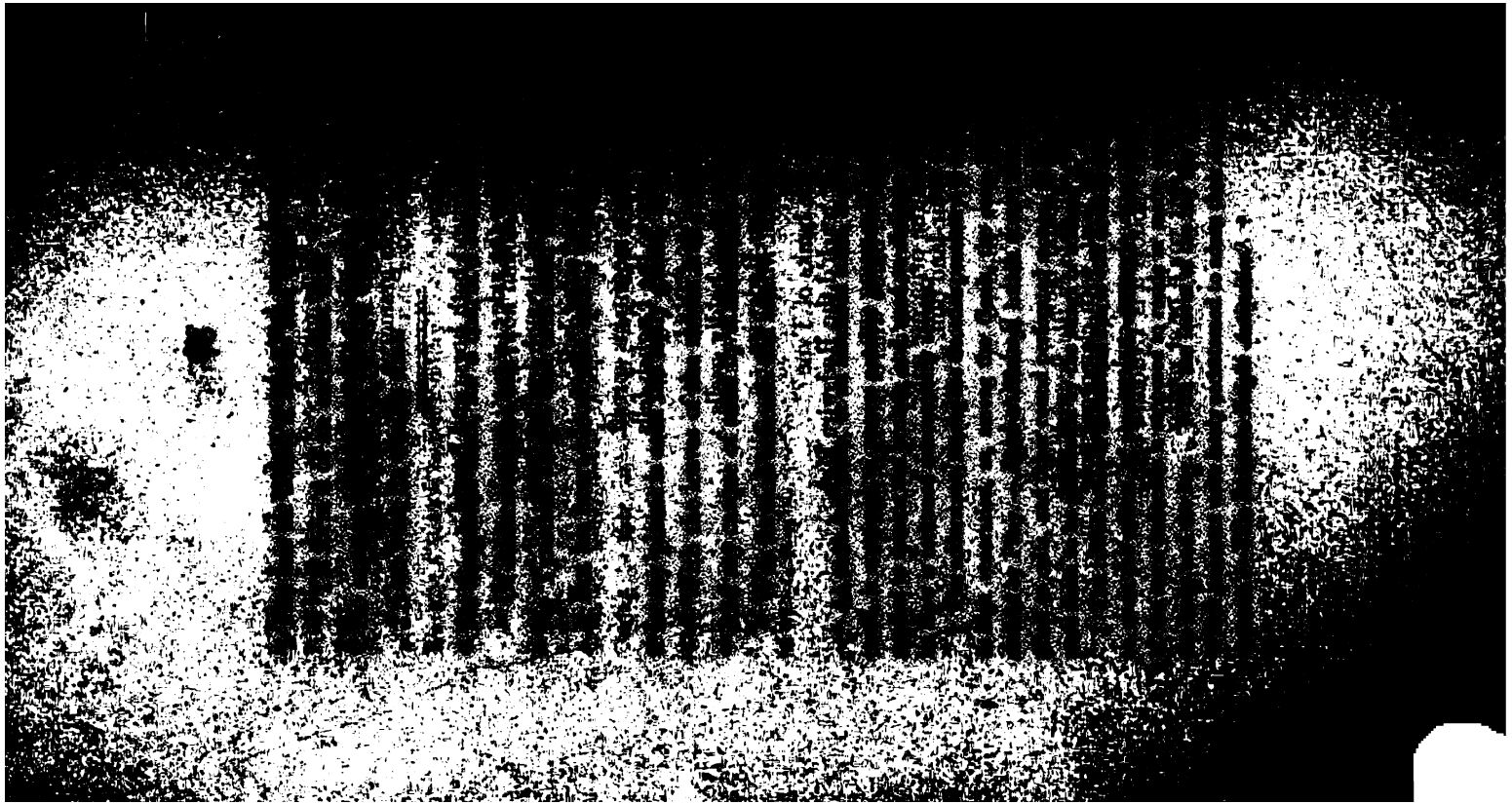


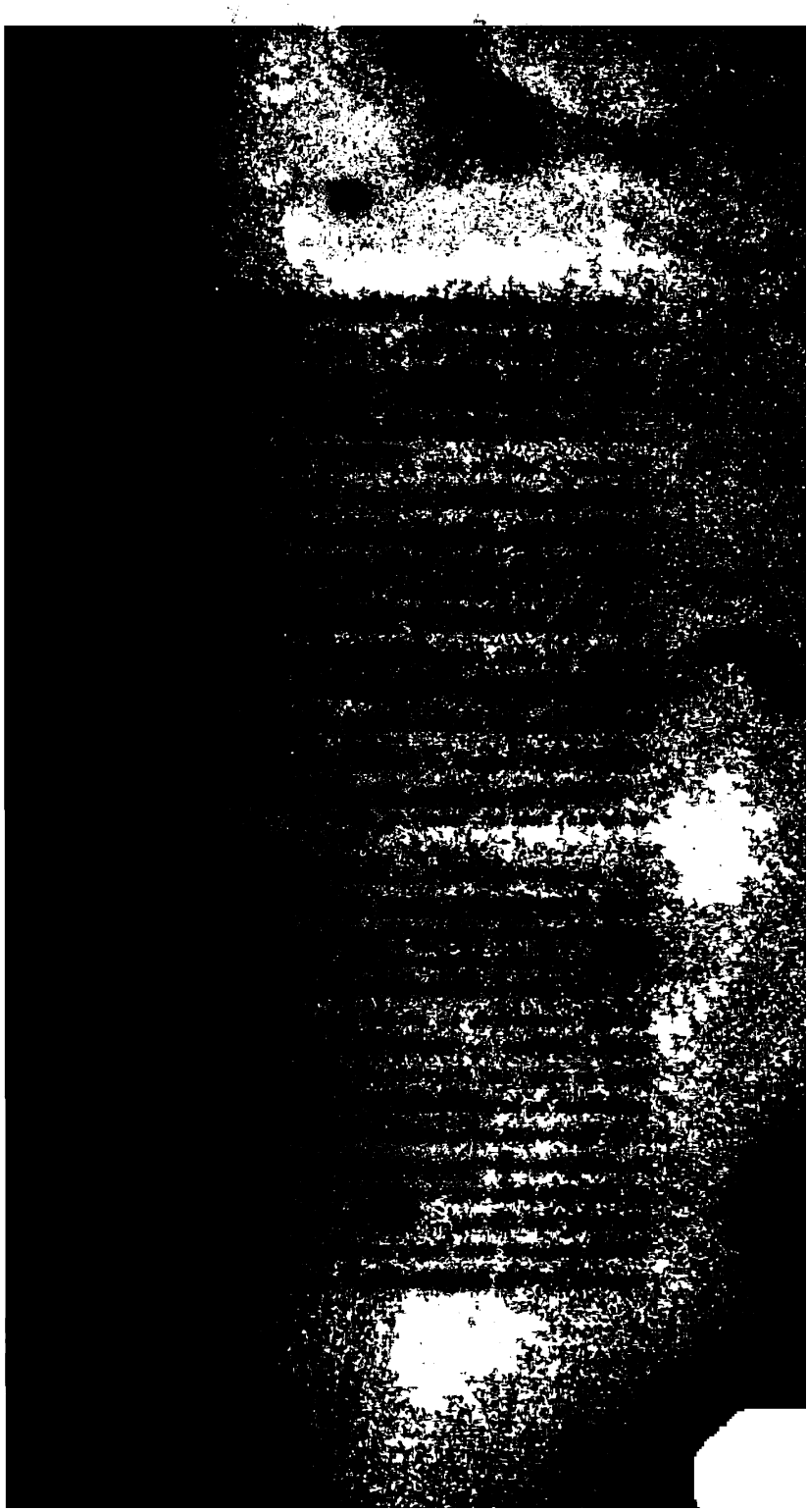


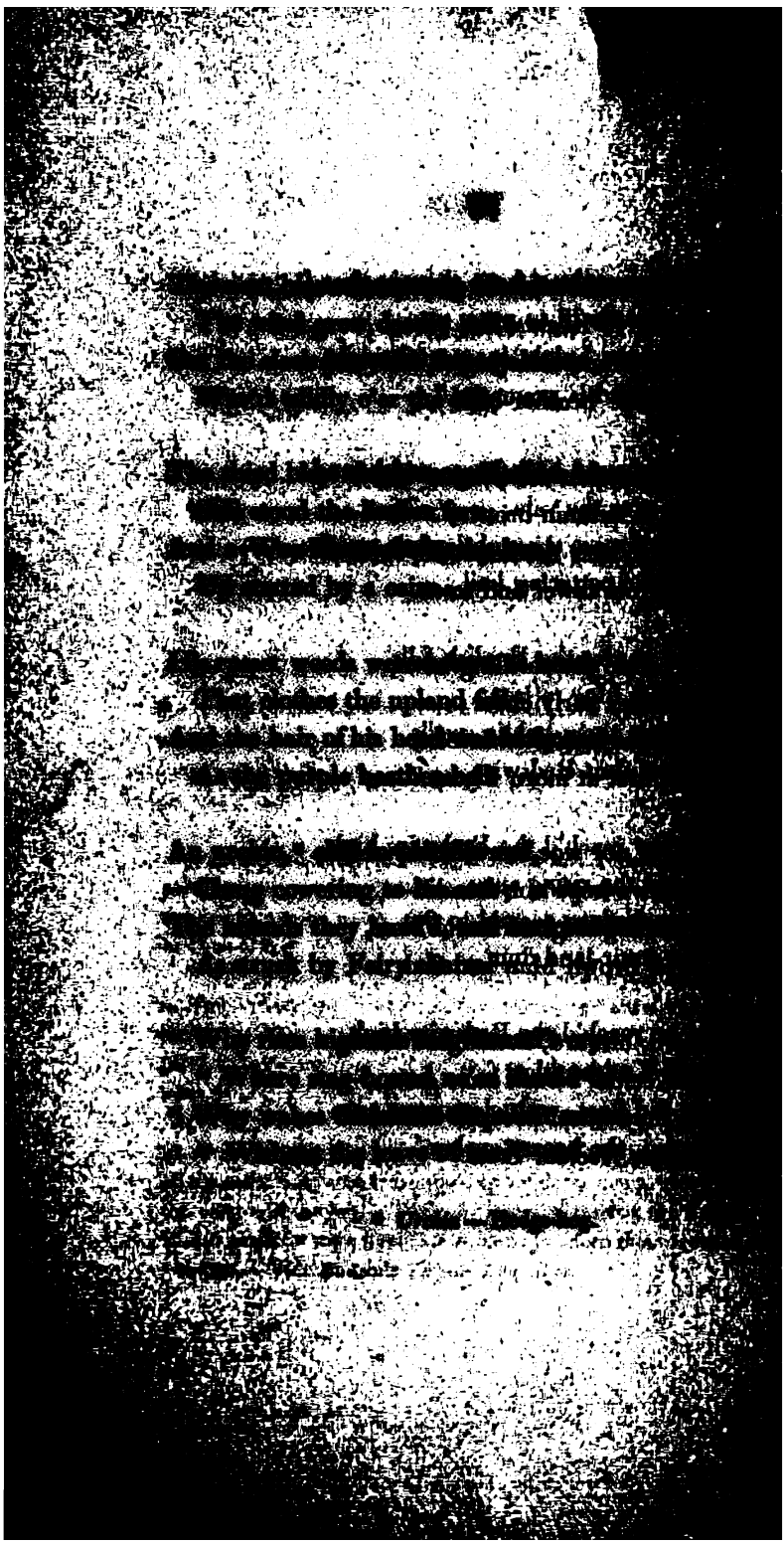


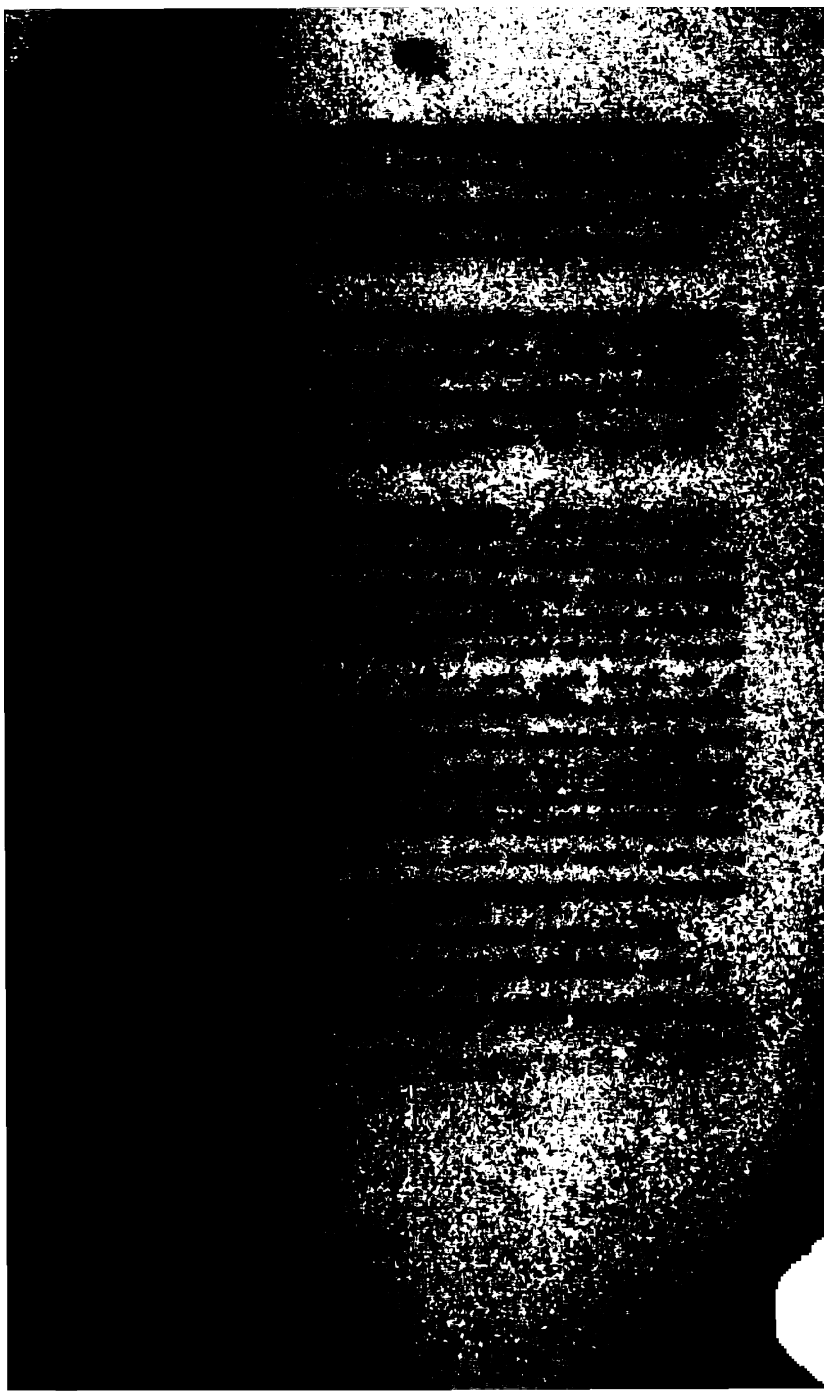


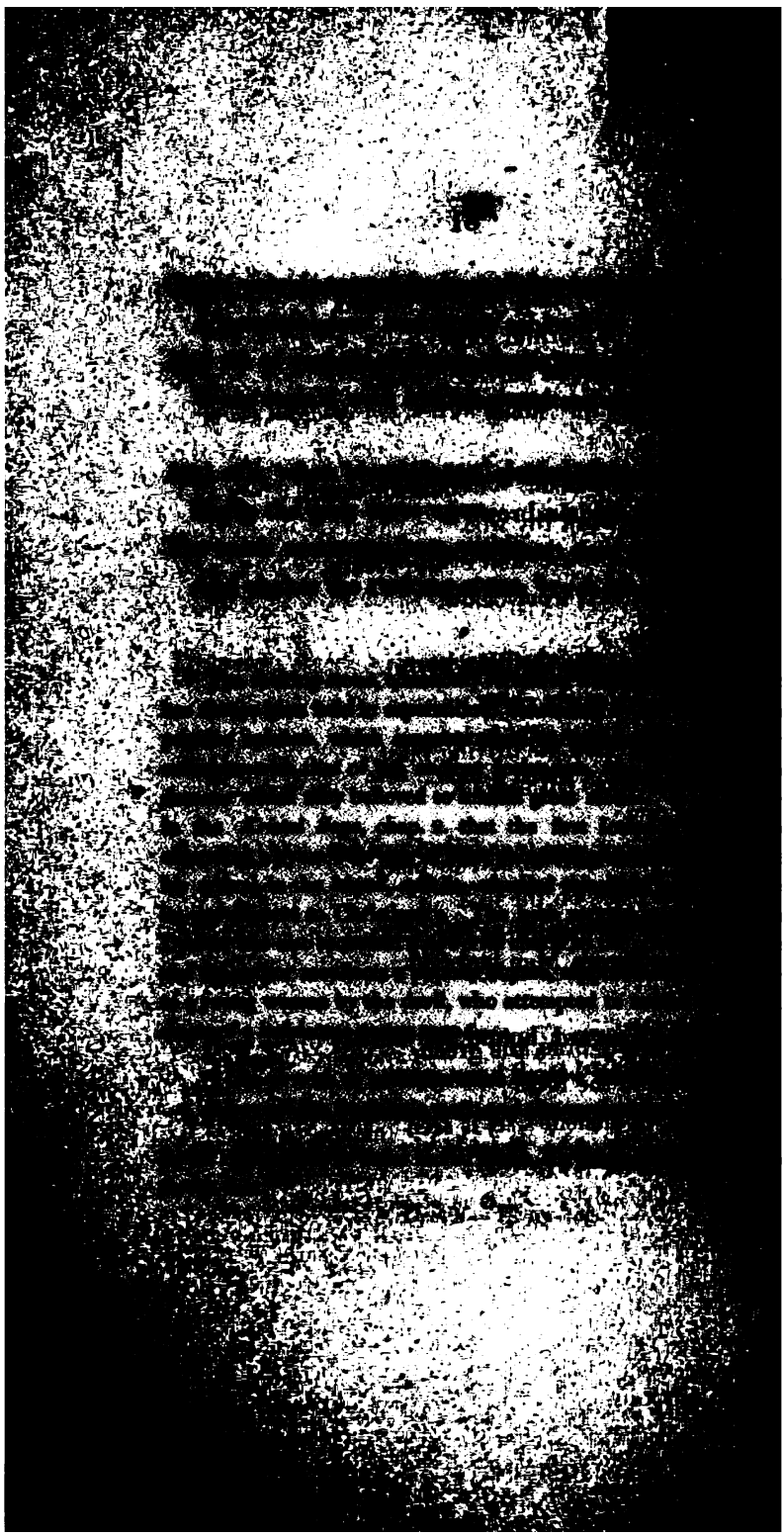


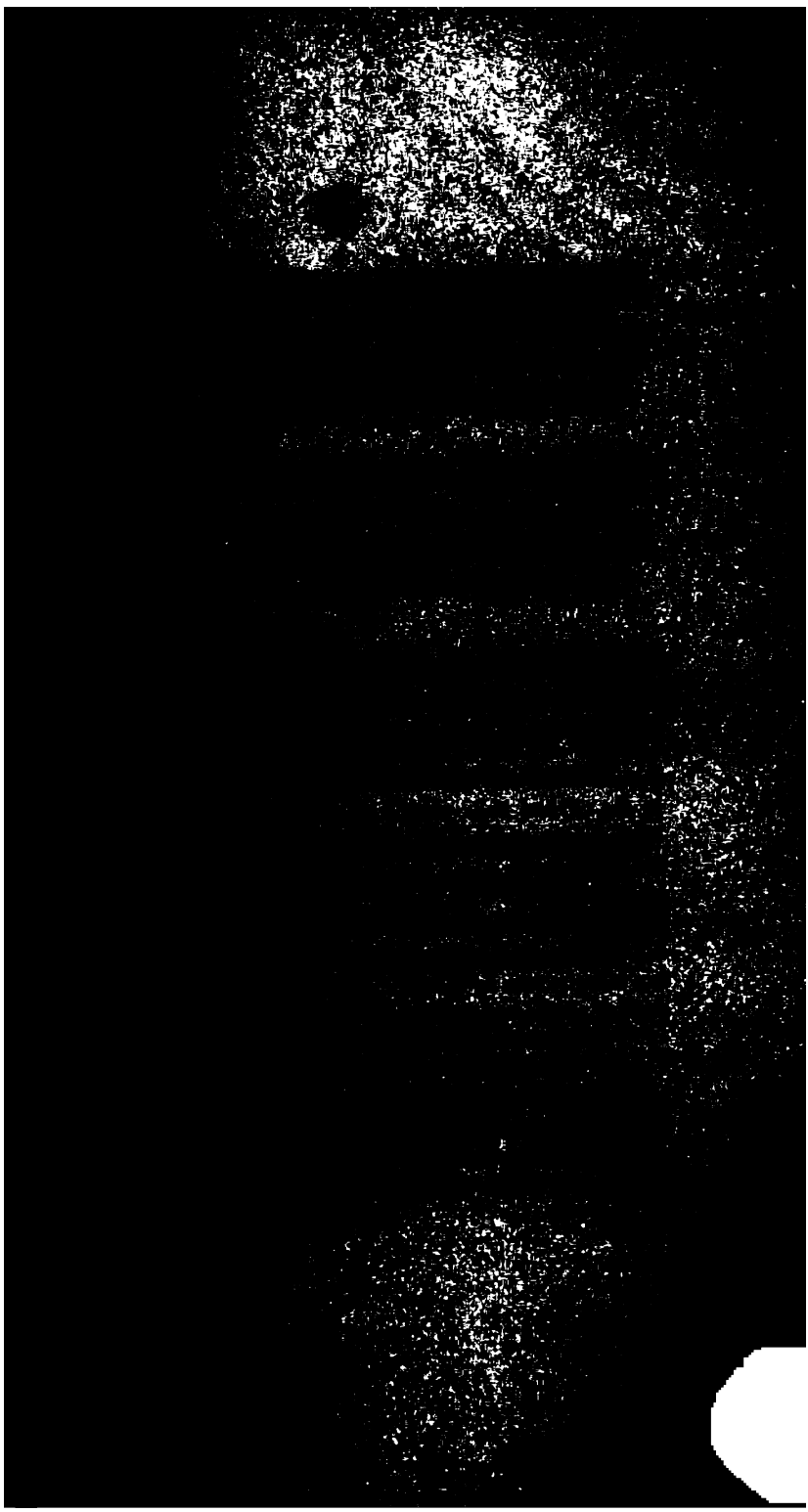


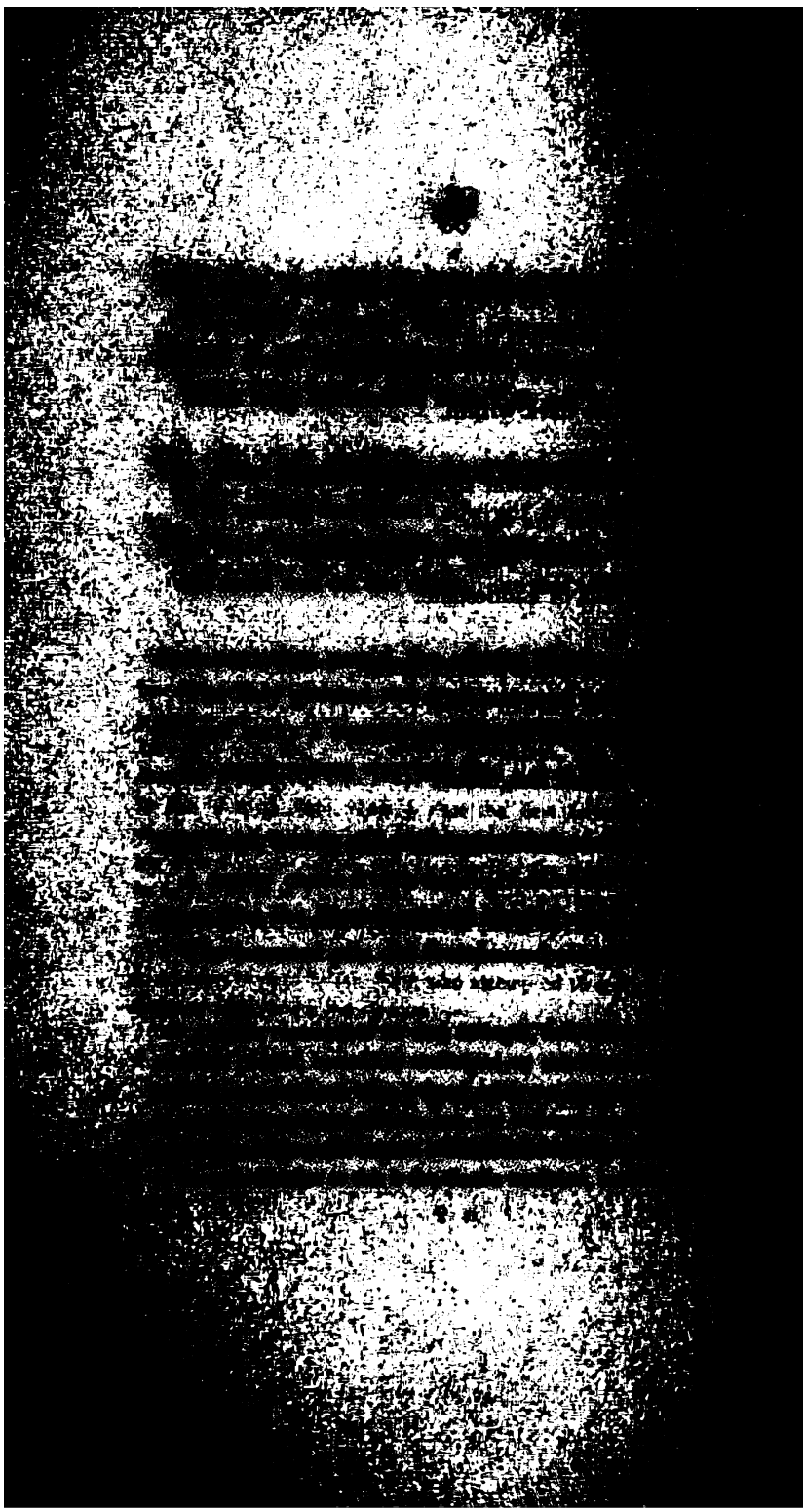


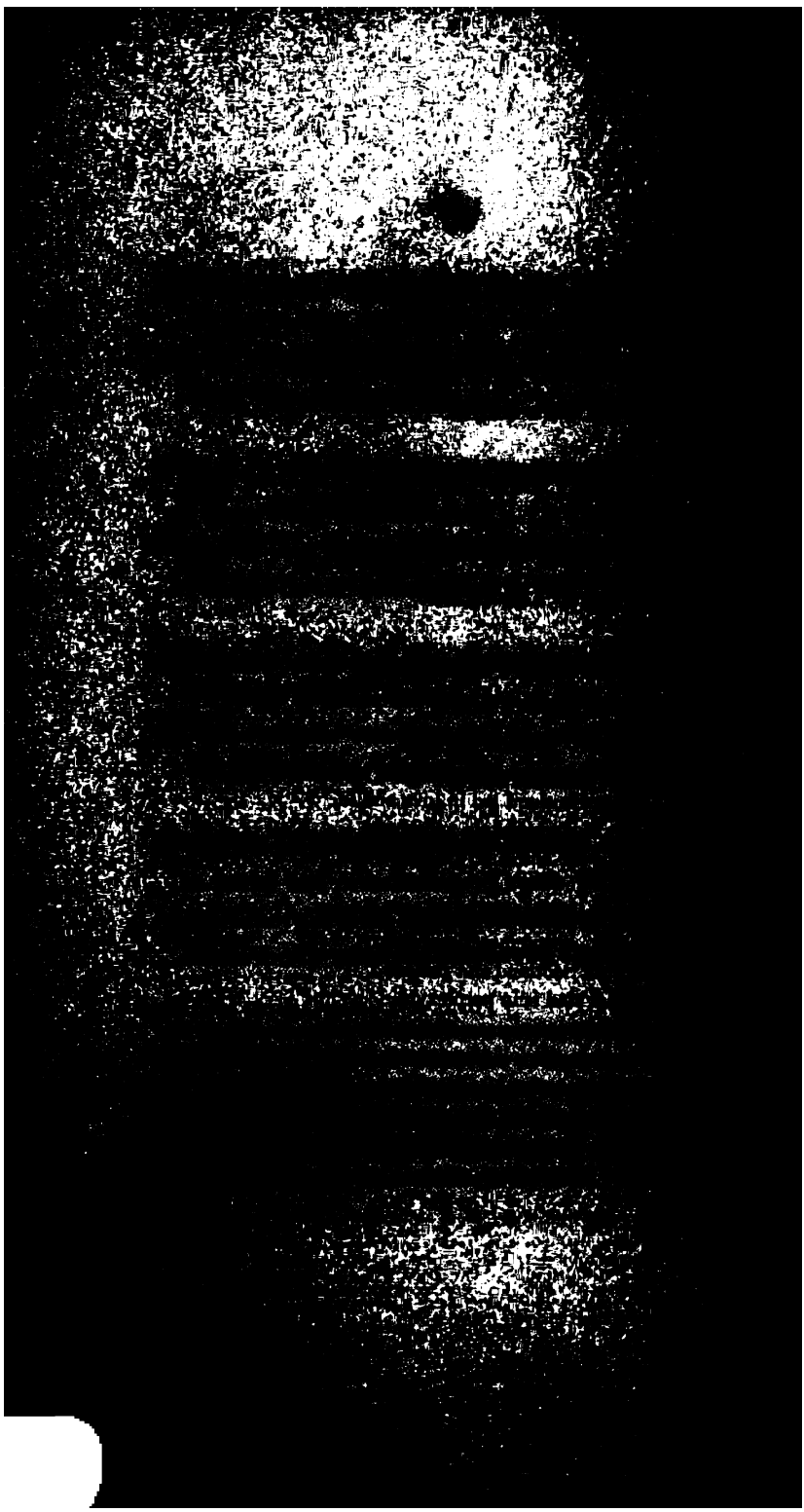


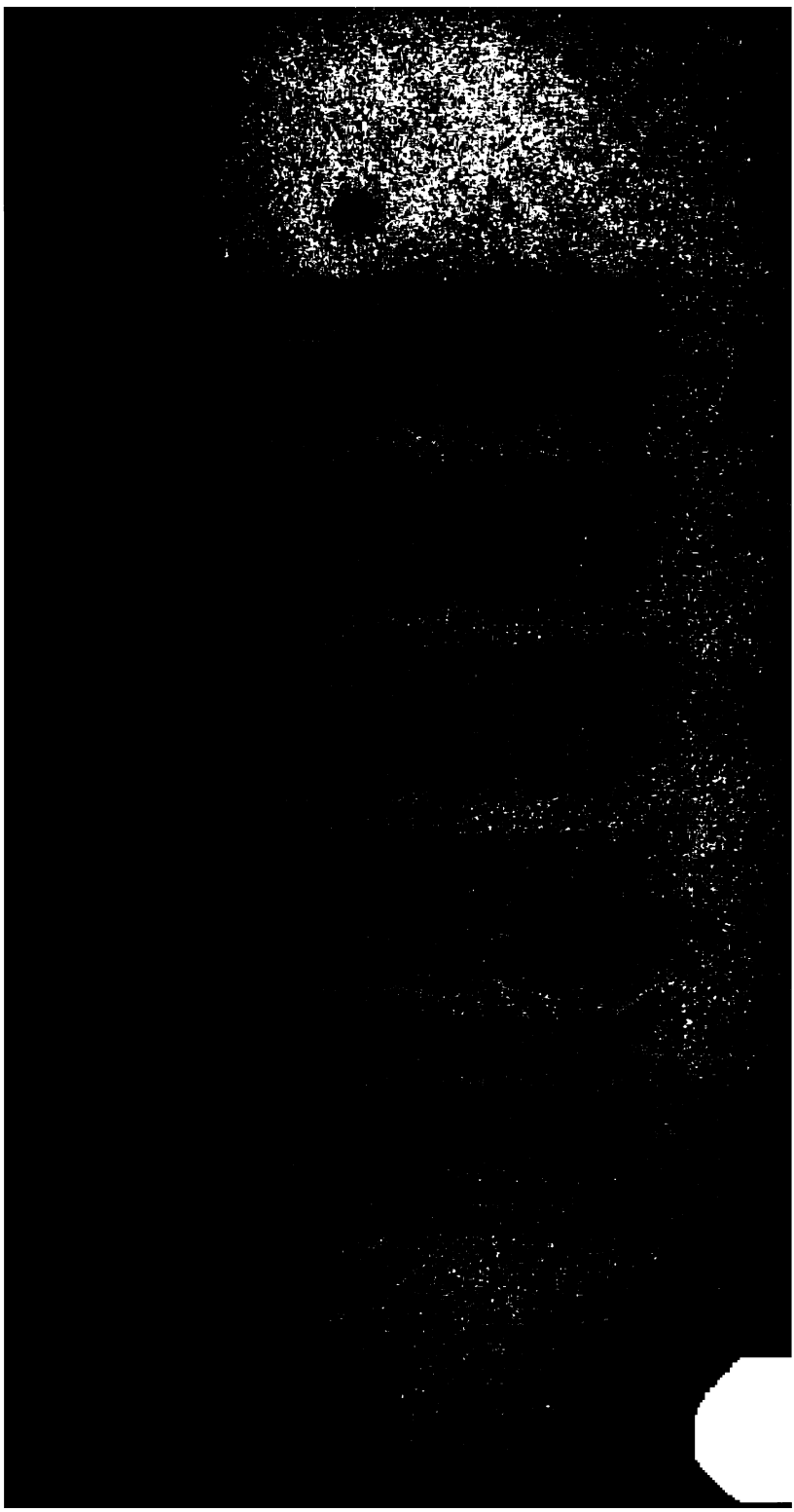


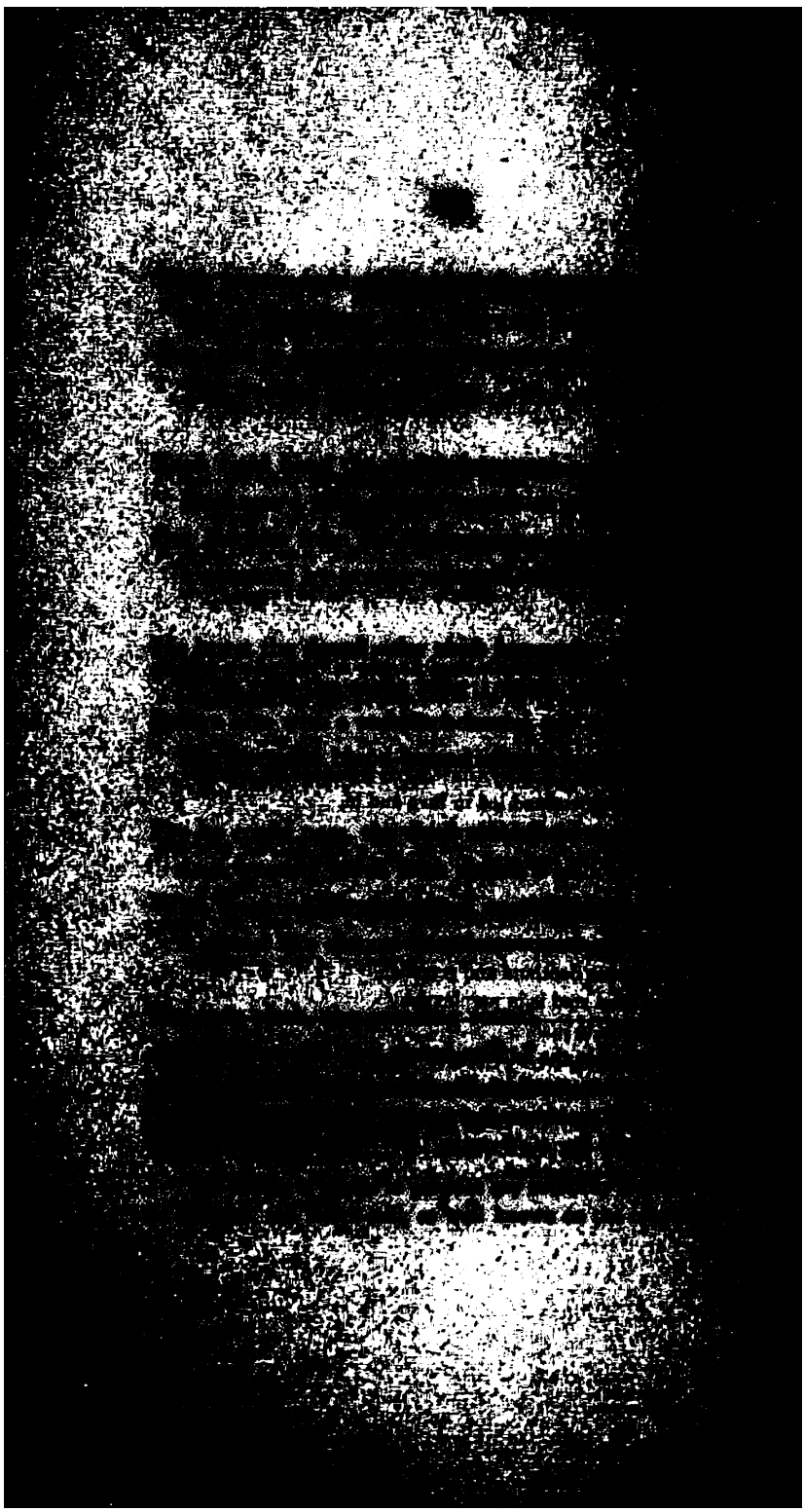


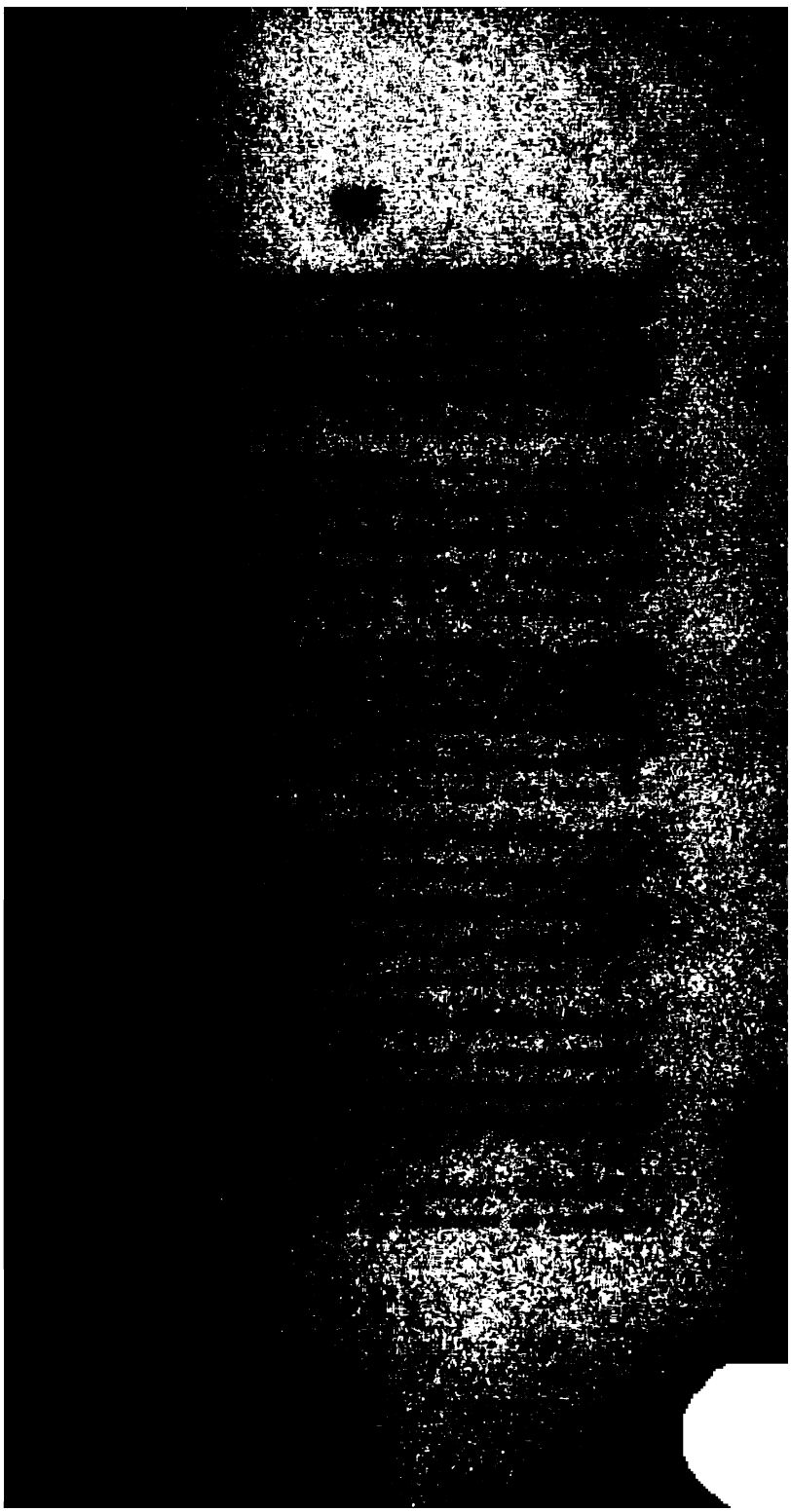


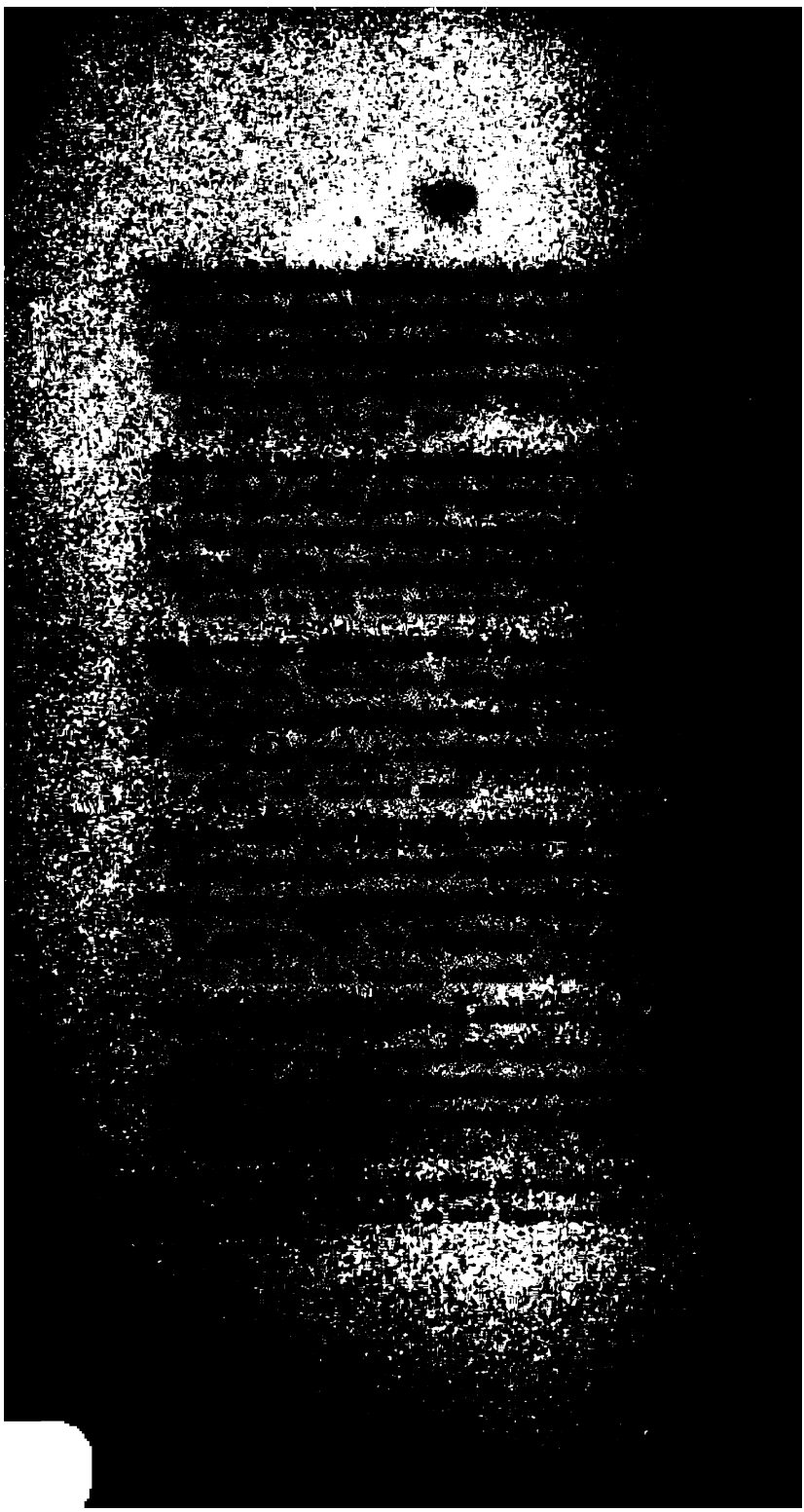


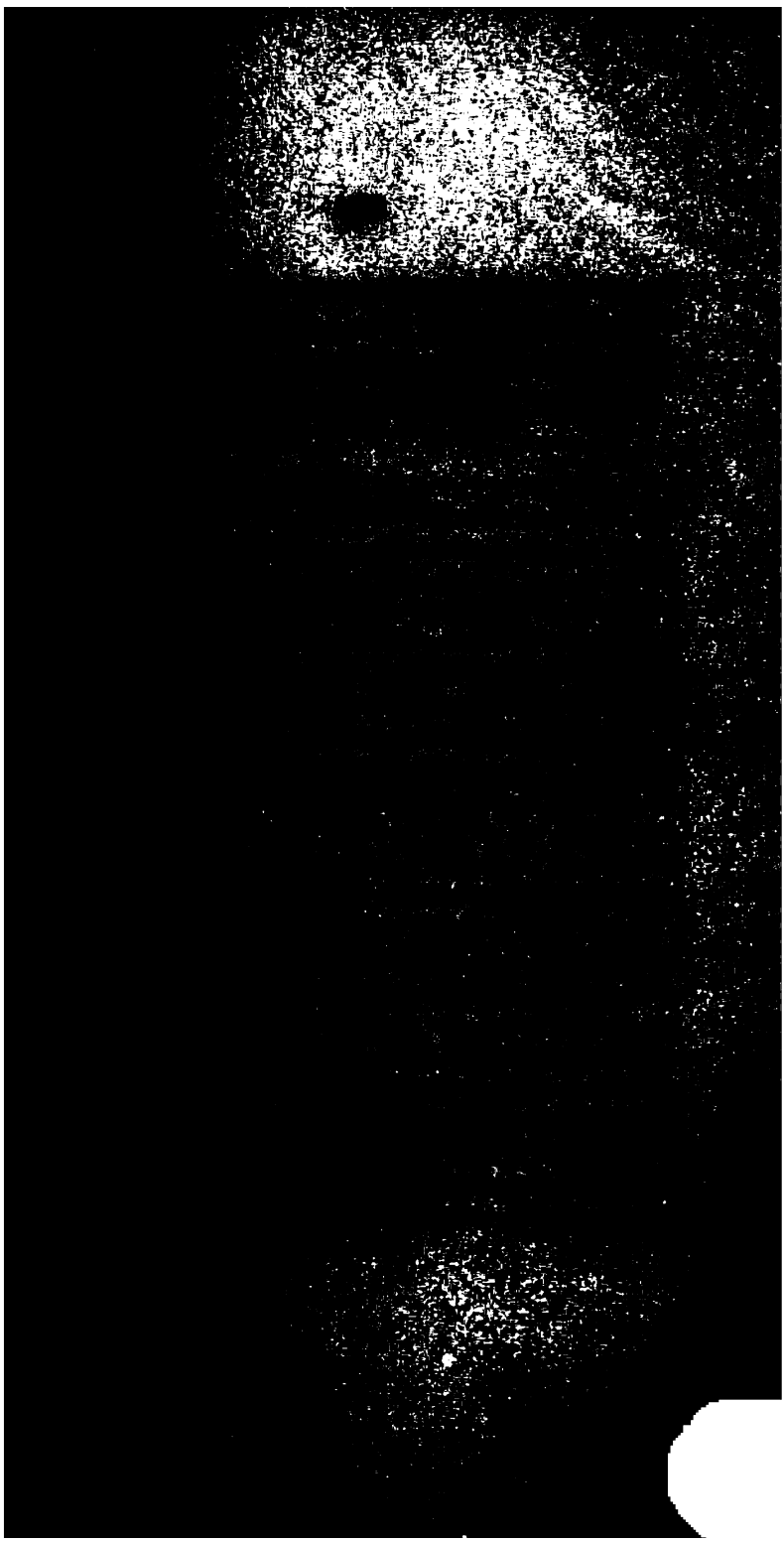


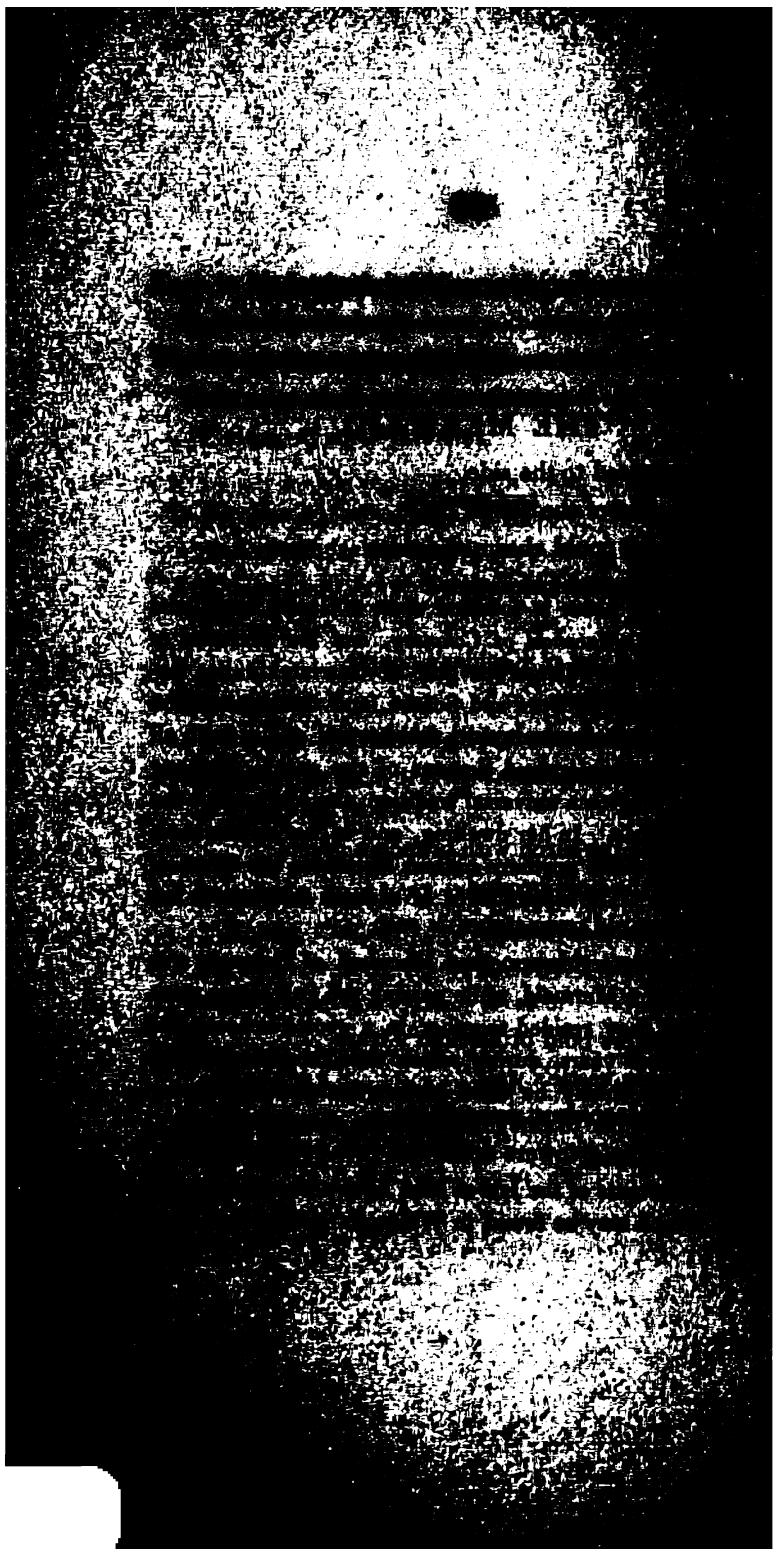


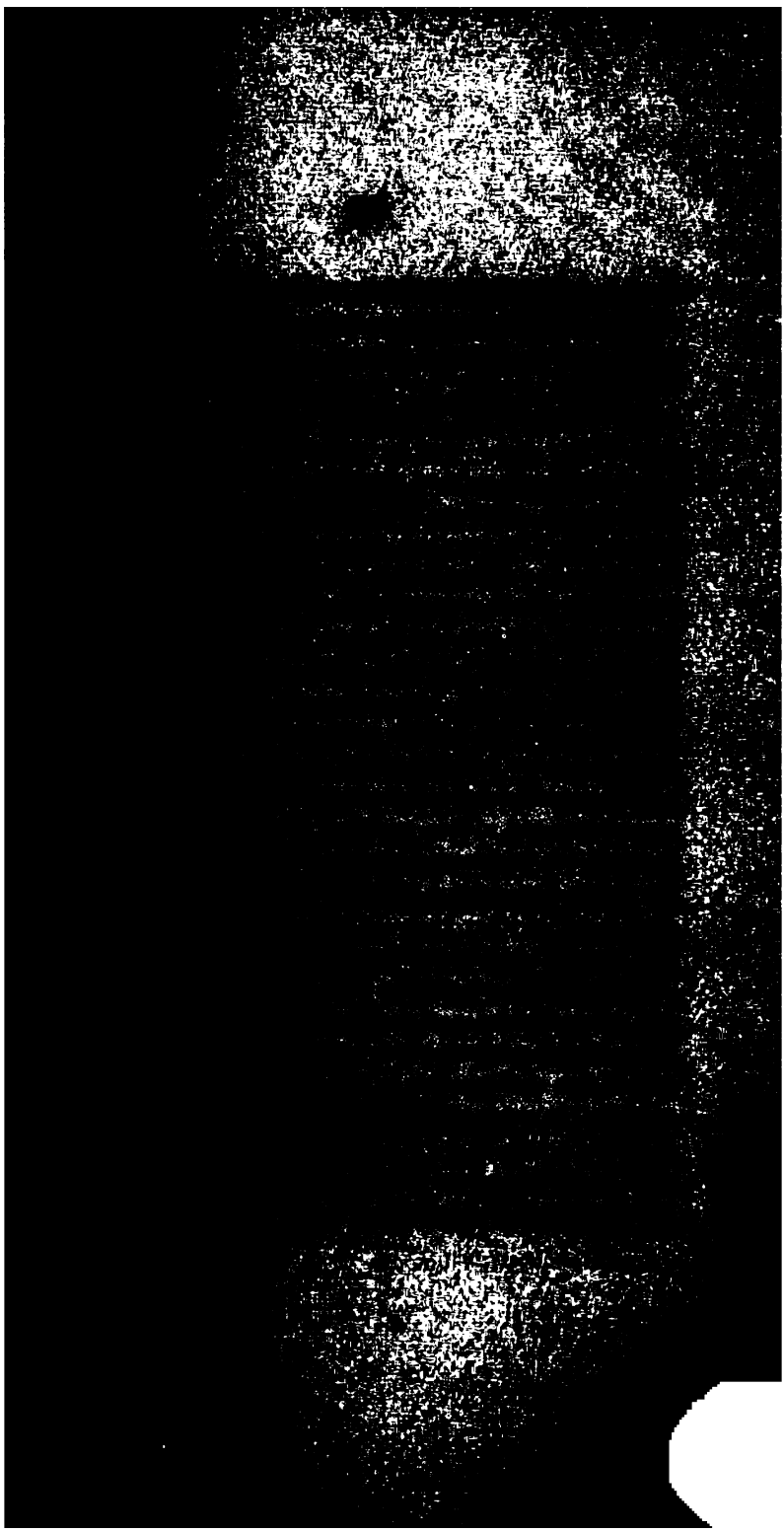


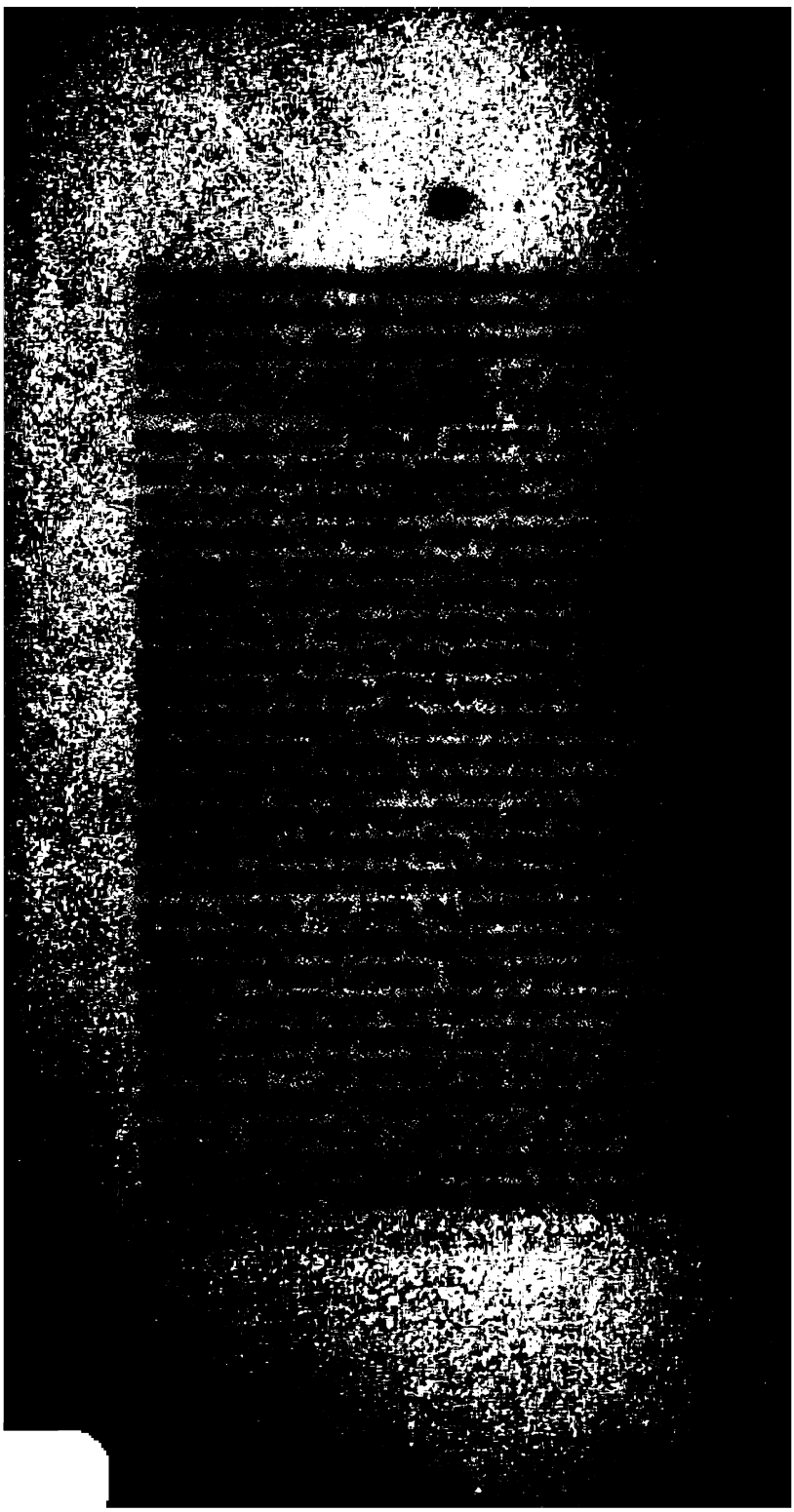


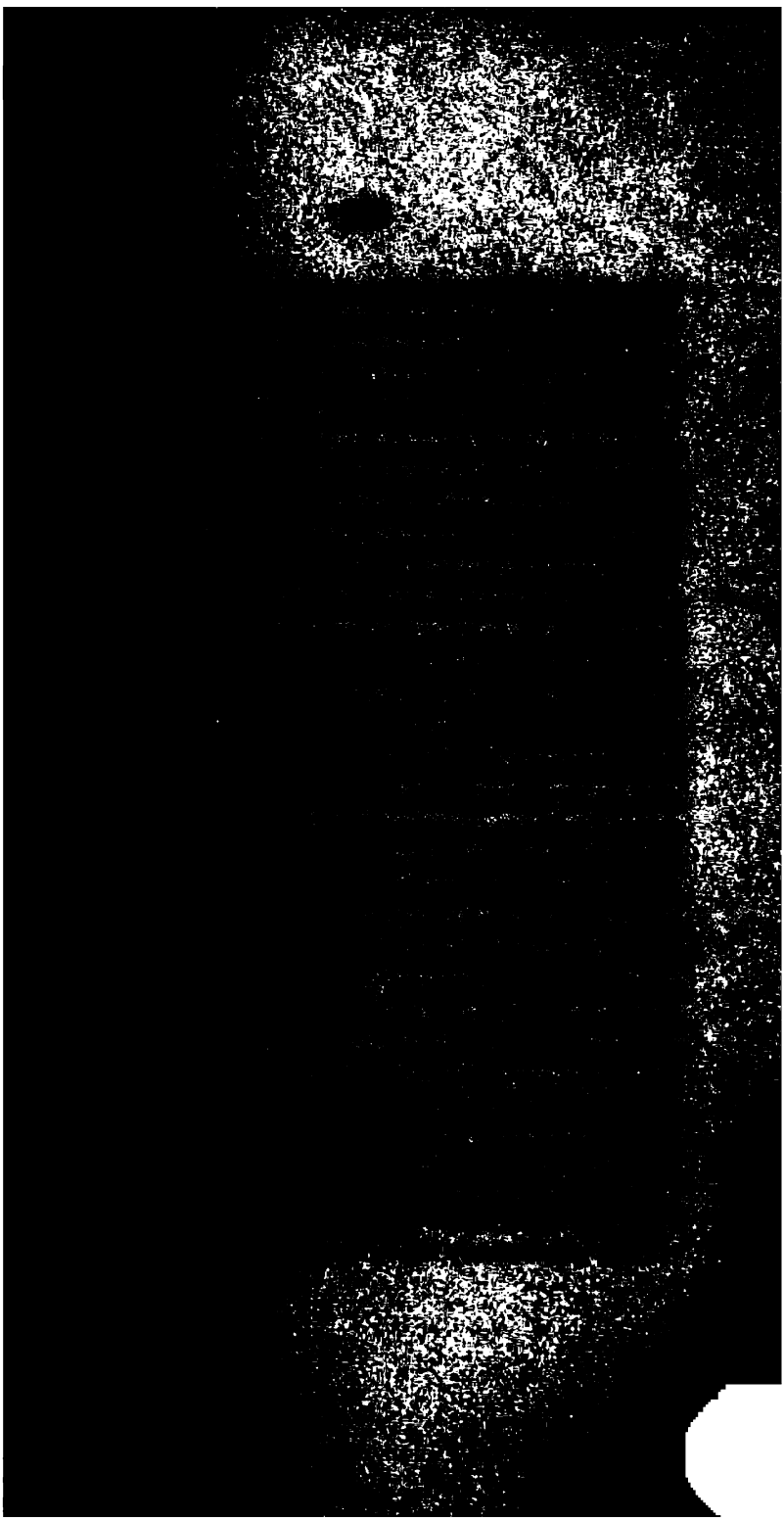


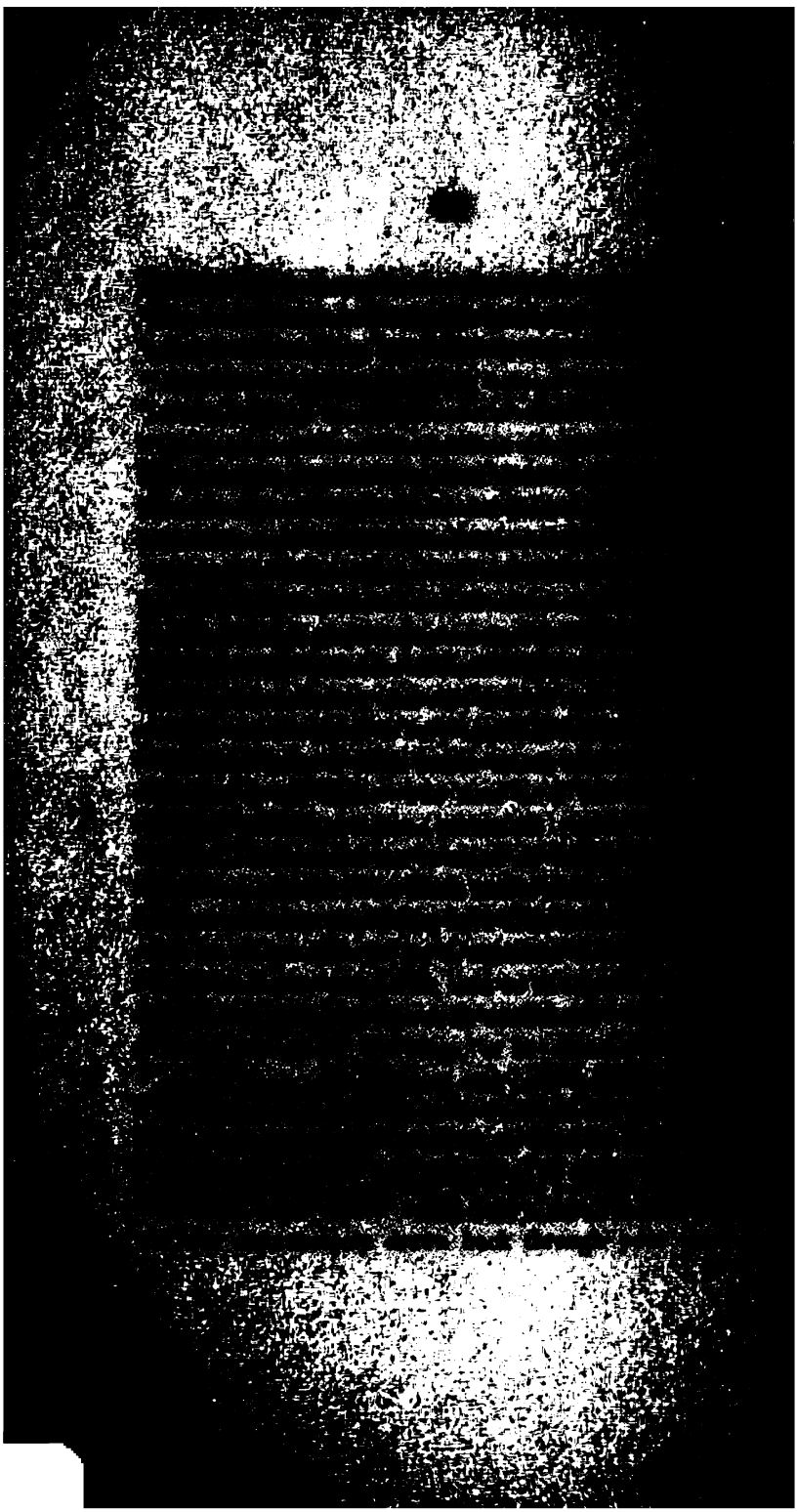


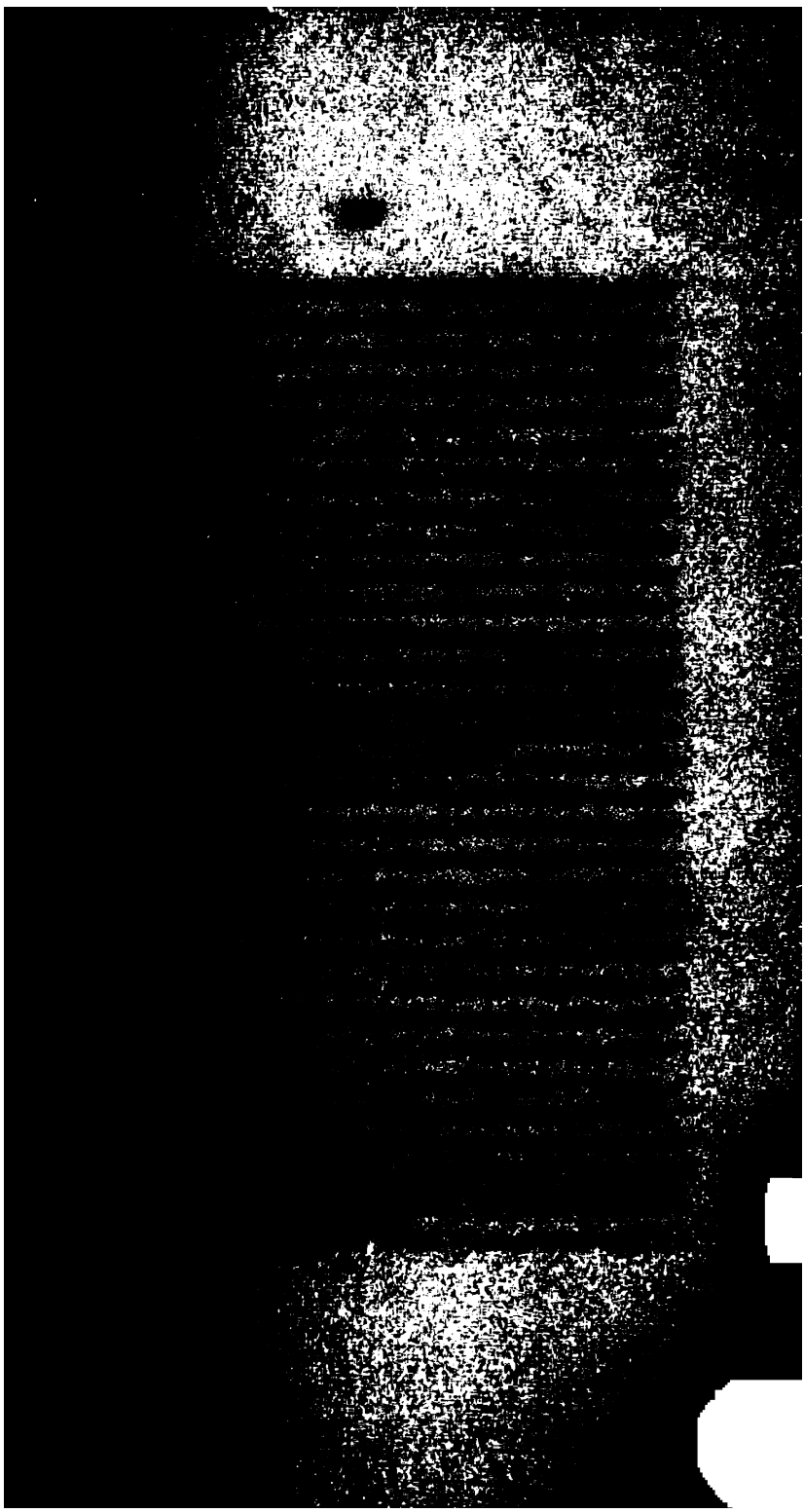


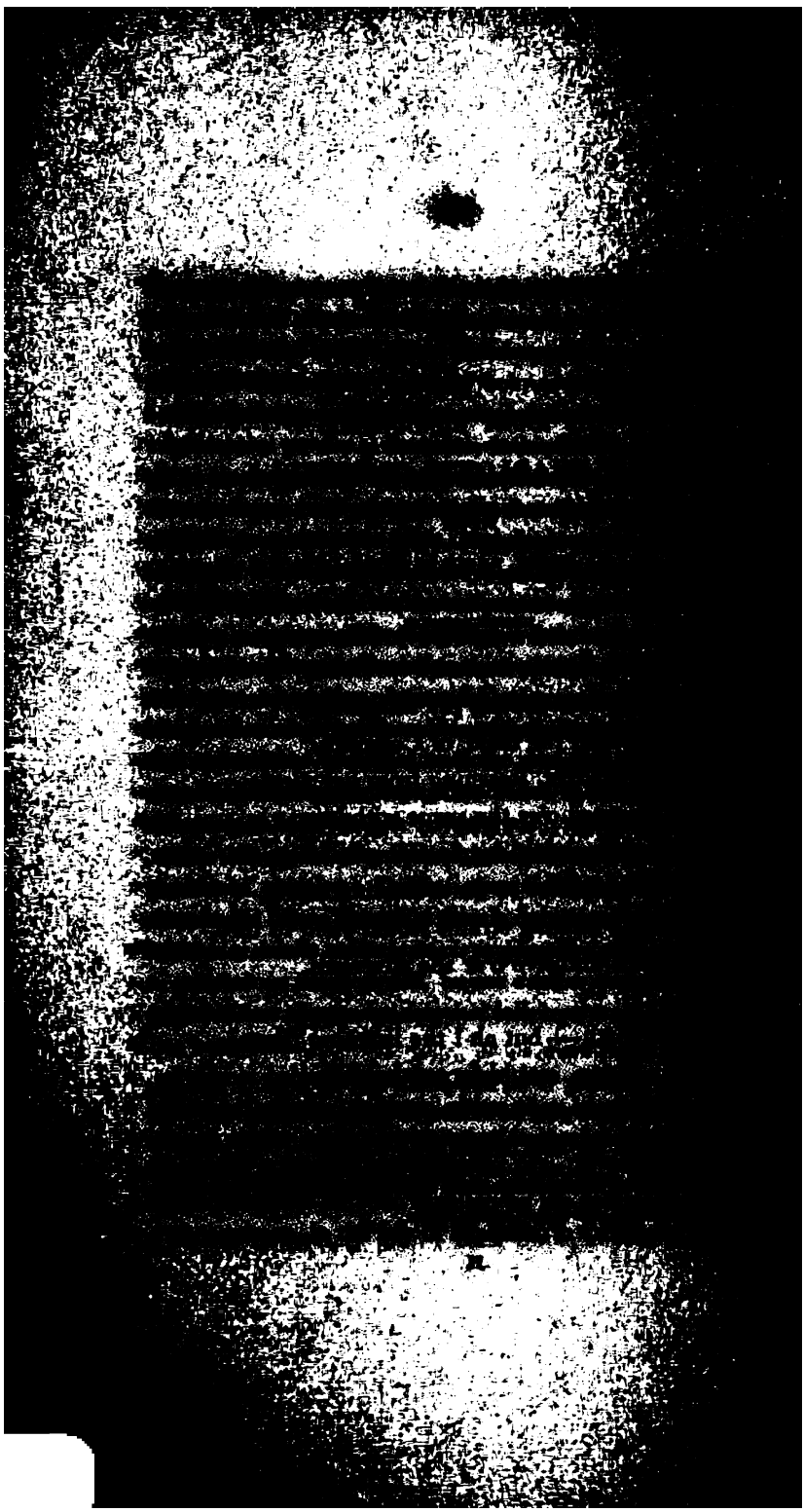


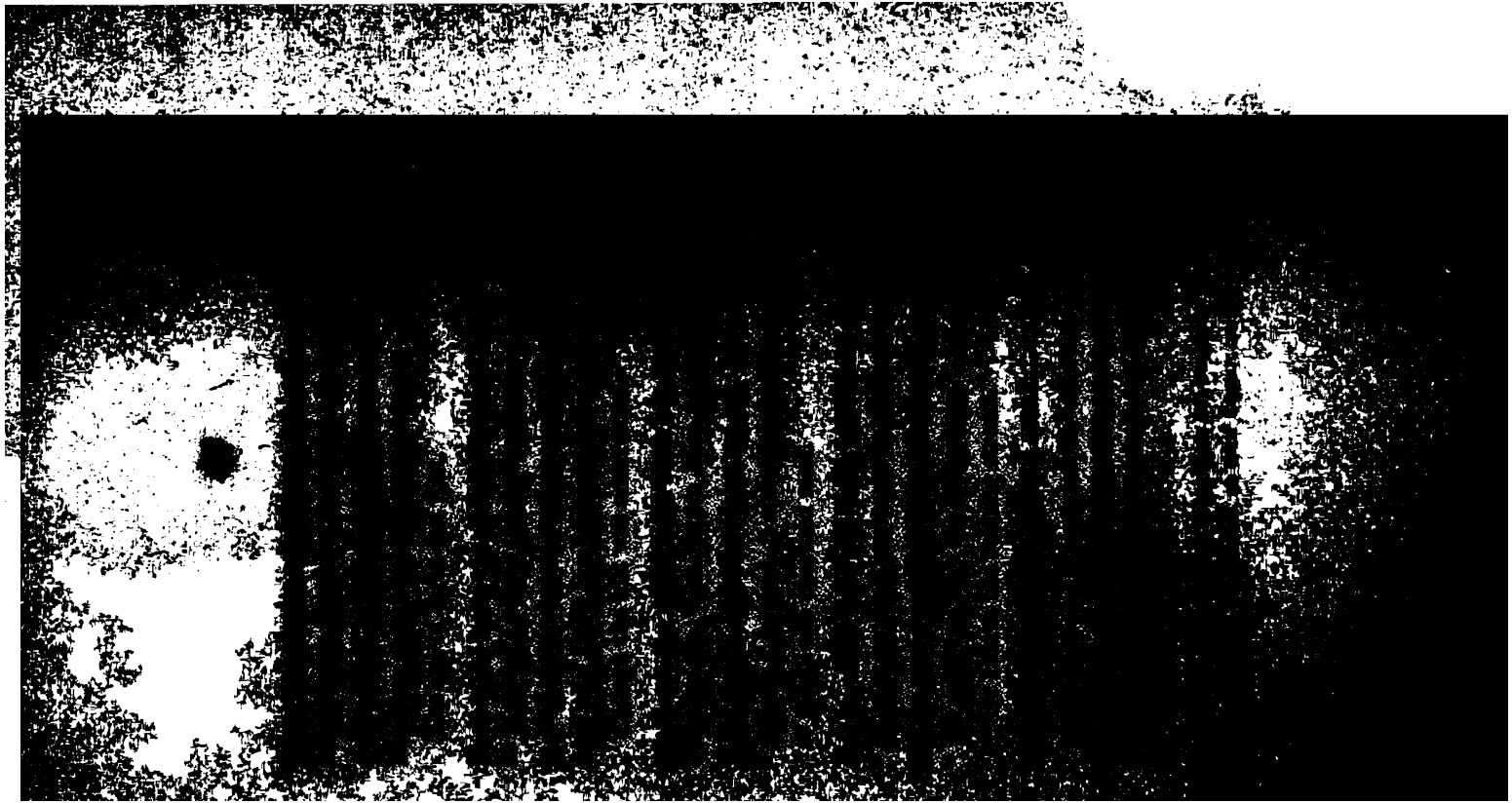


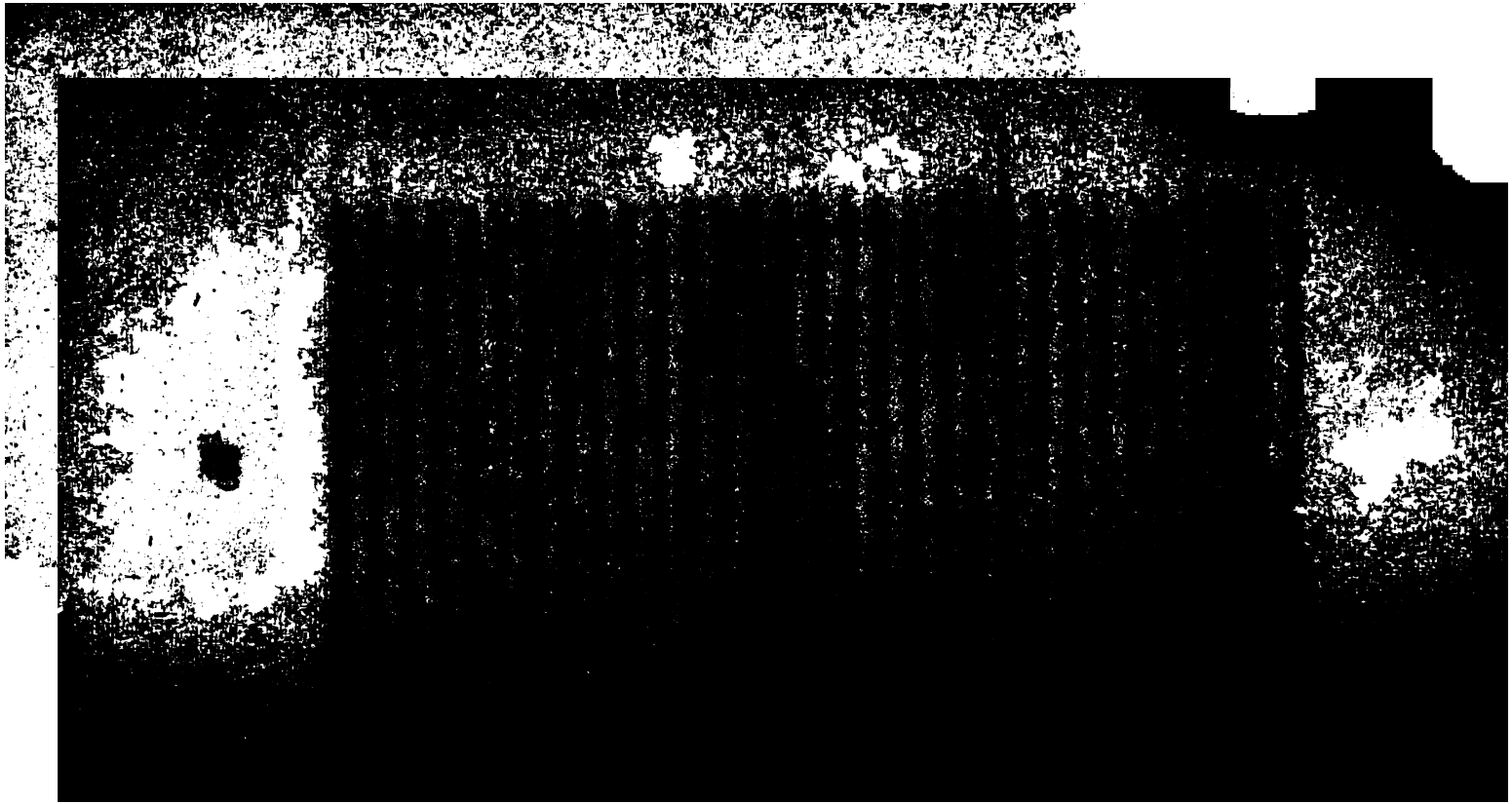


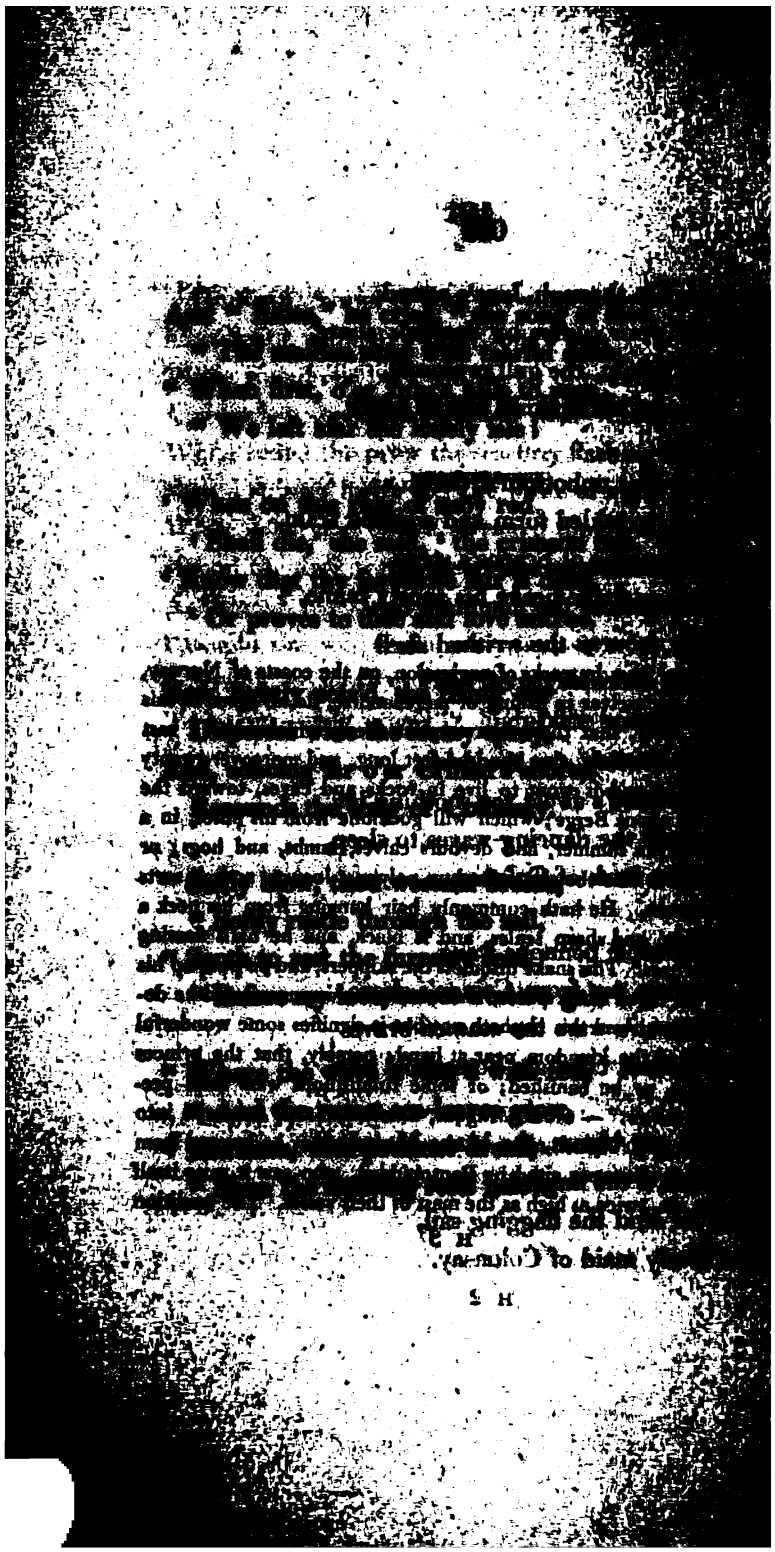


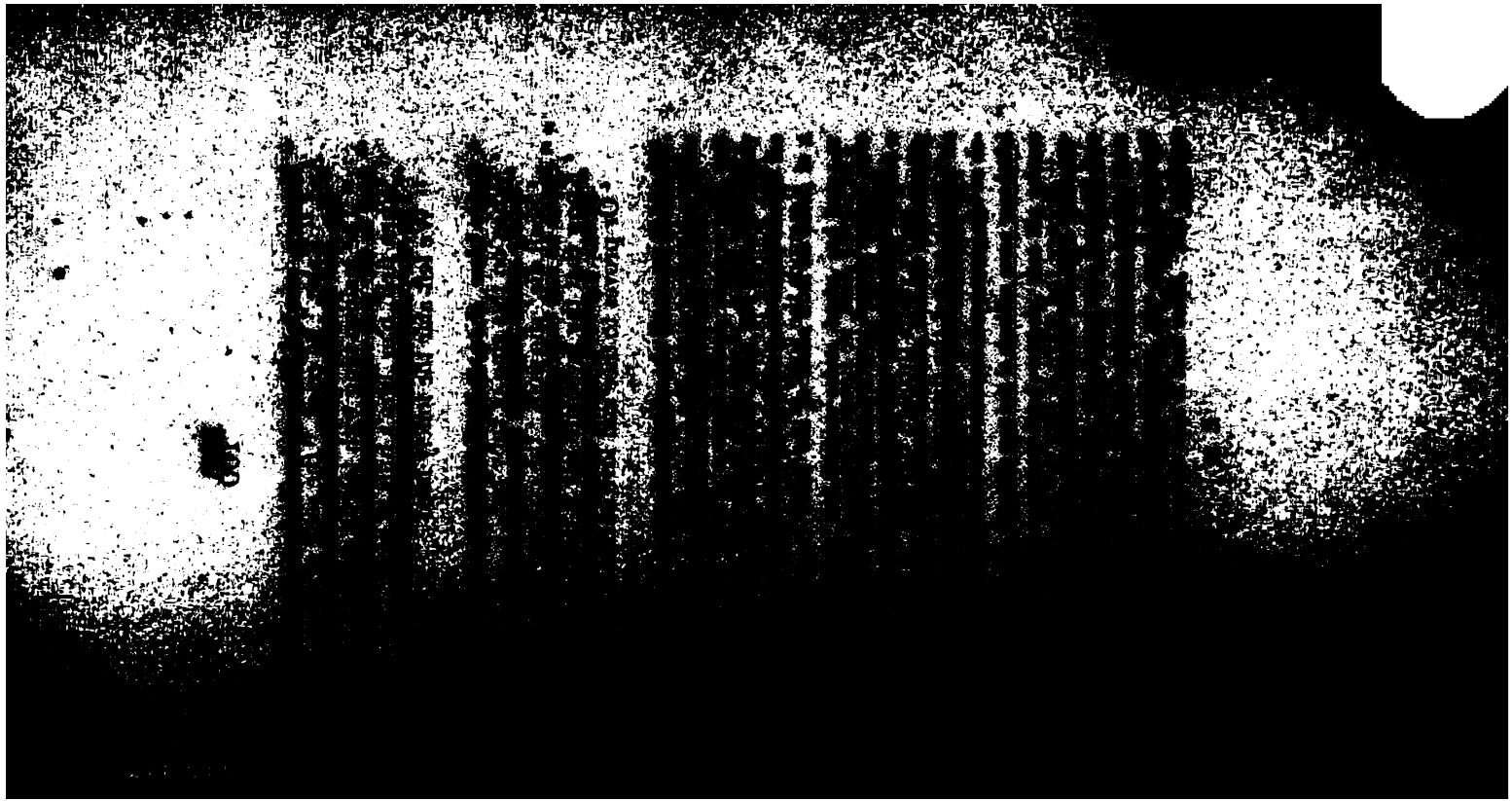


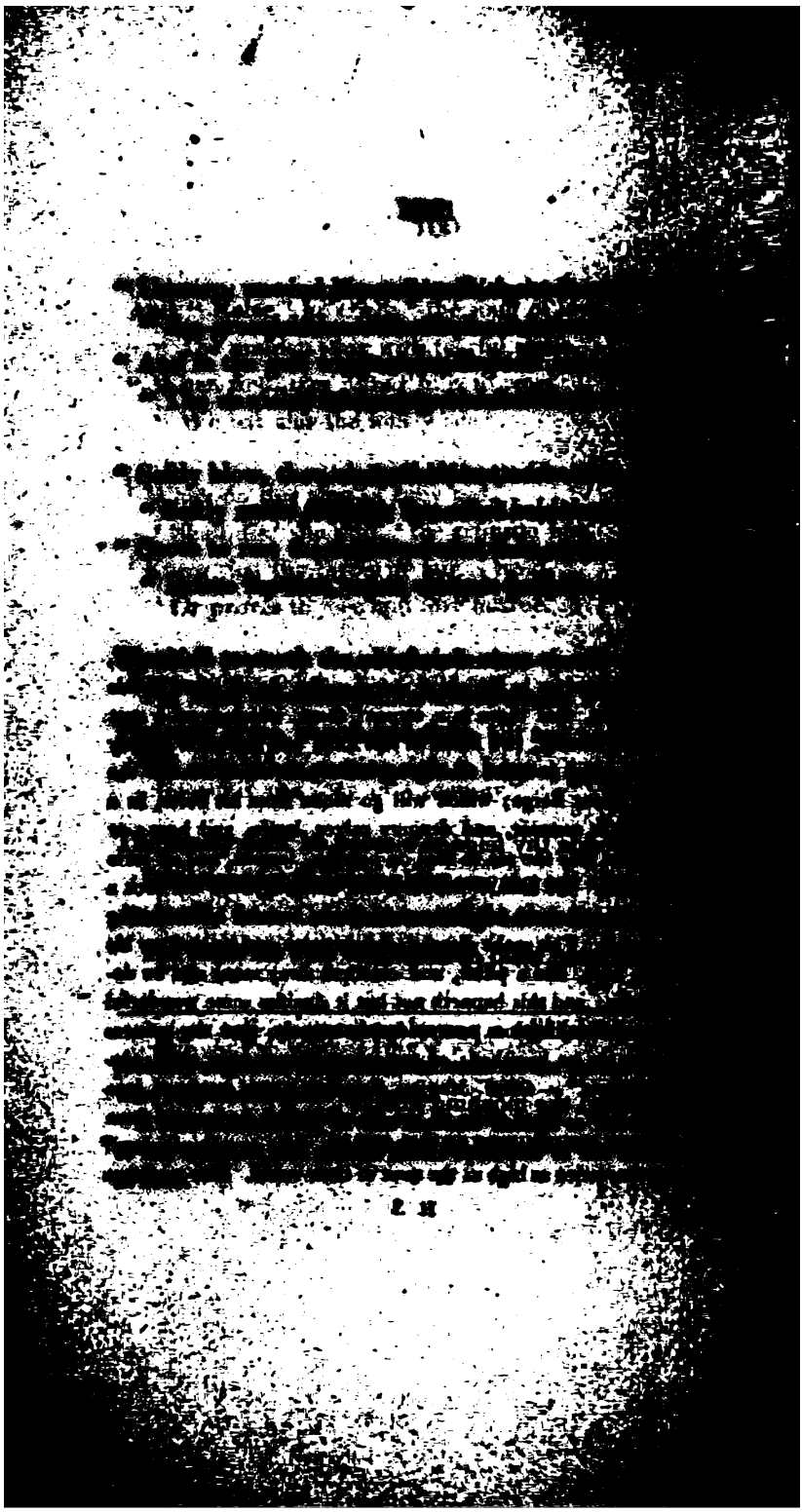


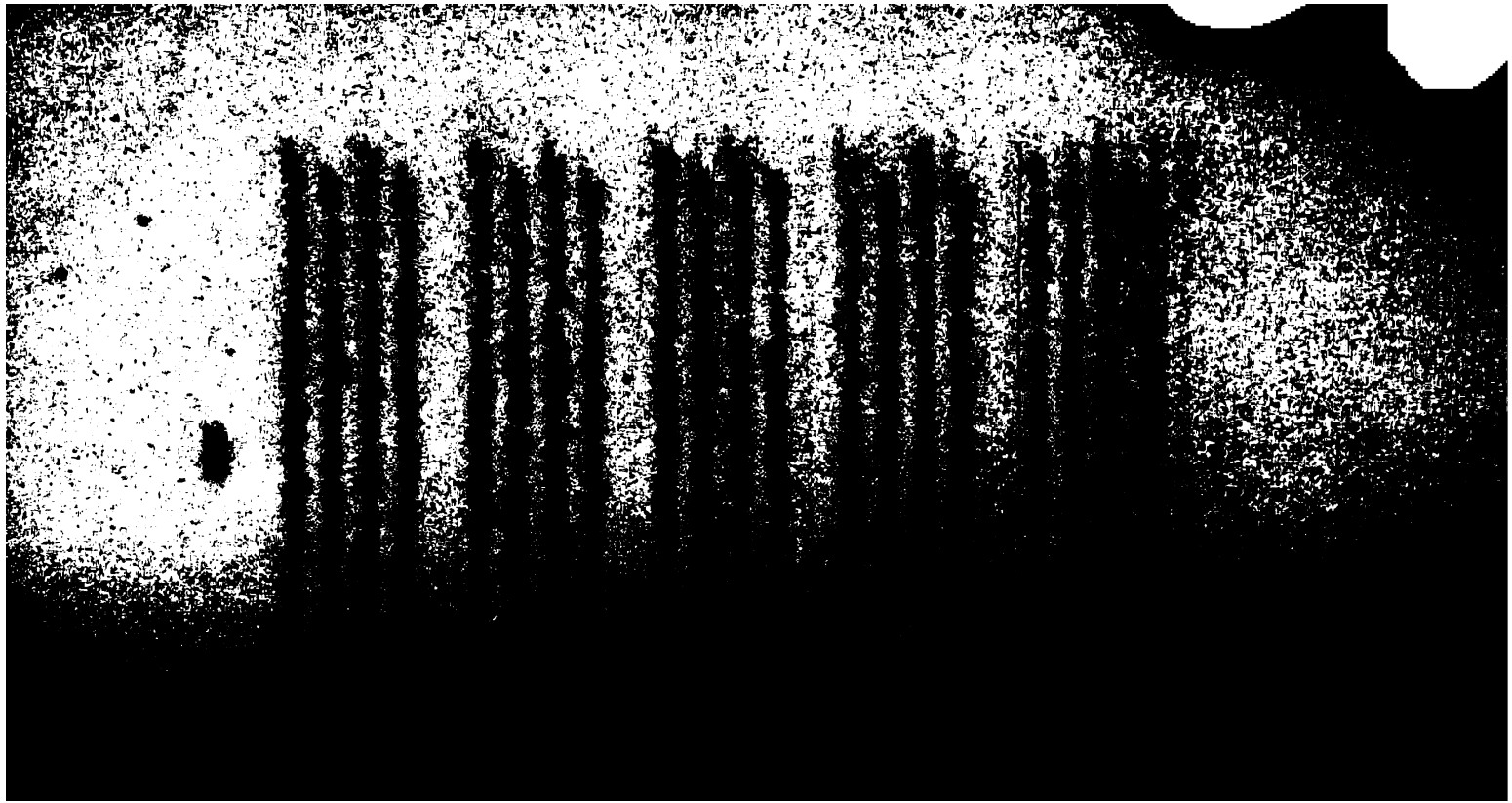


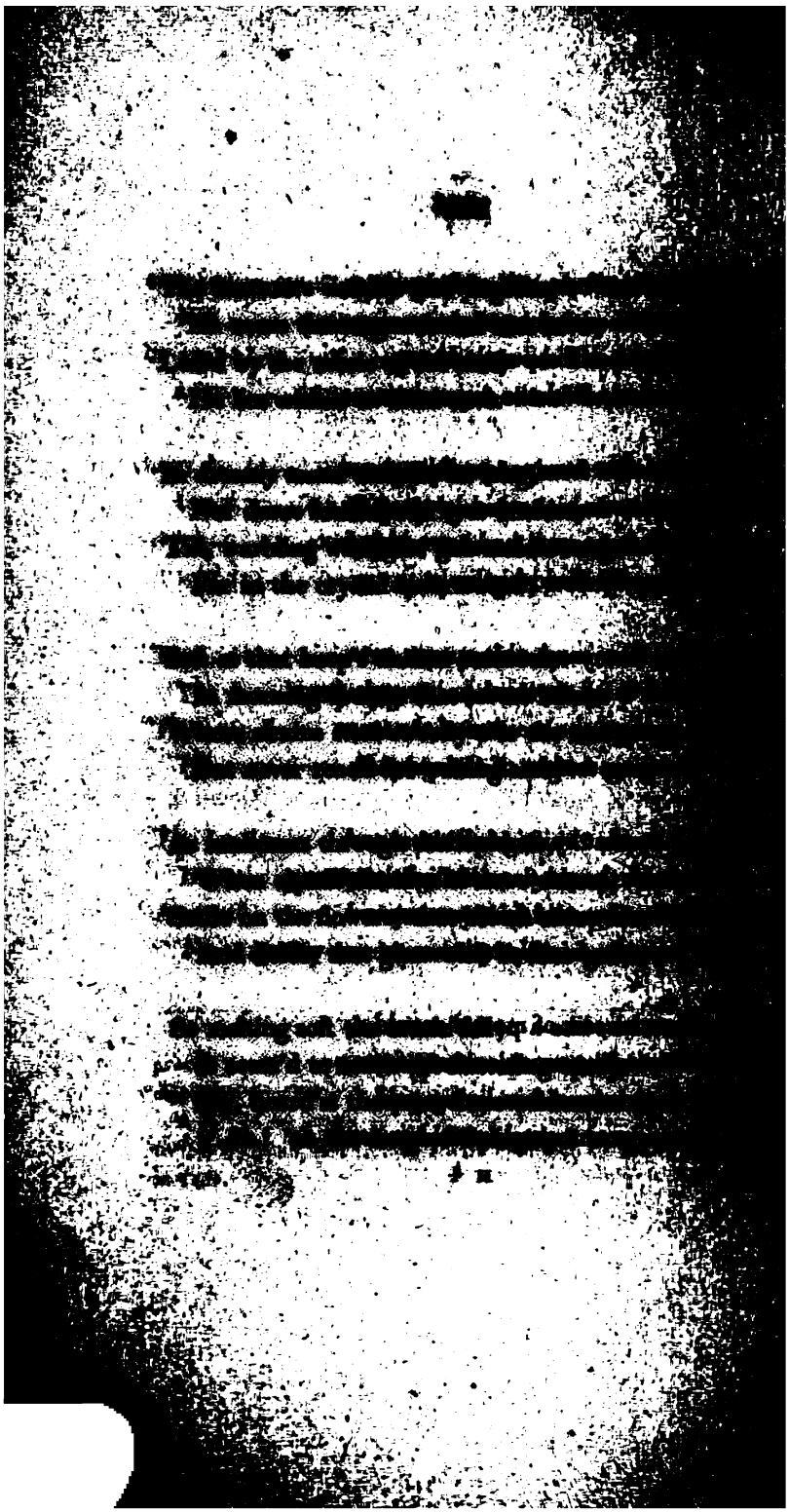


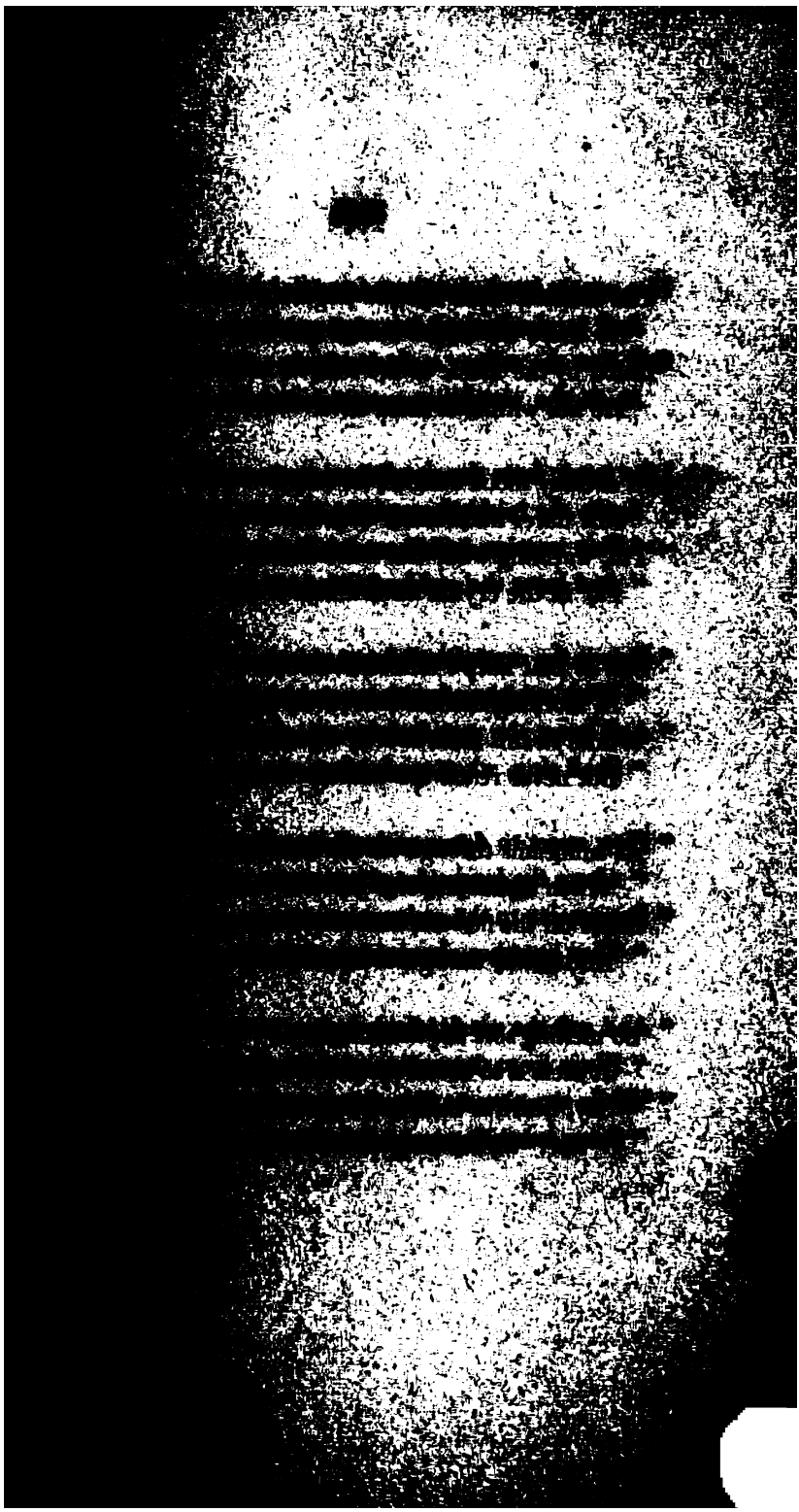


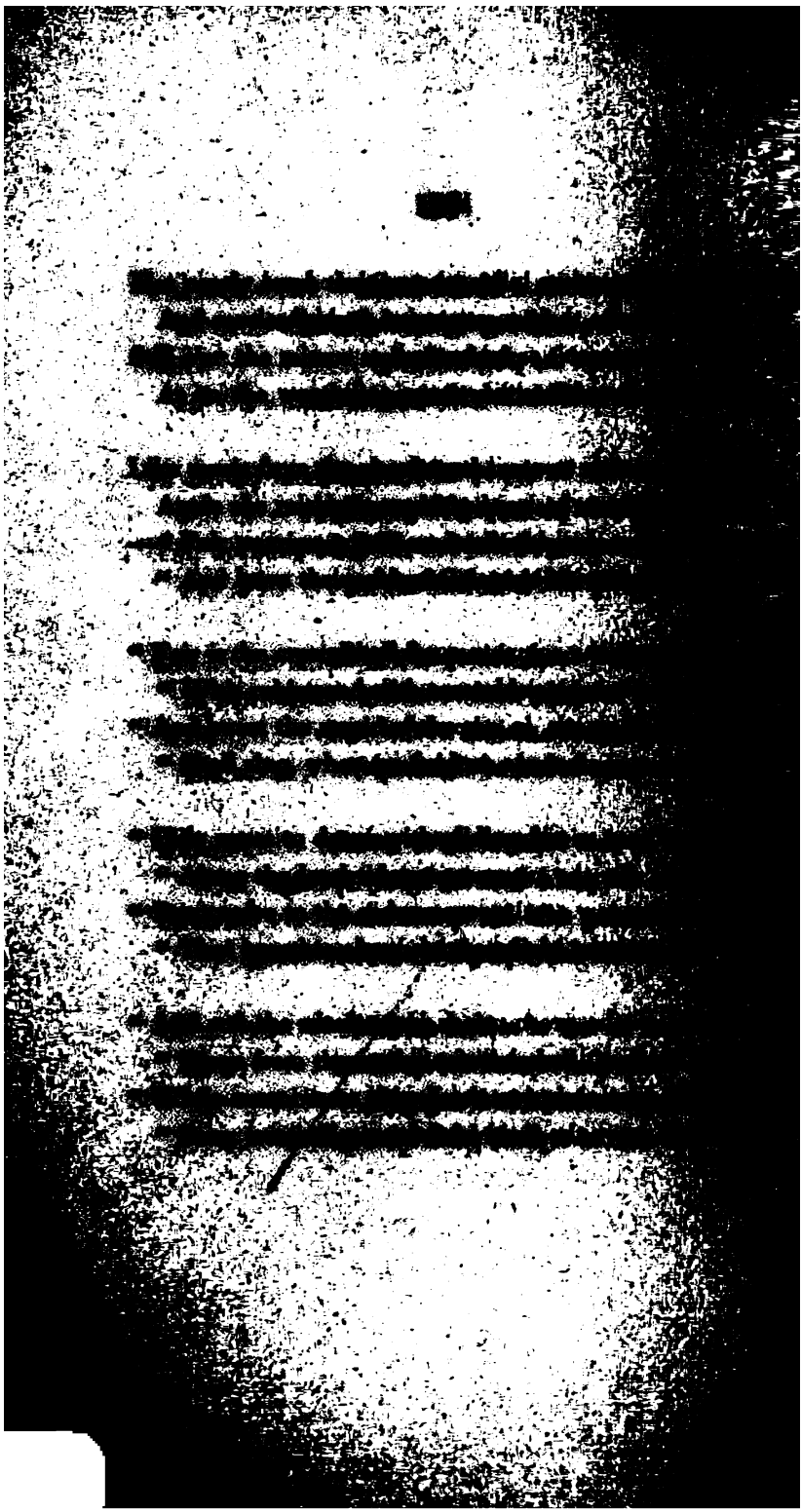


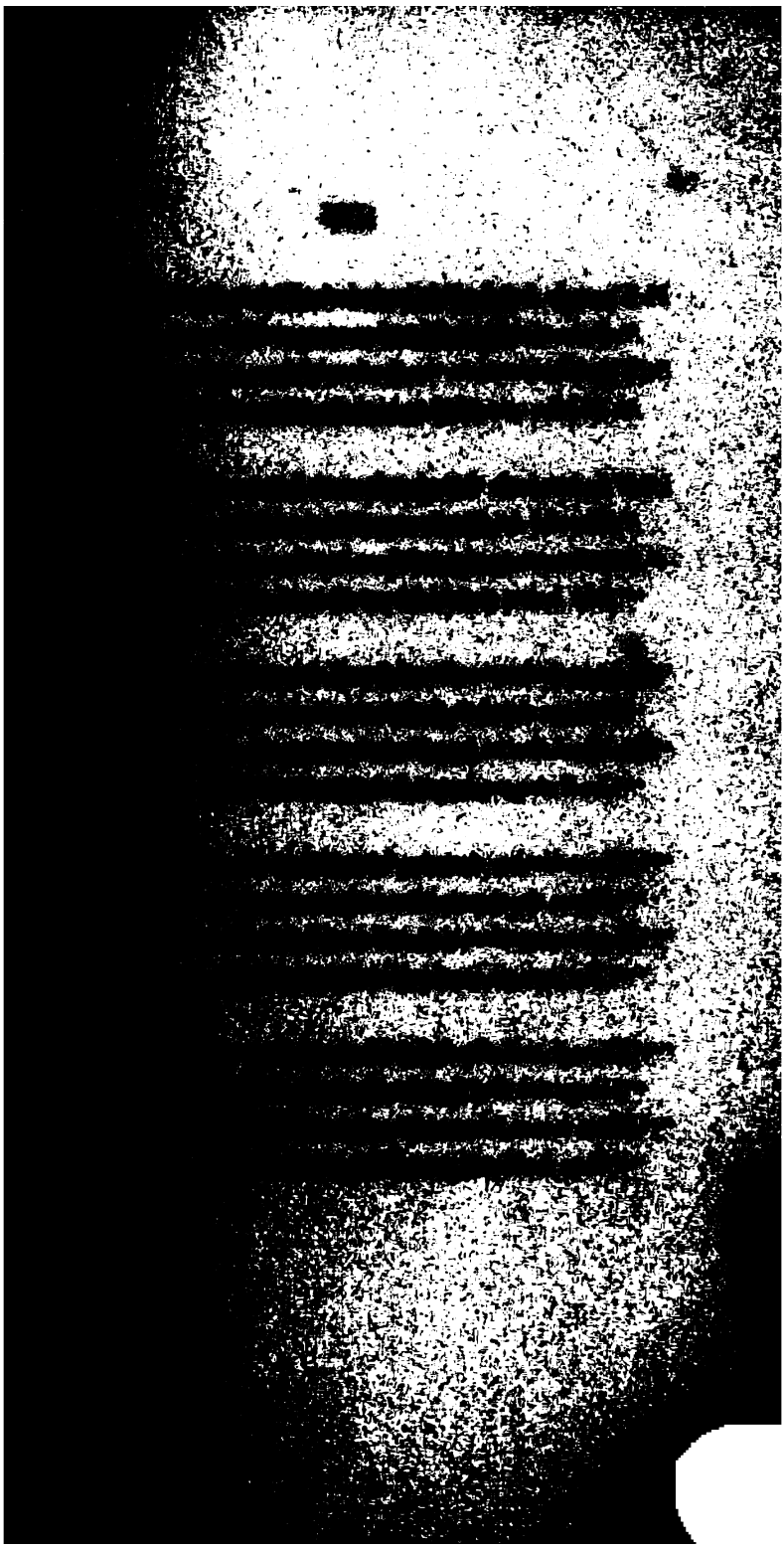


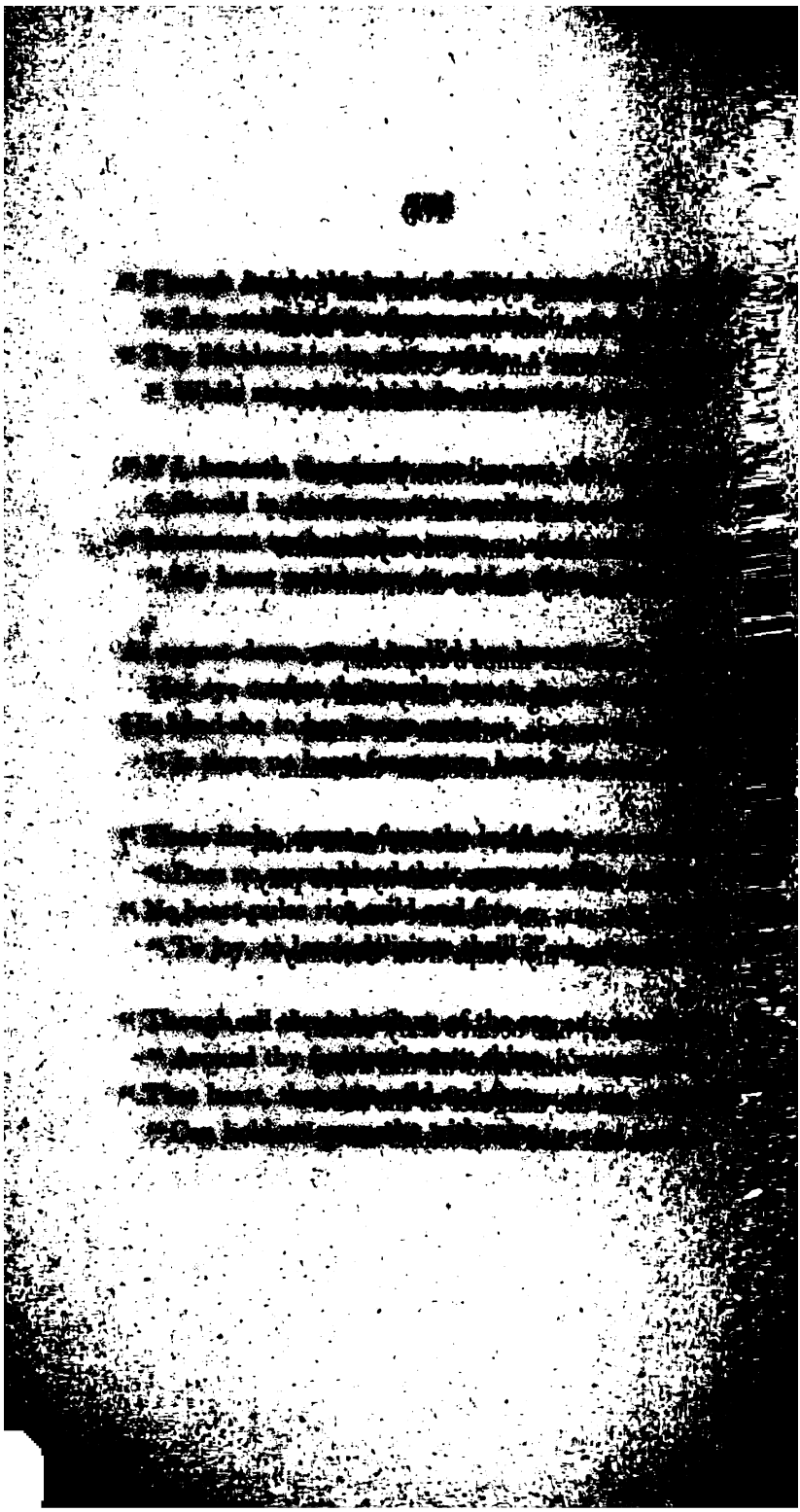


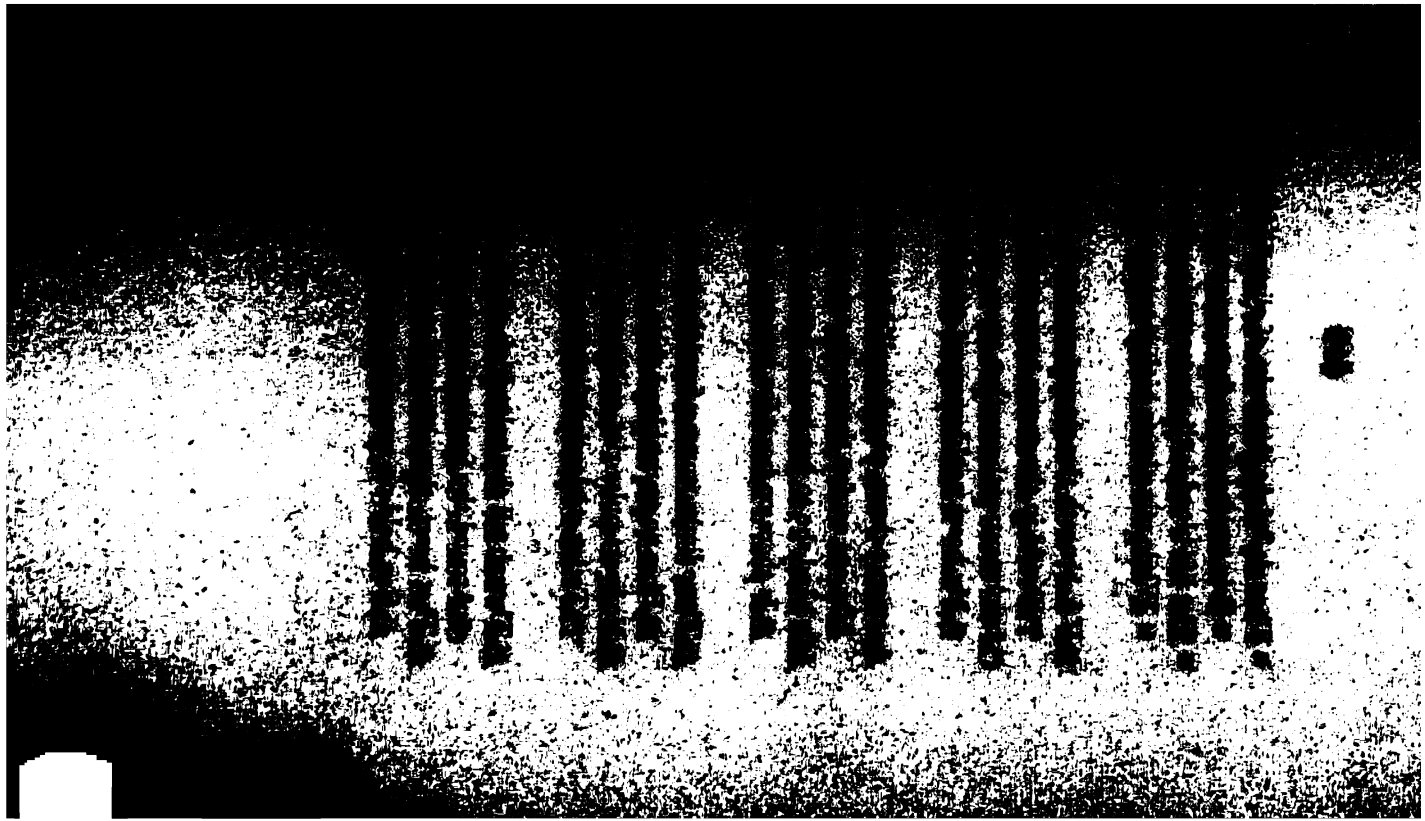


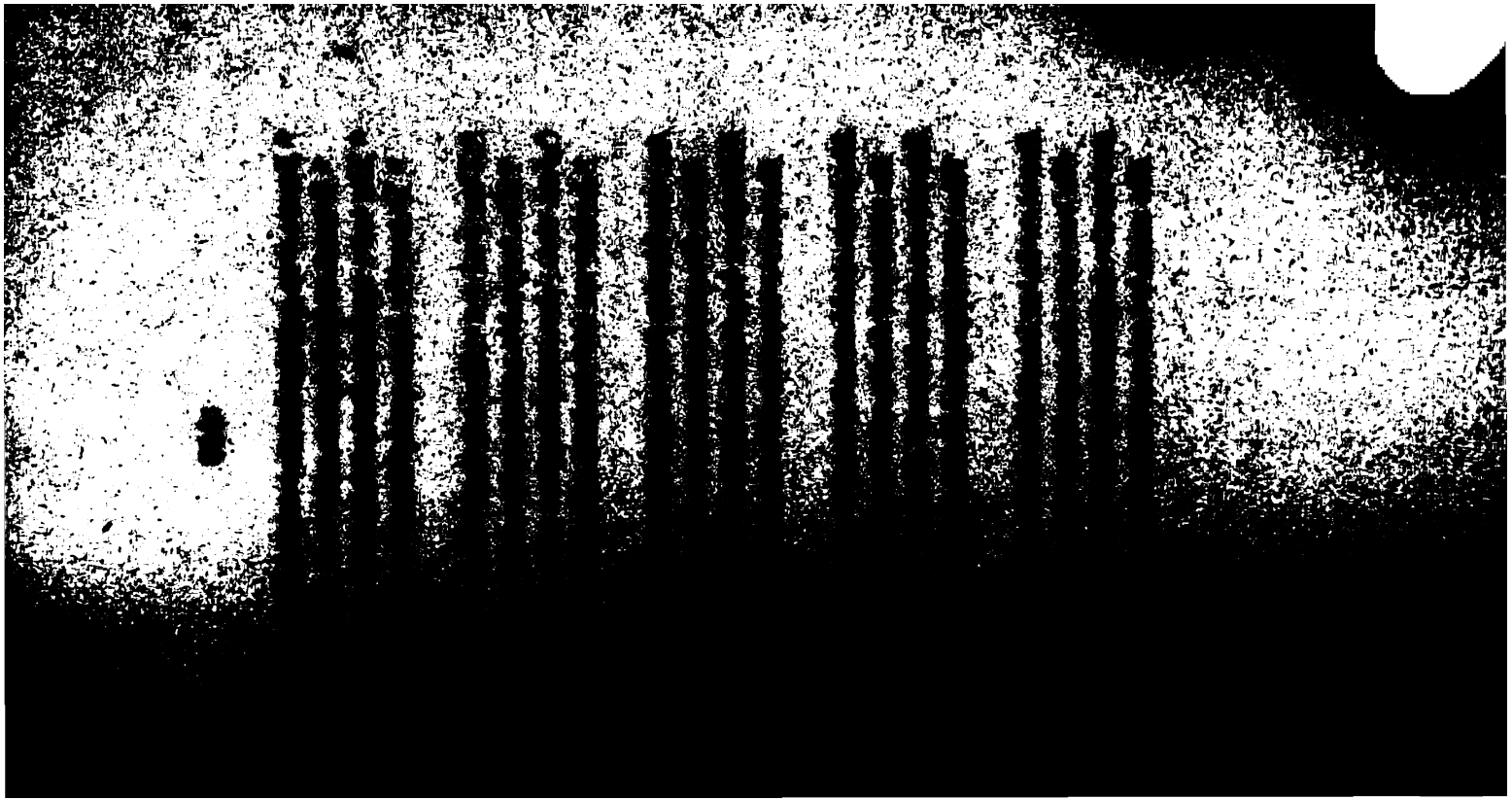


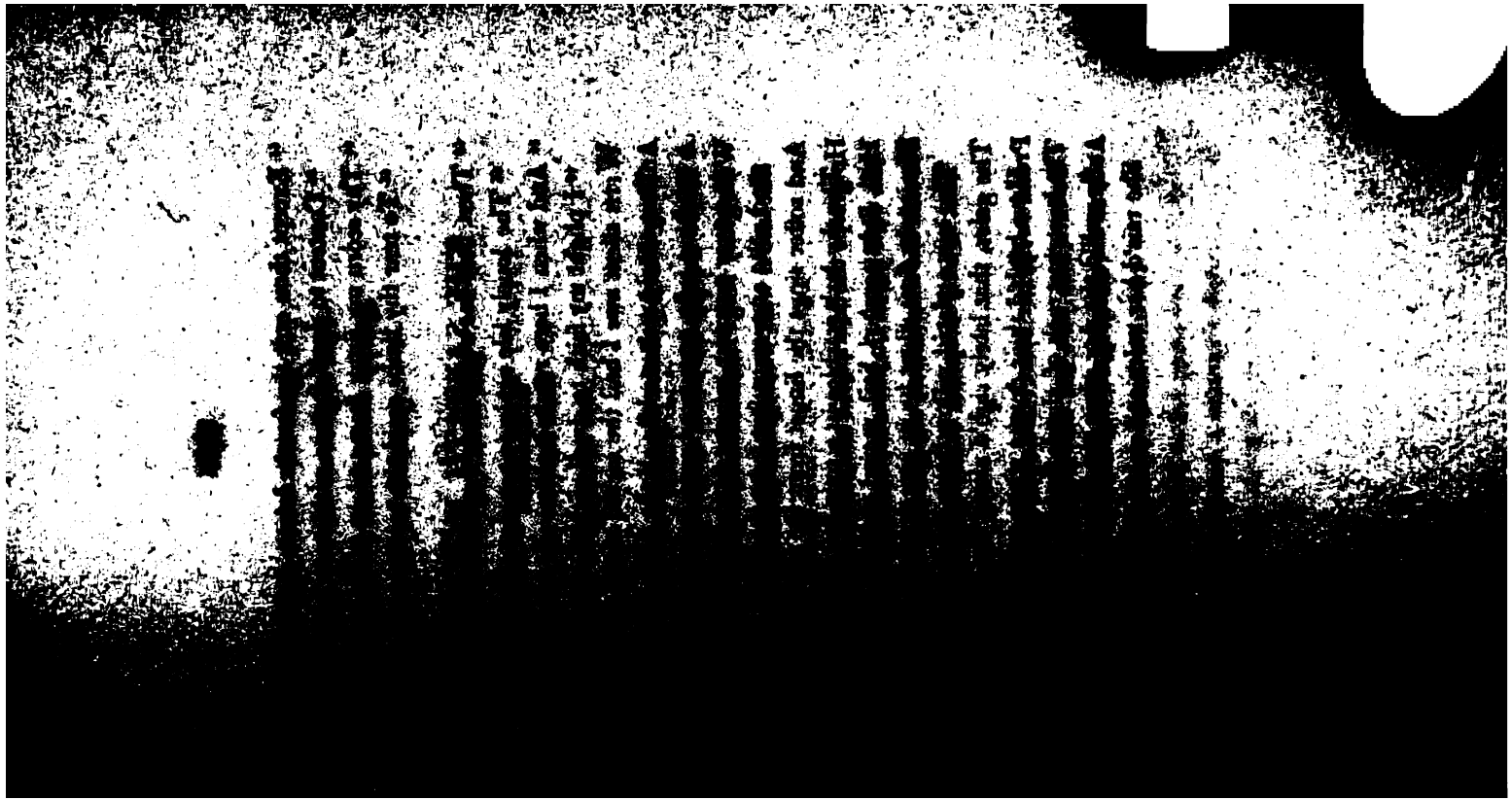






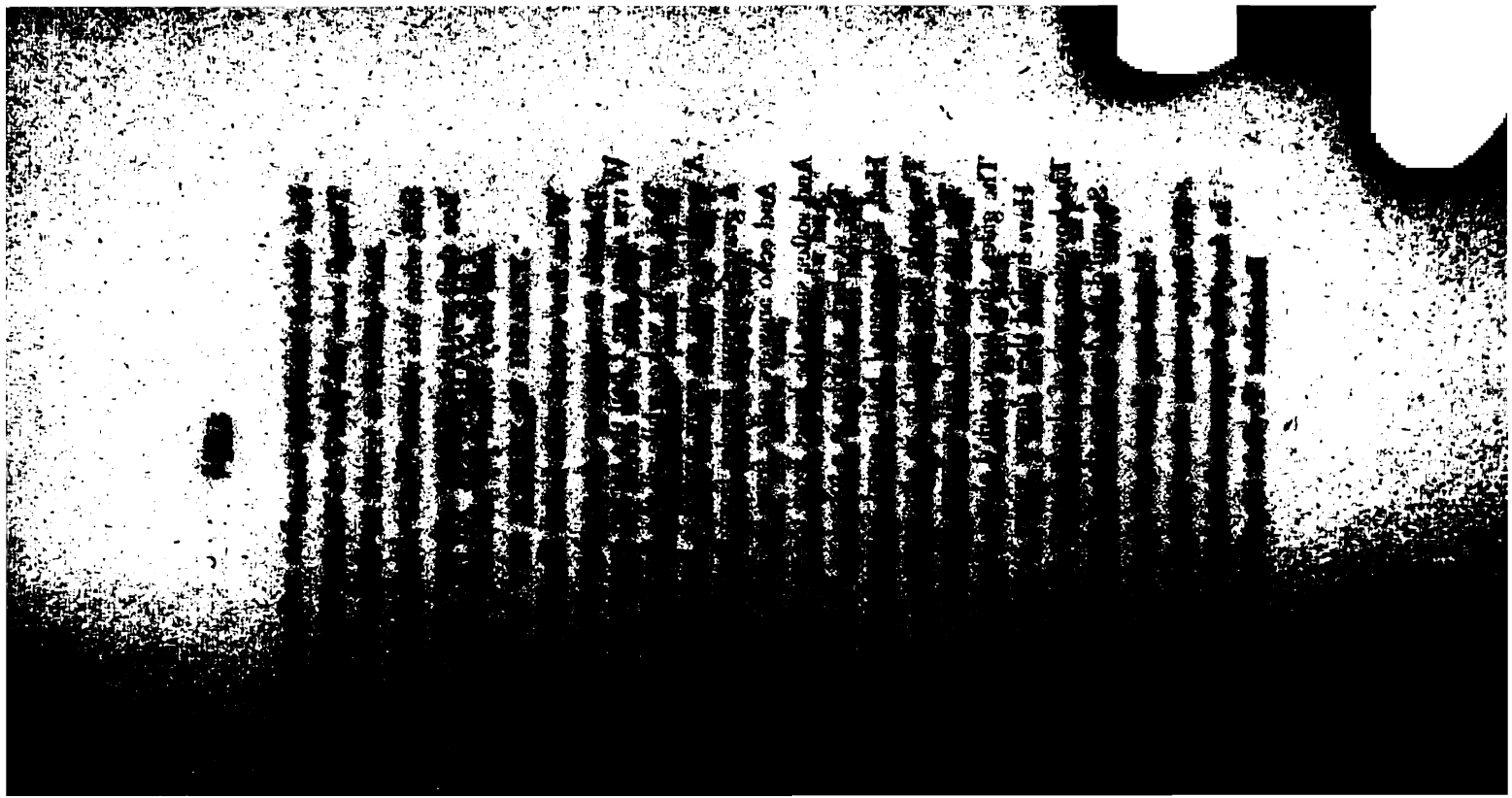


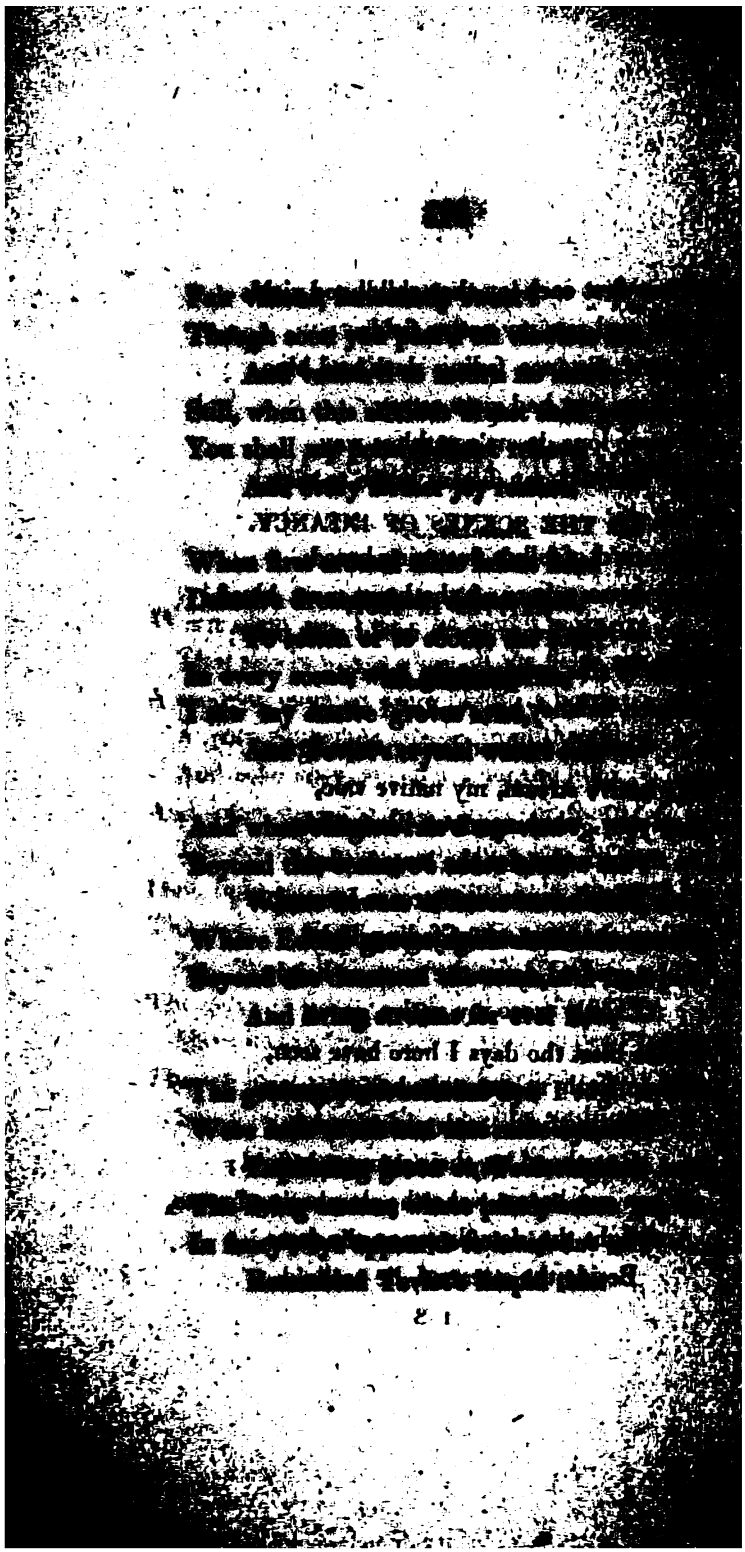


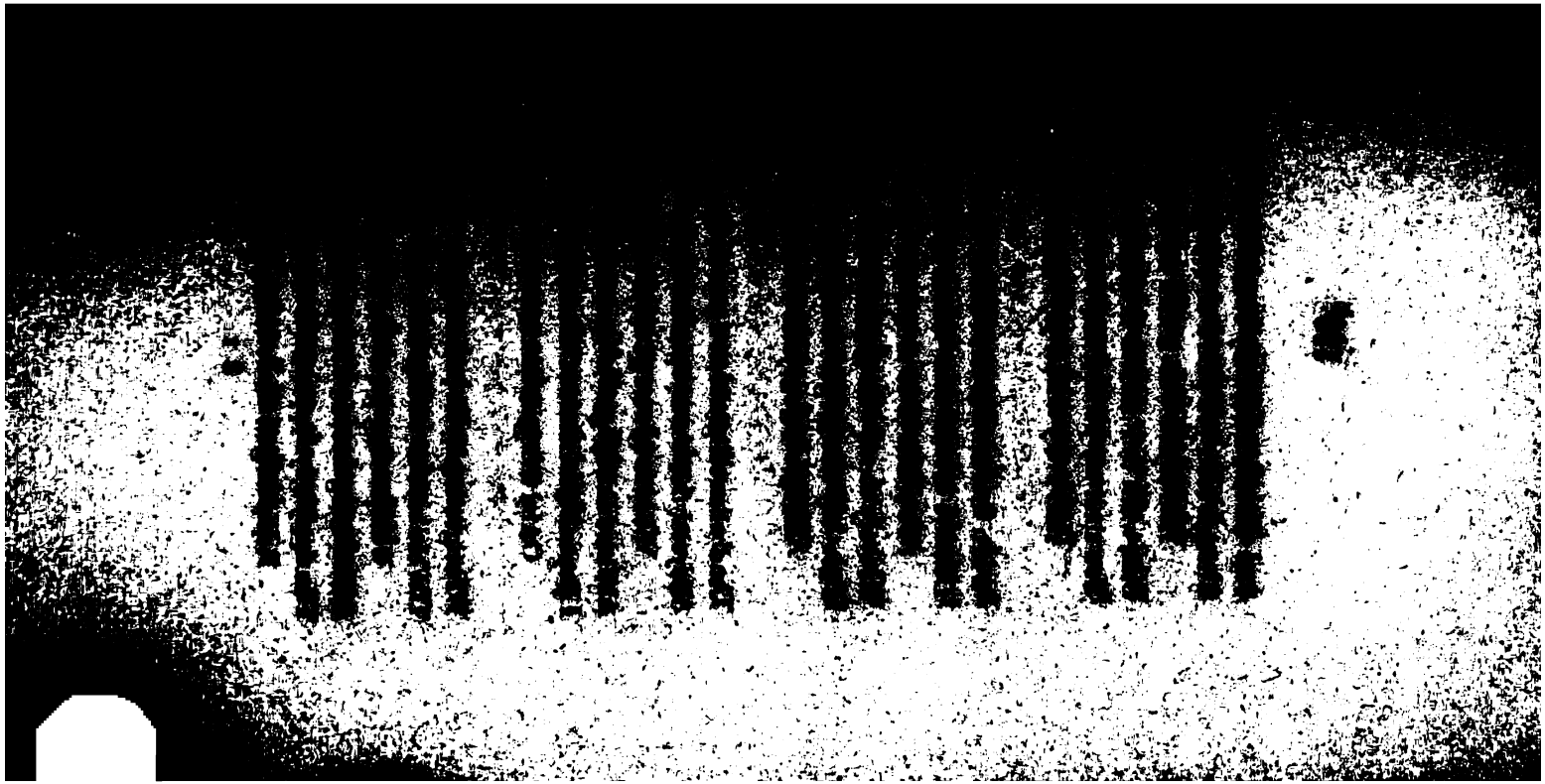


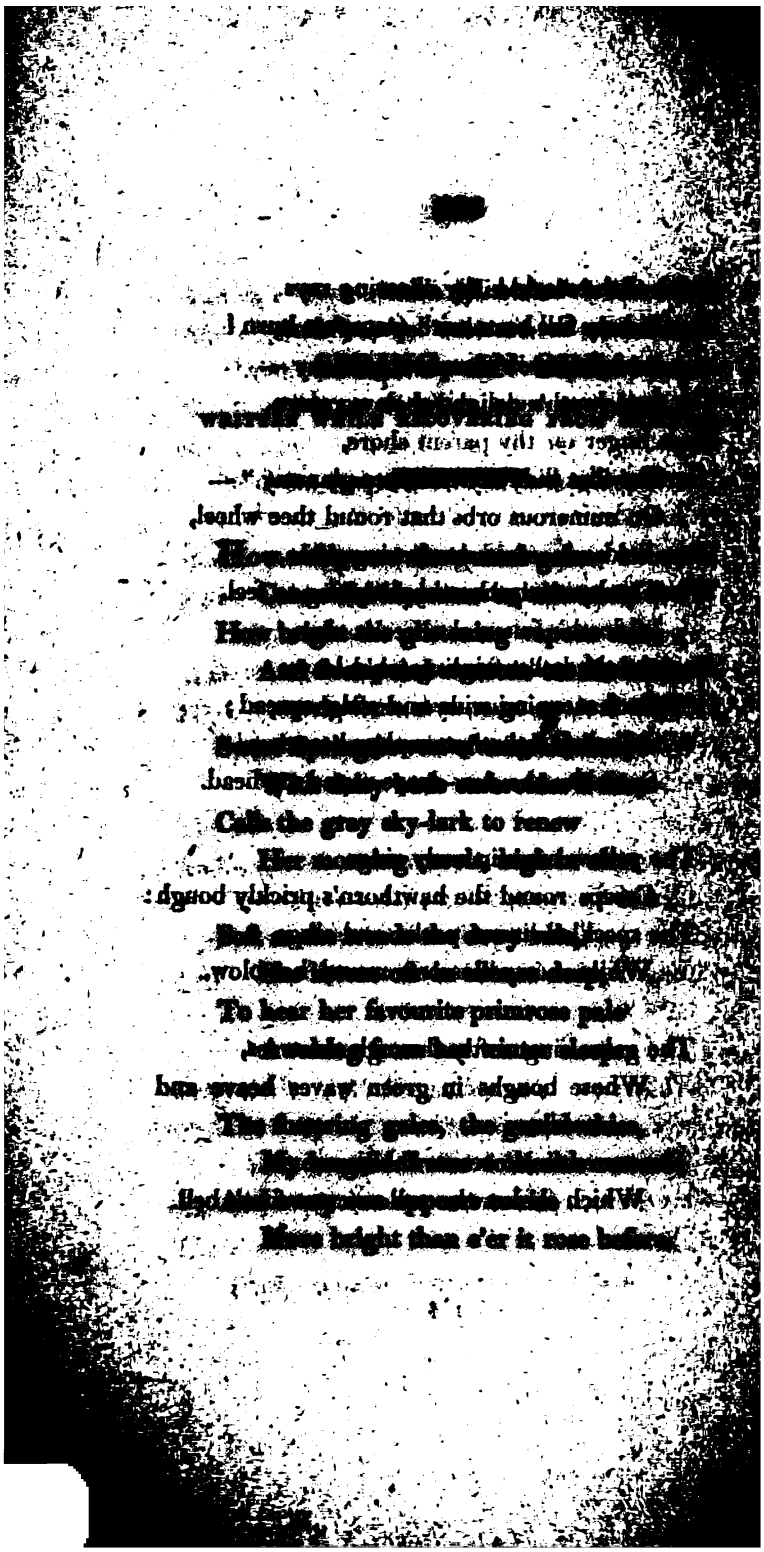
THE SABBATH MORNING.

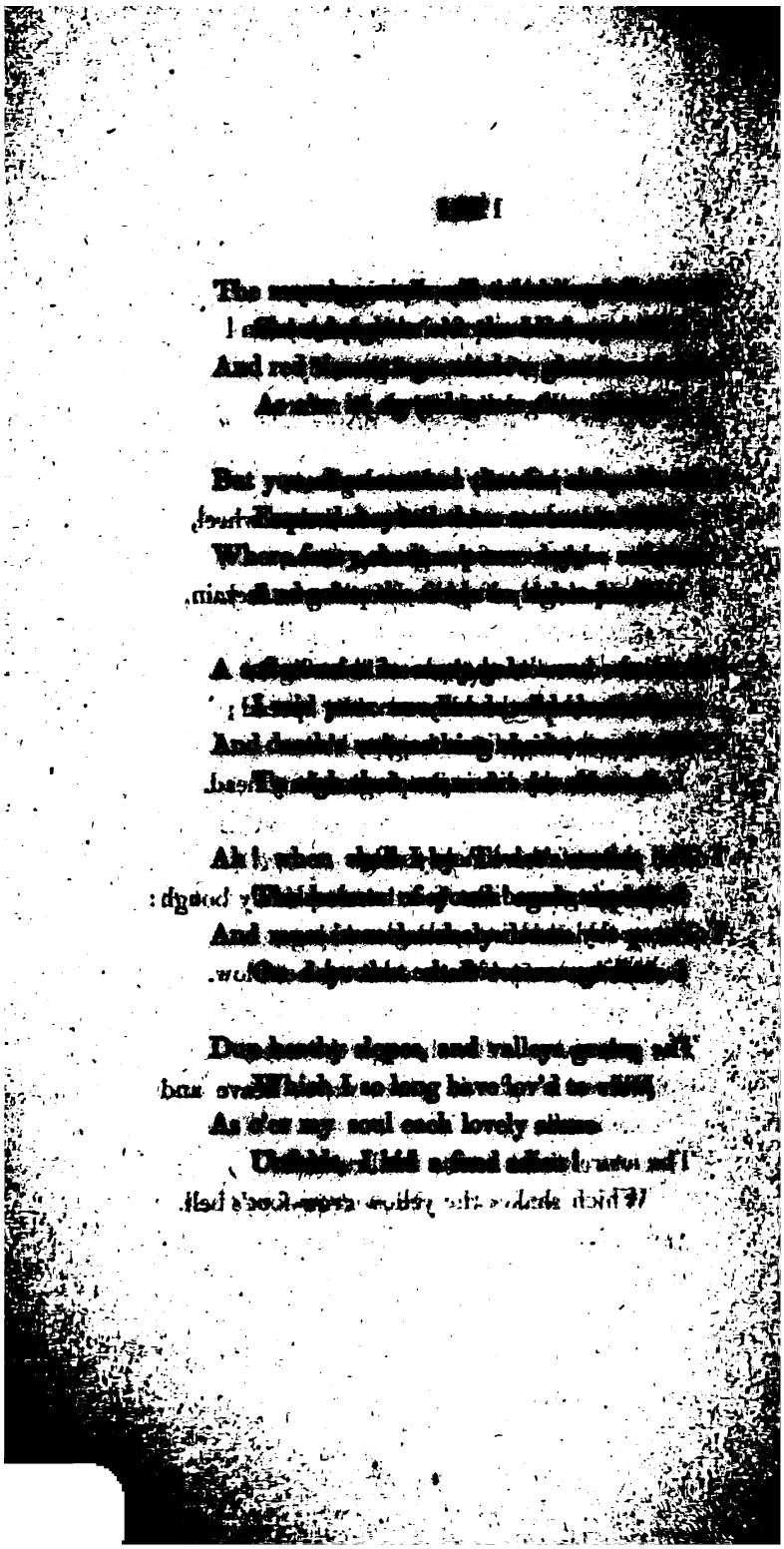
With silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
That slowly wakes while all the fields are still!
A solemn calm o'er nature's face is born;
Gradual the gentle breezes waken'd rise,
And whisper praise in every grove that sighs.
The shepherd goes forth with his little flock,
That dimly seen, moves up the misty hill
Along the heathy moor, to some clear brook,
Or quiet pool, that winds through willowy dale,
Where they may feed or drink their fill.
Sweet is the scene, but sweeter to the soul
The thoughts that in the watchful breast arise,
When all around is peace, and calm, and rest.
Now is the time for prayer. Now while the dew
Lies on the ground in spangles, ere the sun
Assert the day, and chase it all away.
Now while the birds, that sing with the first morn,
Make their blithe matins hear'd, ere they betake
Their bills to pruning, and their little wings
To the rejoicing of the day, or search
For worms and insects, their delicious food.
Now while the bee, that from the flowering furze
Hums early, feeds his little citizens
With honey from the bloom. Now while the steam
Rises from human habitations, thin,
Or blends with mist, or with the morning cloud.
Now let us rise and pray, before the world
Send forth its inhabitants to their resort
Of early labour, or of sport, or strife;
Before the noontide heat has raised the dust
Which the locomotive tribes will soon disturb.
Rise, Christians, rise, and offer at the throne
Of grace your orisons. The day is his,
The seventh day, by him commanded, kept
In memory of that first day of all
In which he made the light, and rested from
His labours. Rise, and bless your maker, now
That he has brought you safe through the dangers, toils,
And snares of darkness and the night. Now pay
Your early tribute of deep gratitude,
Of love and praise. Now while your minds are free
From the vain world, and from the shades of night,
Offer to him who made the light and day
The sacrifice of humble thankfulness,
That he will keep you through the coming day
From all the perils of the power of sin.
Rise, Christians, rise, and seek your heavenly home.
The sunshine of a summer's day,

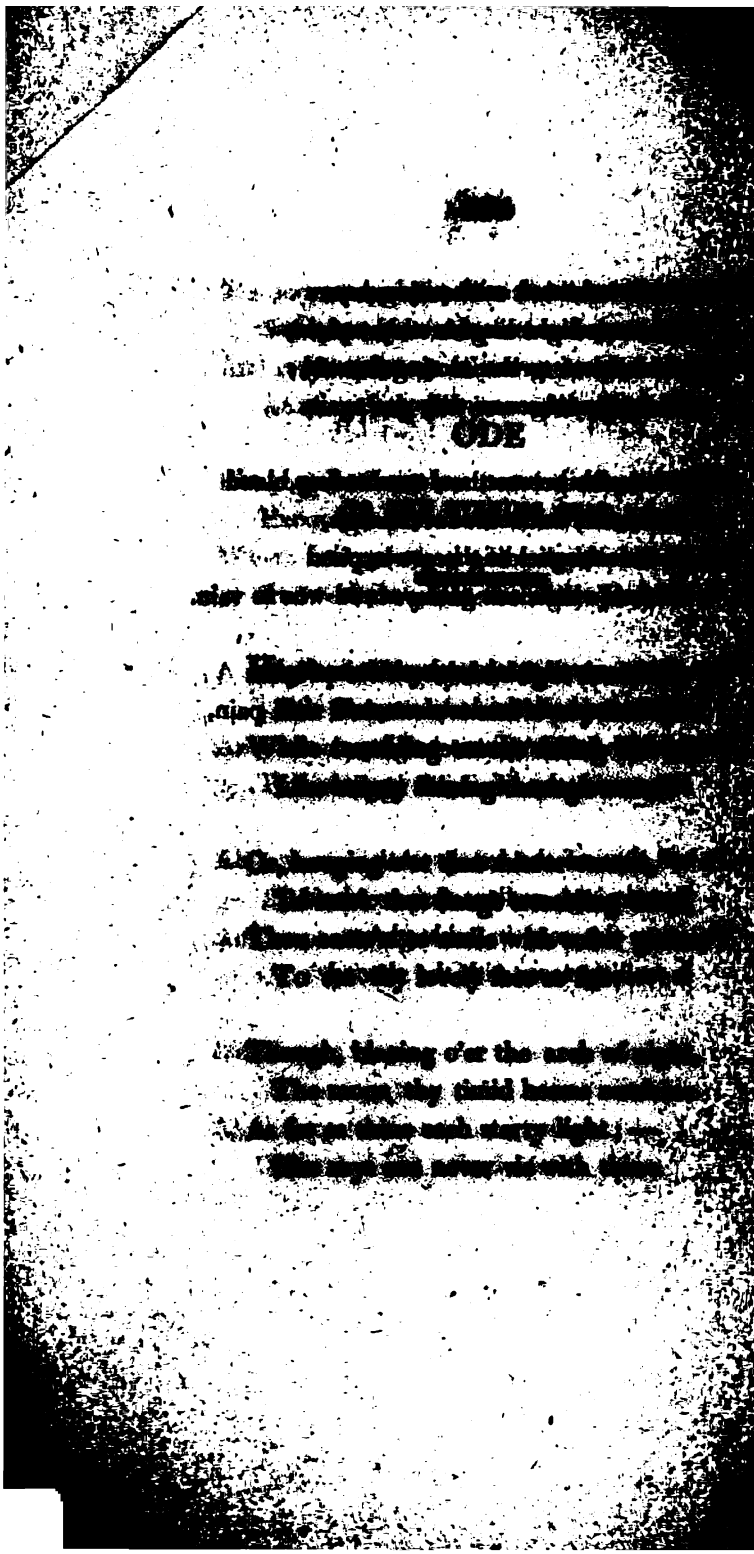


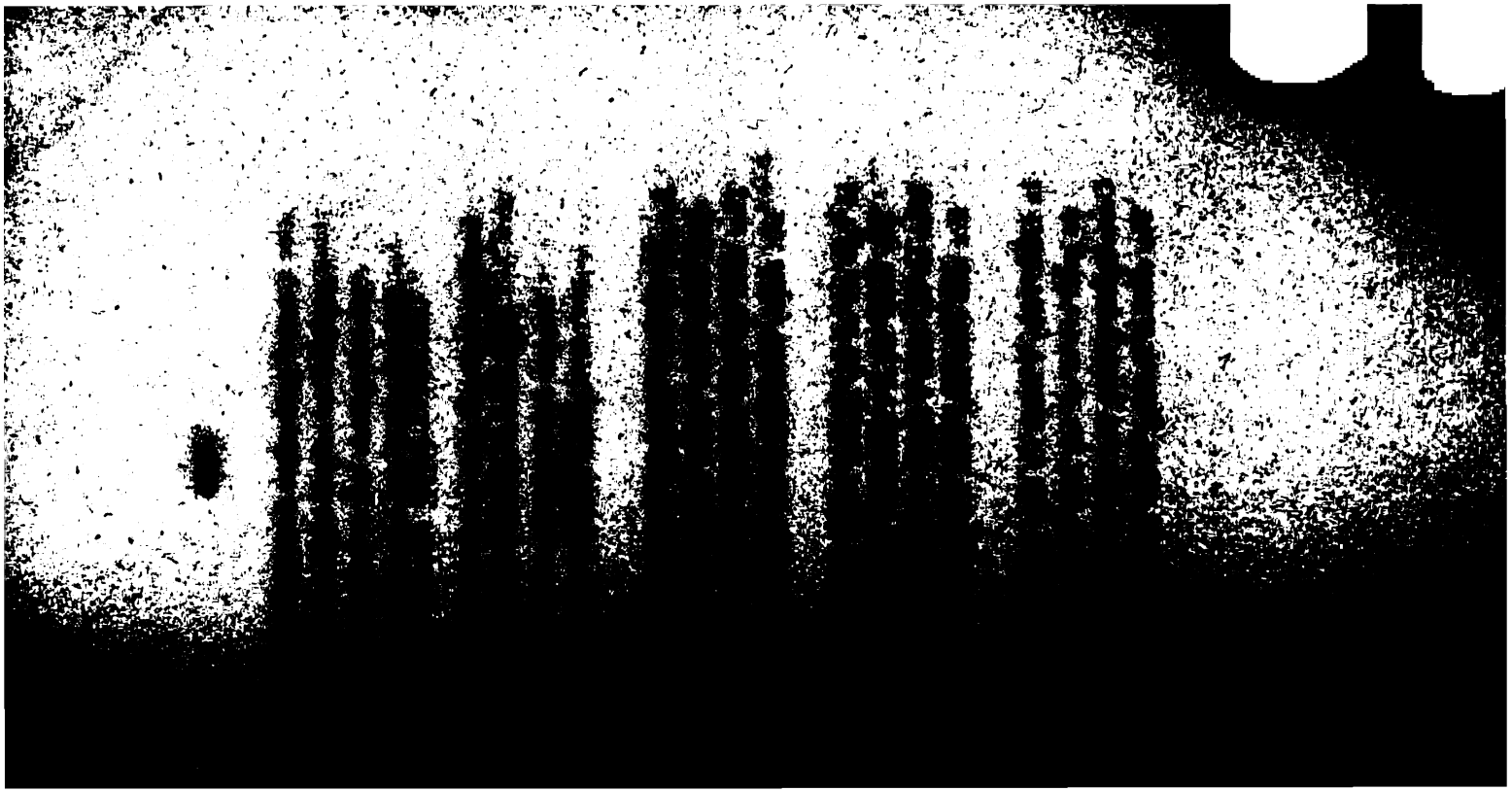


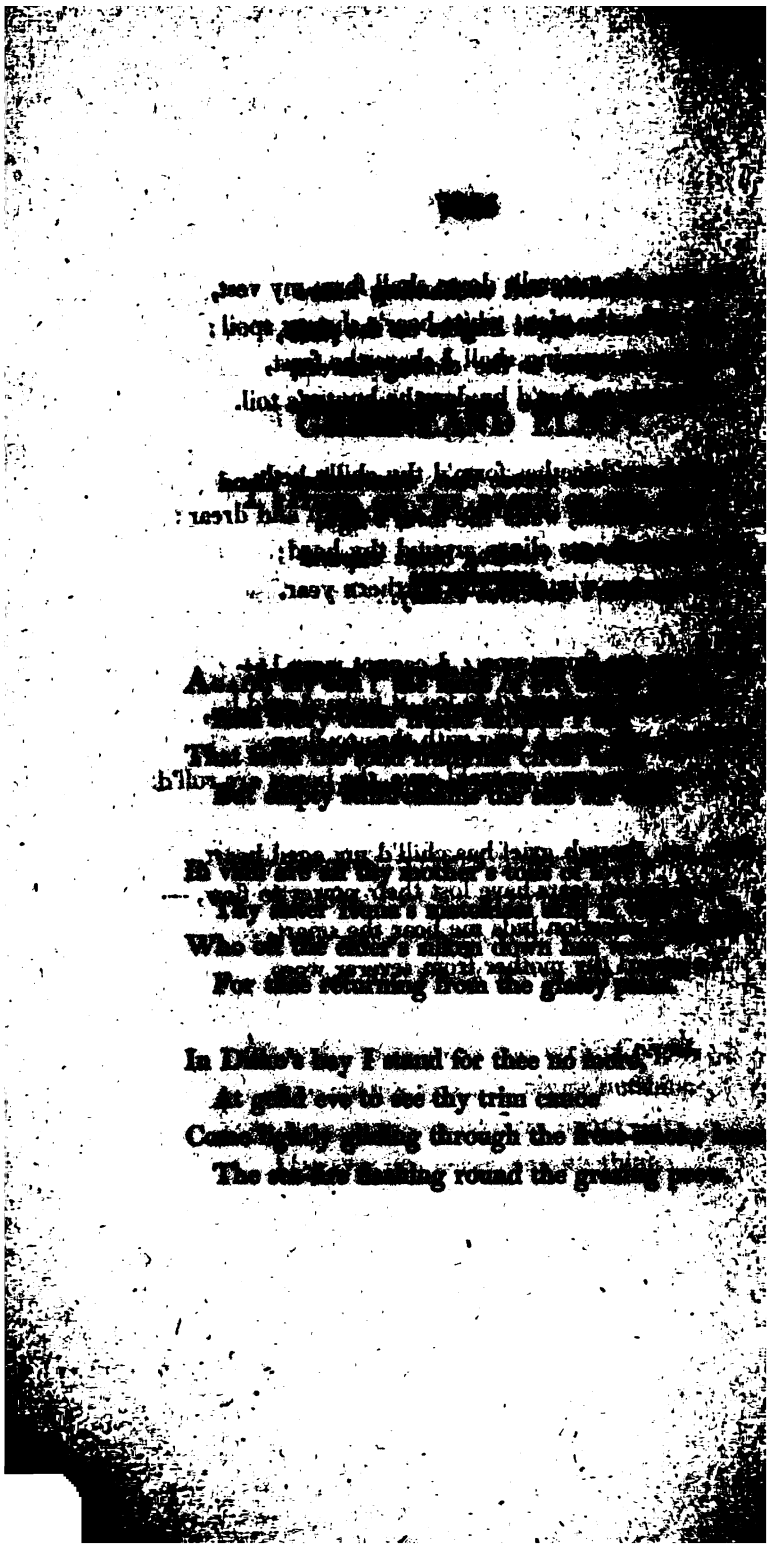


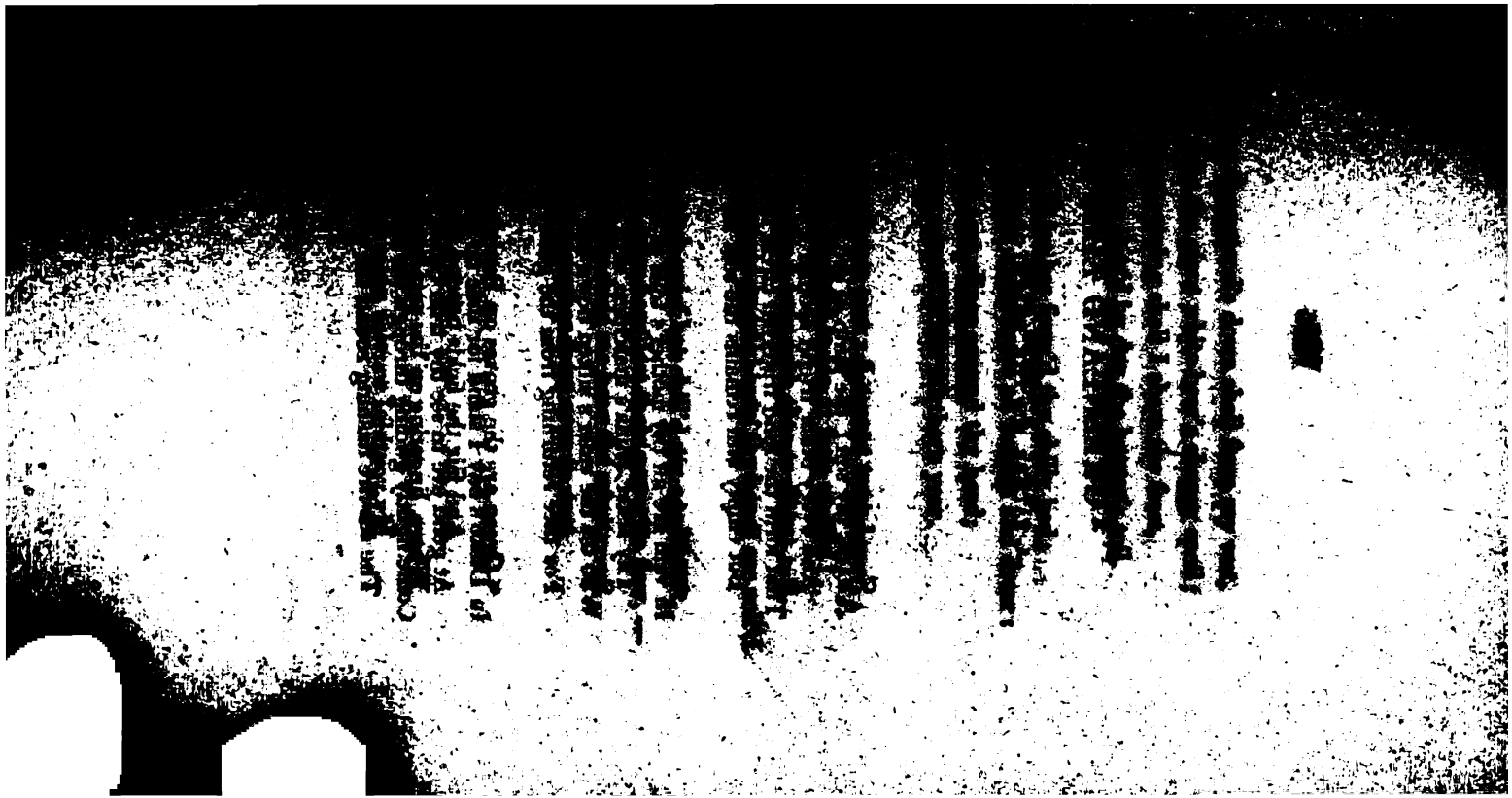


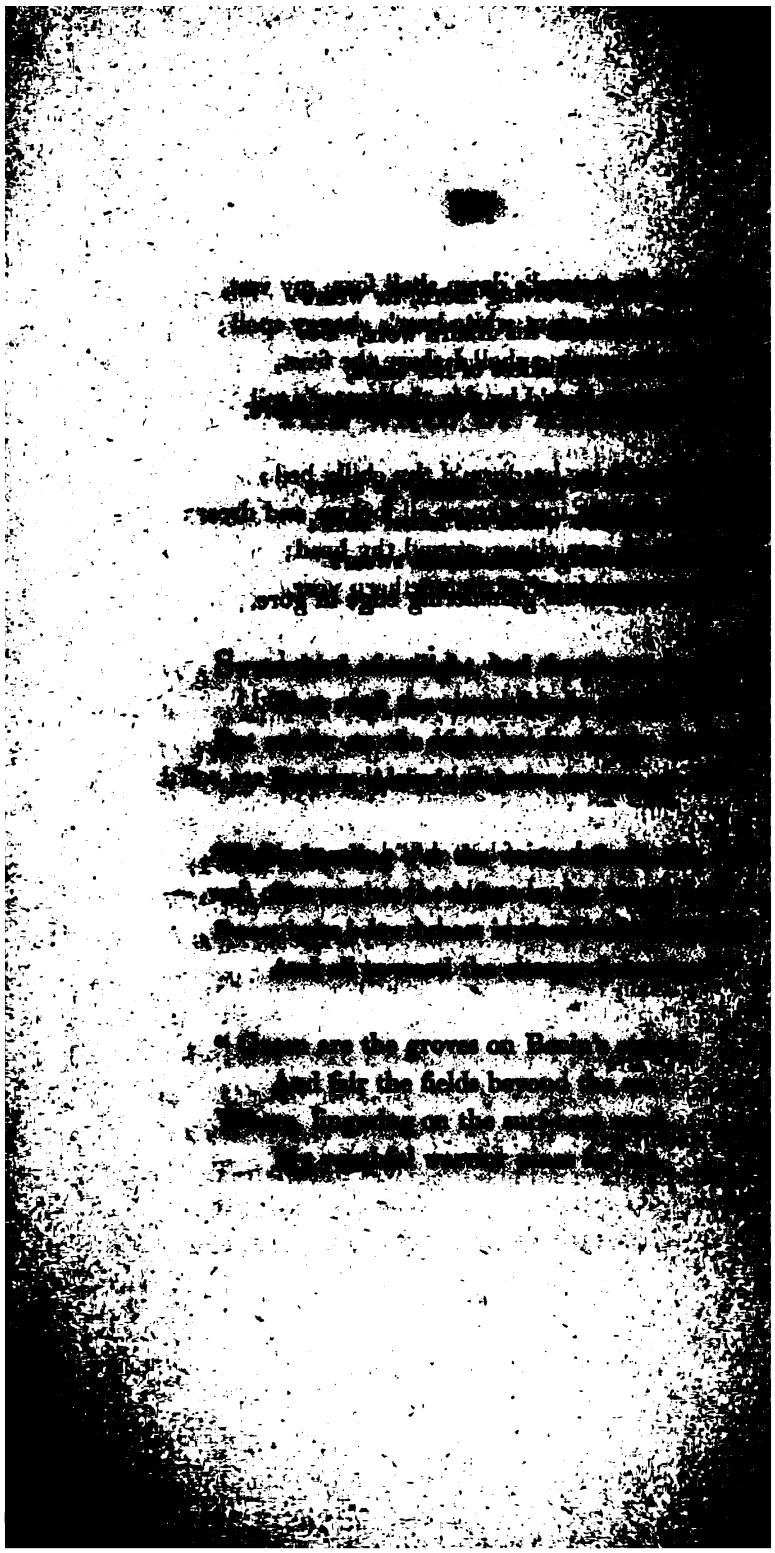


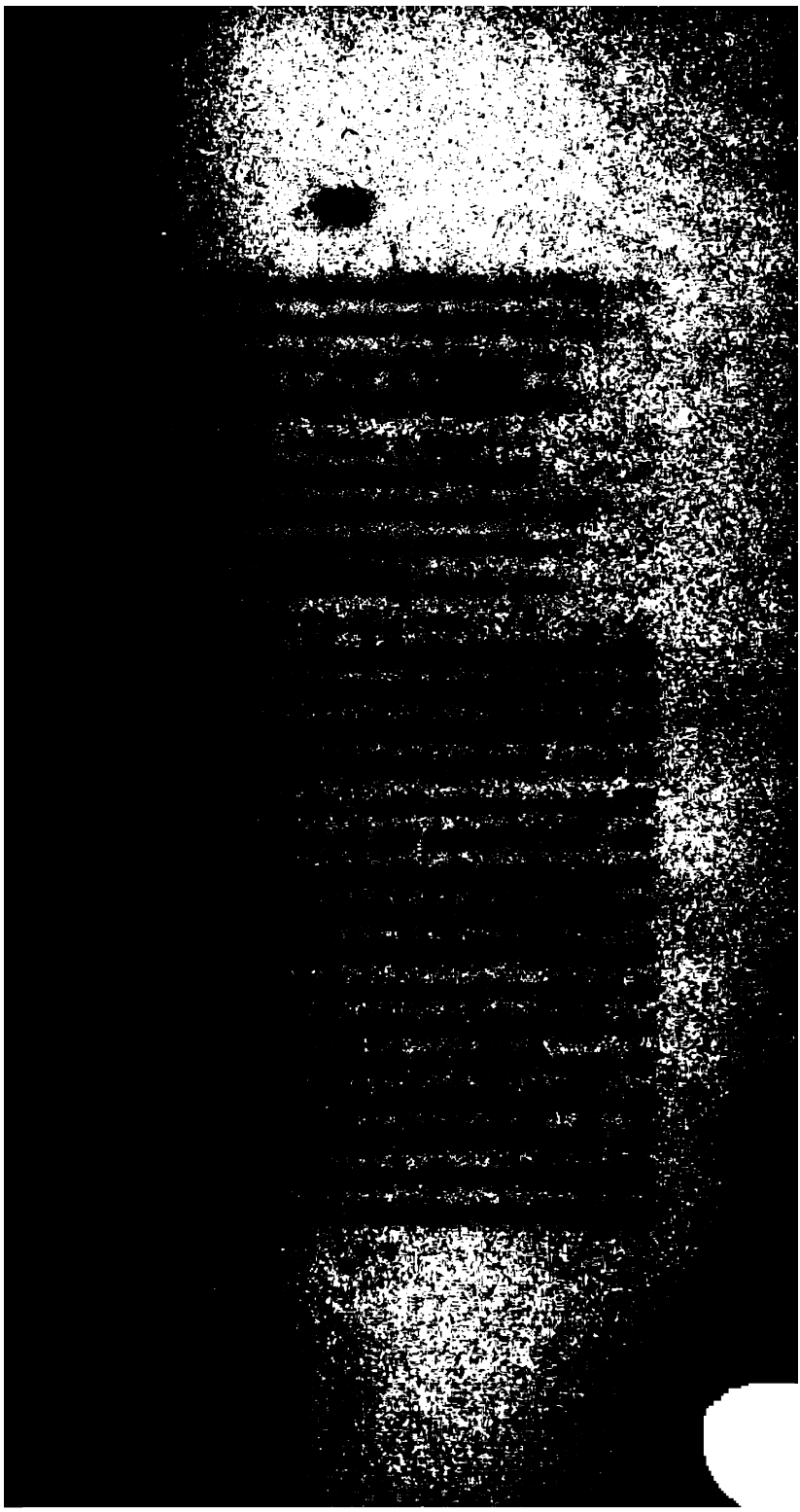


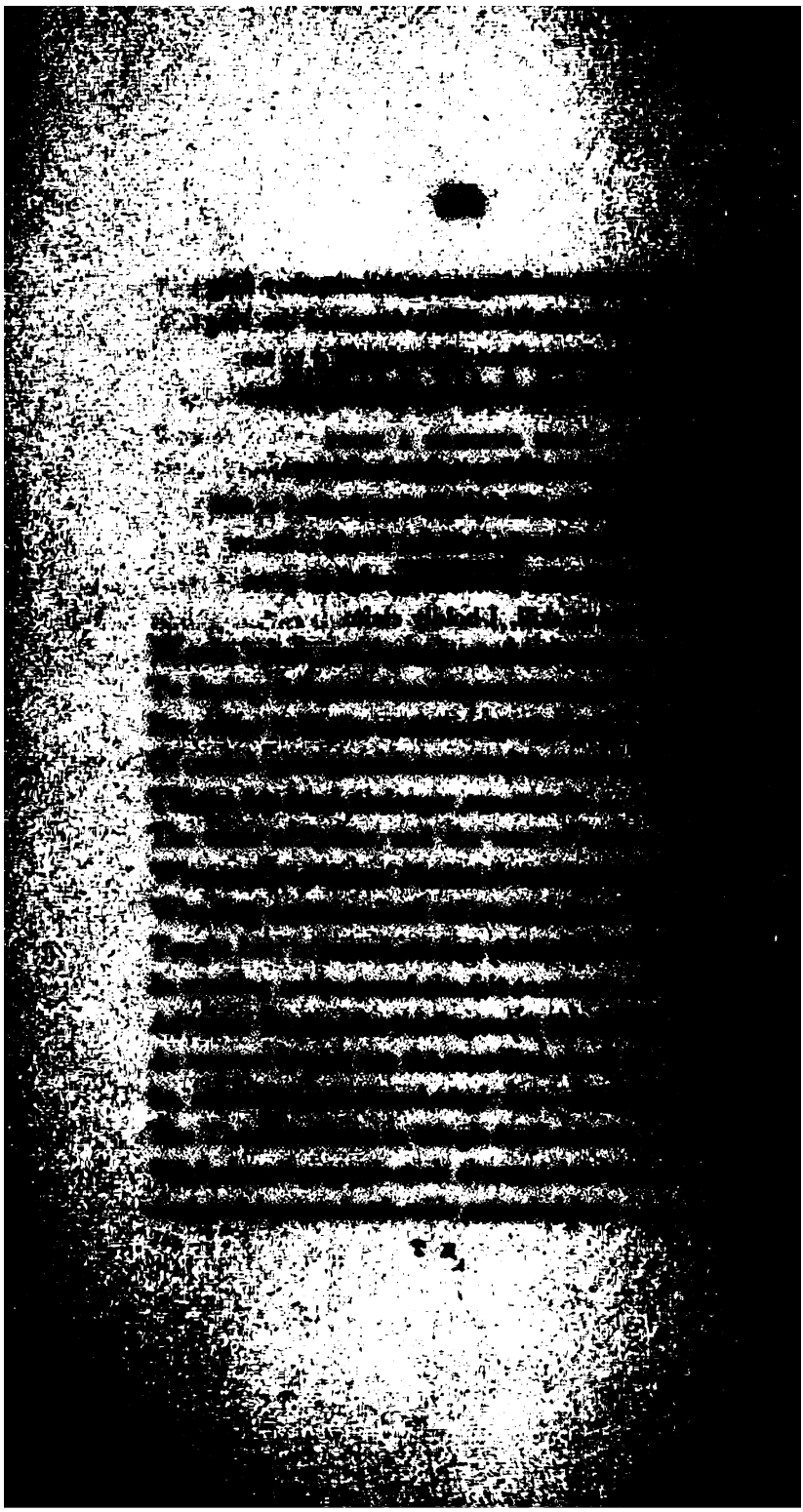


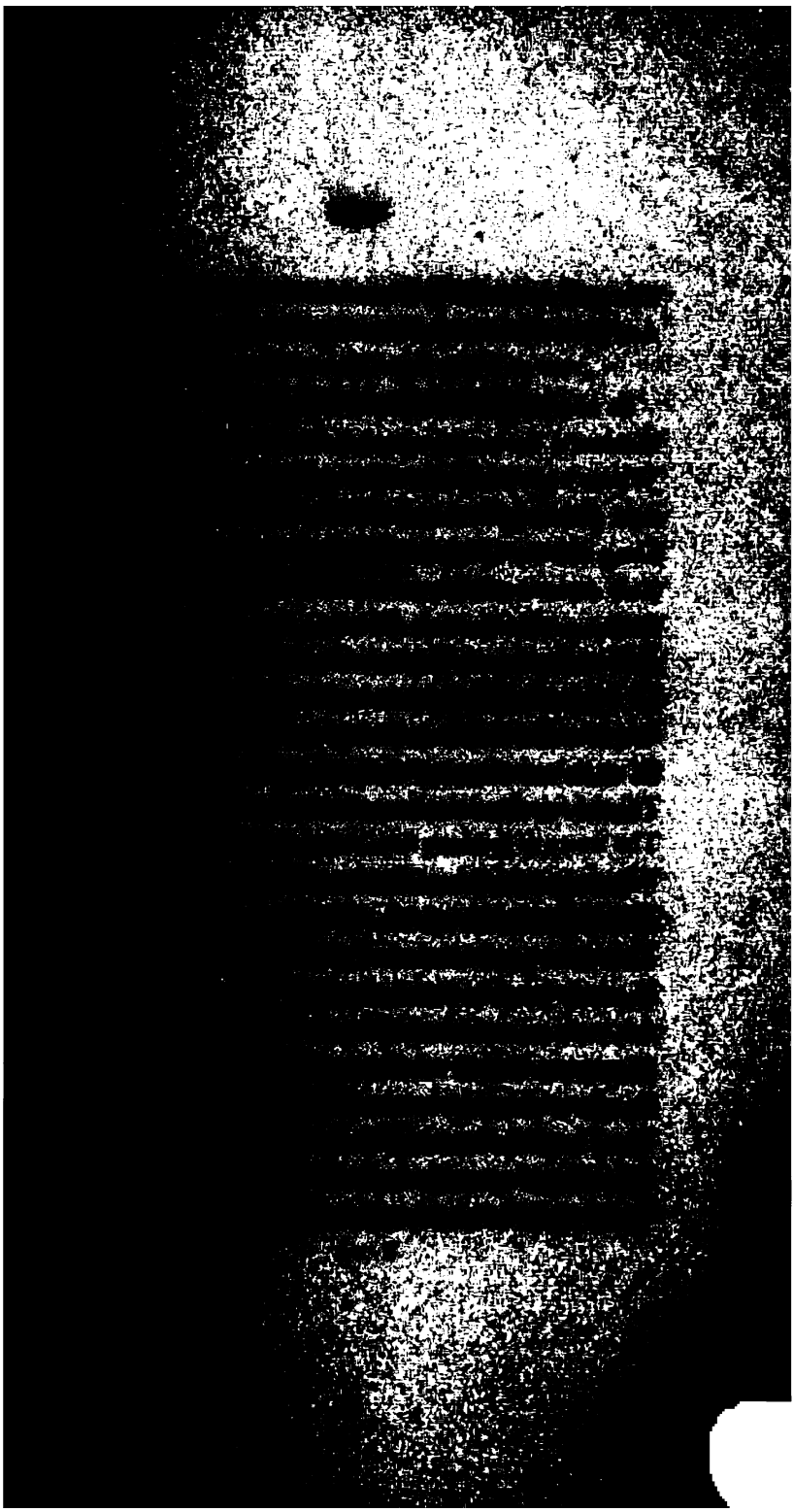


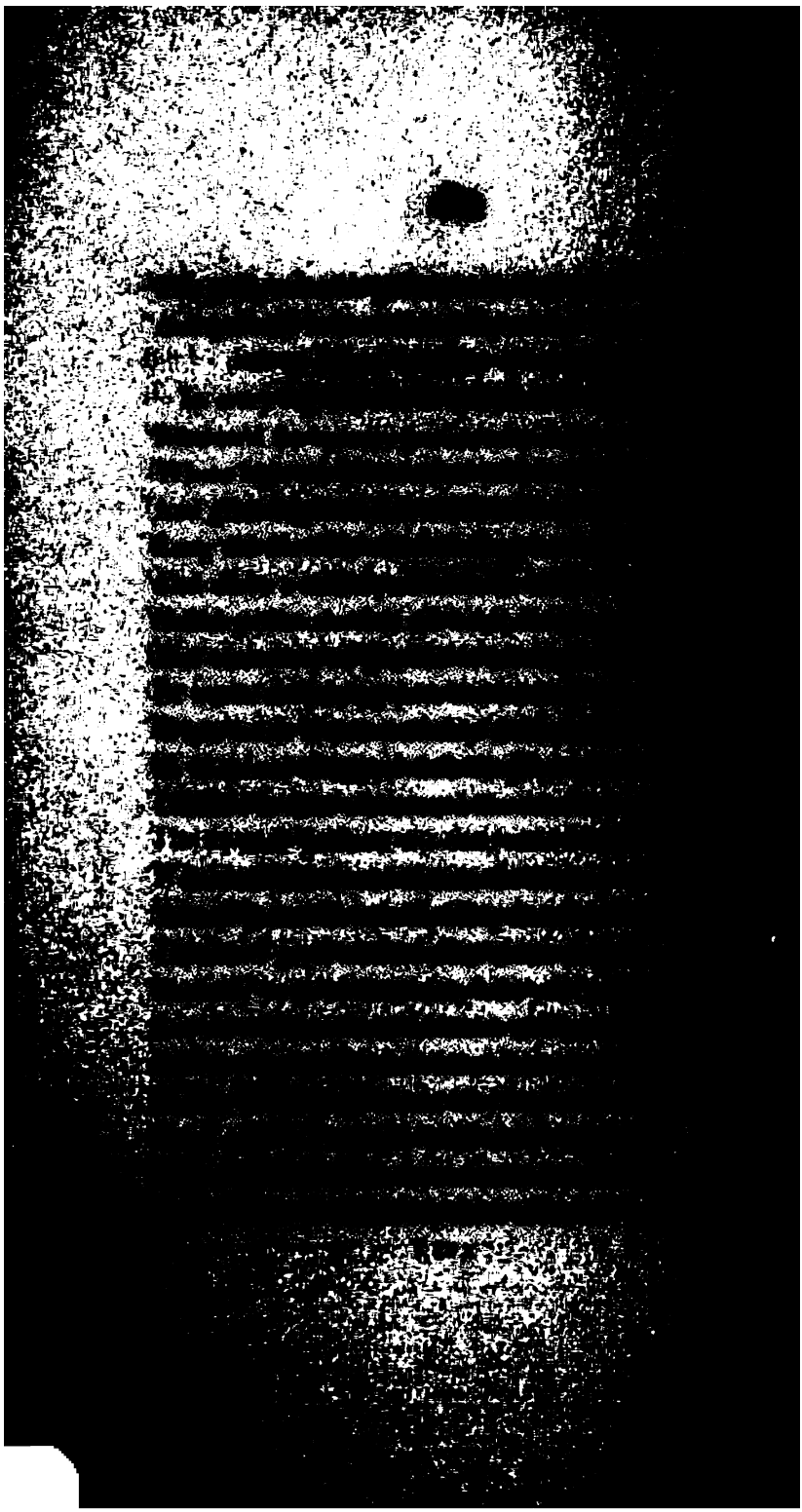


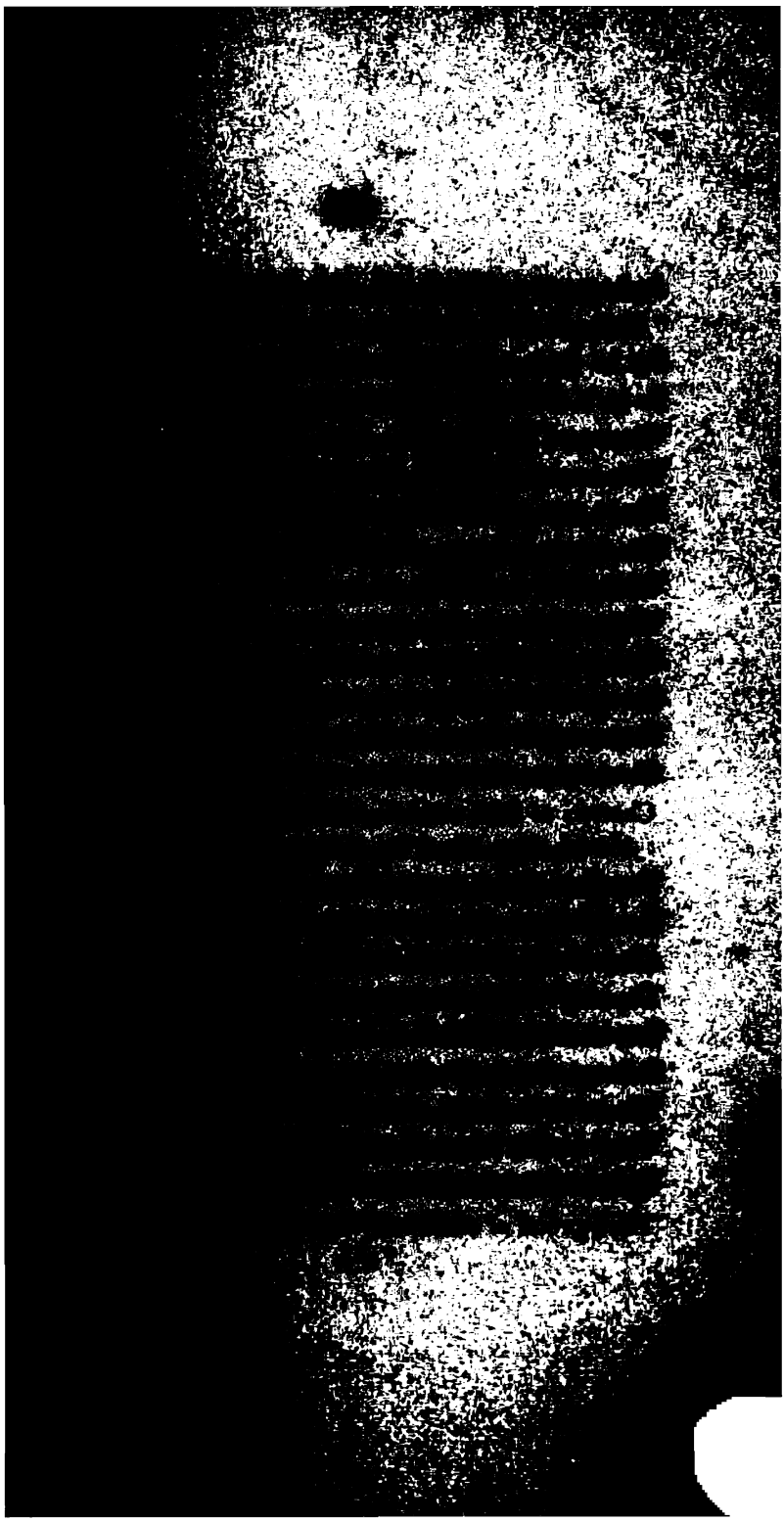


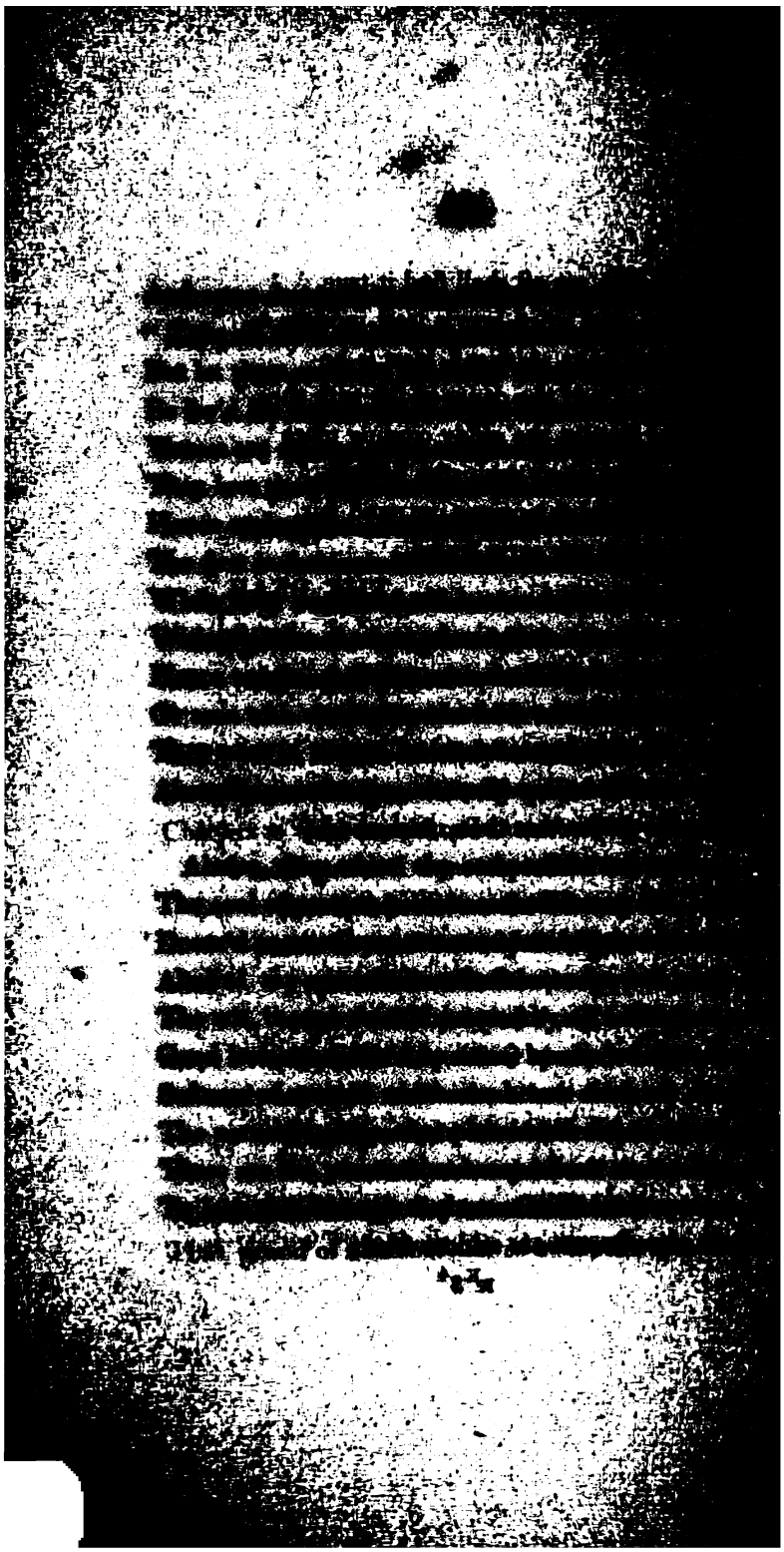


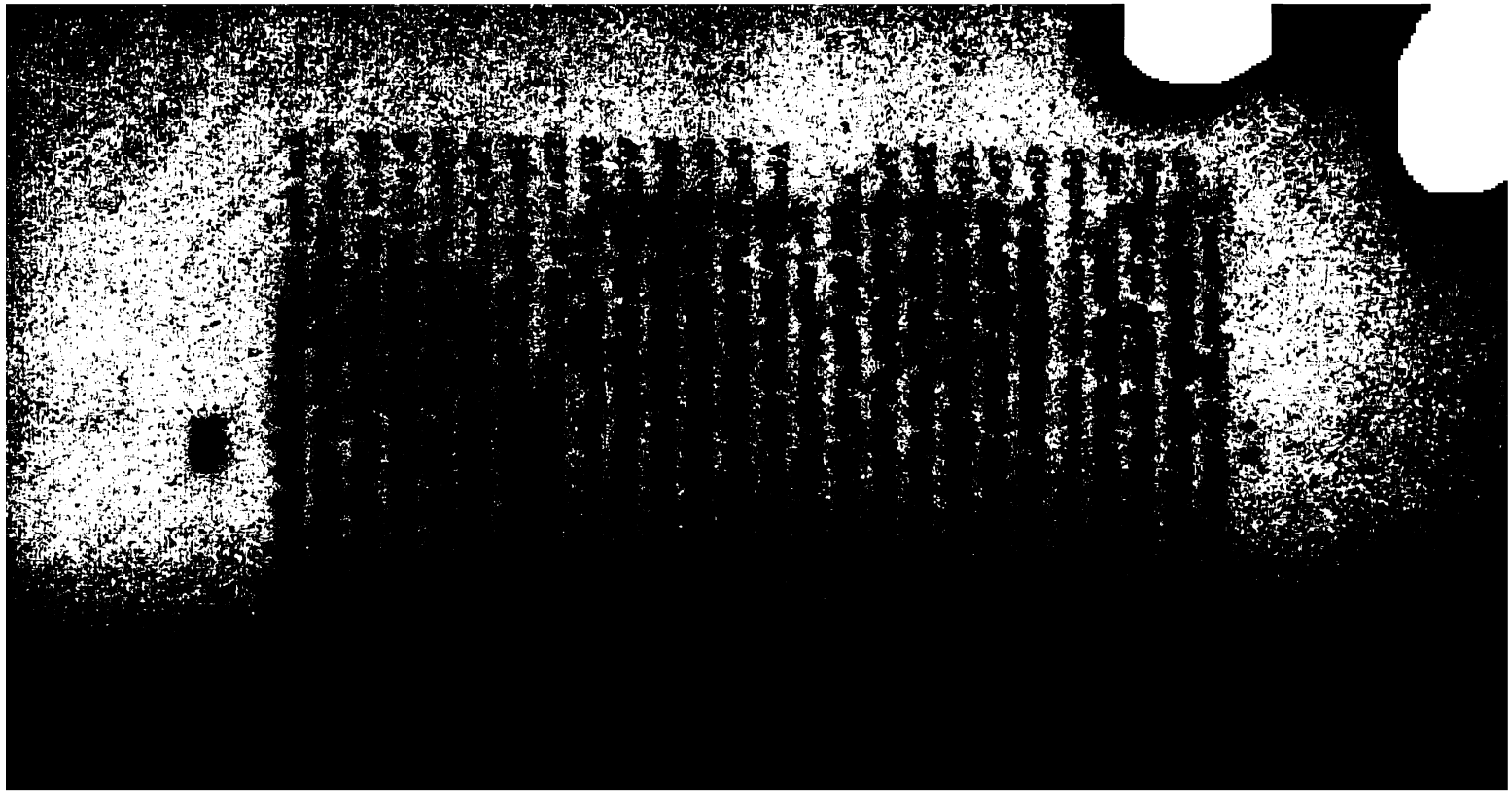


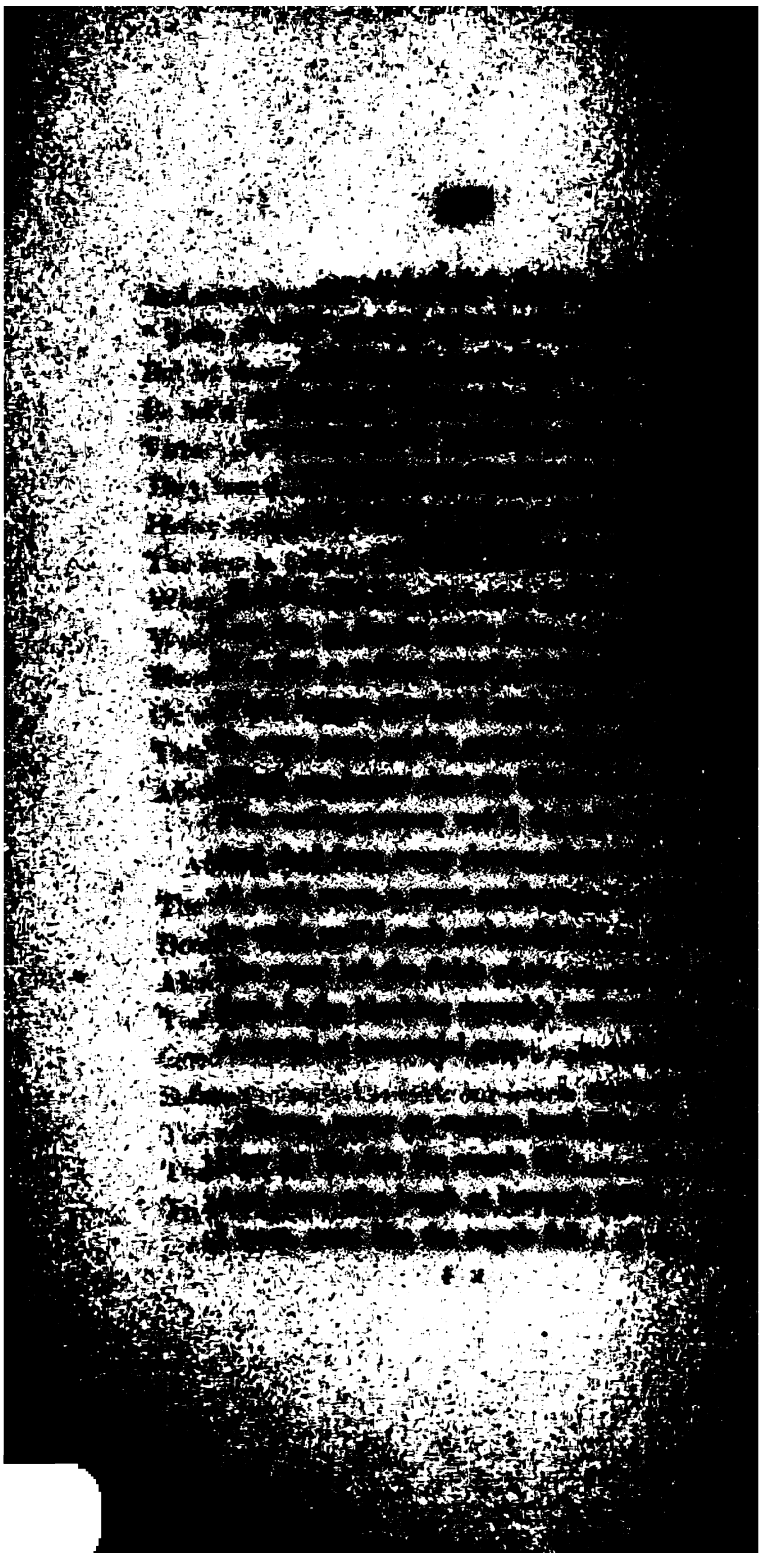


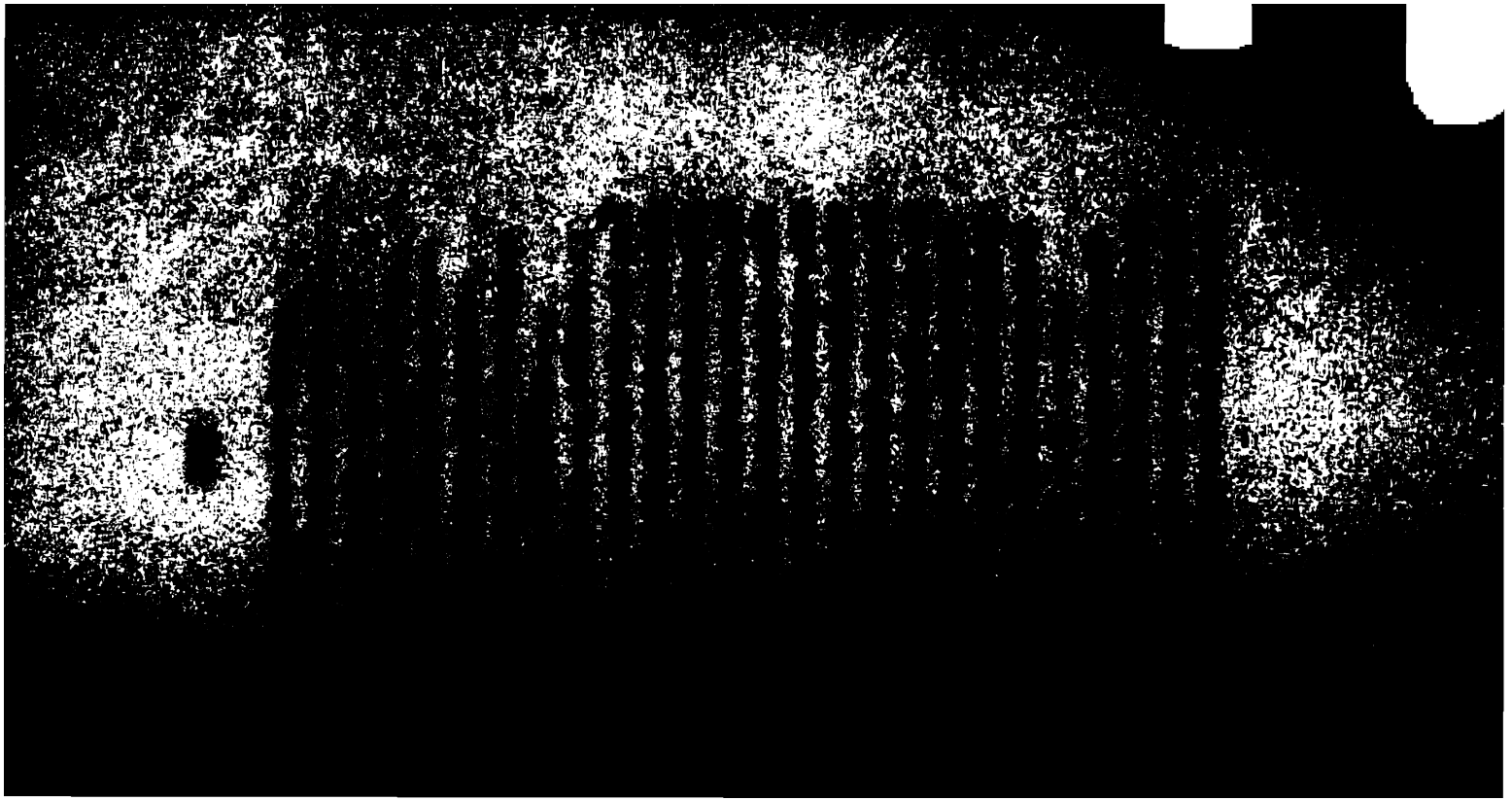


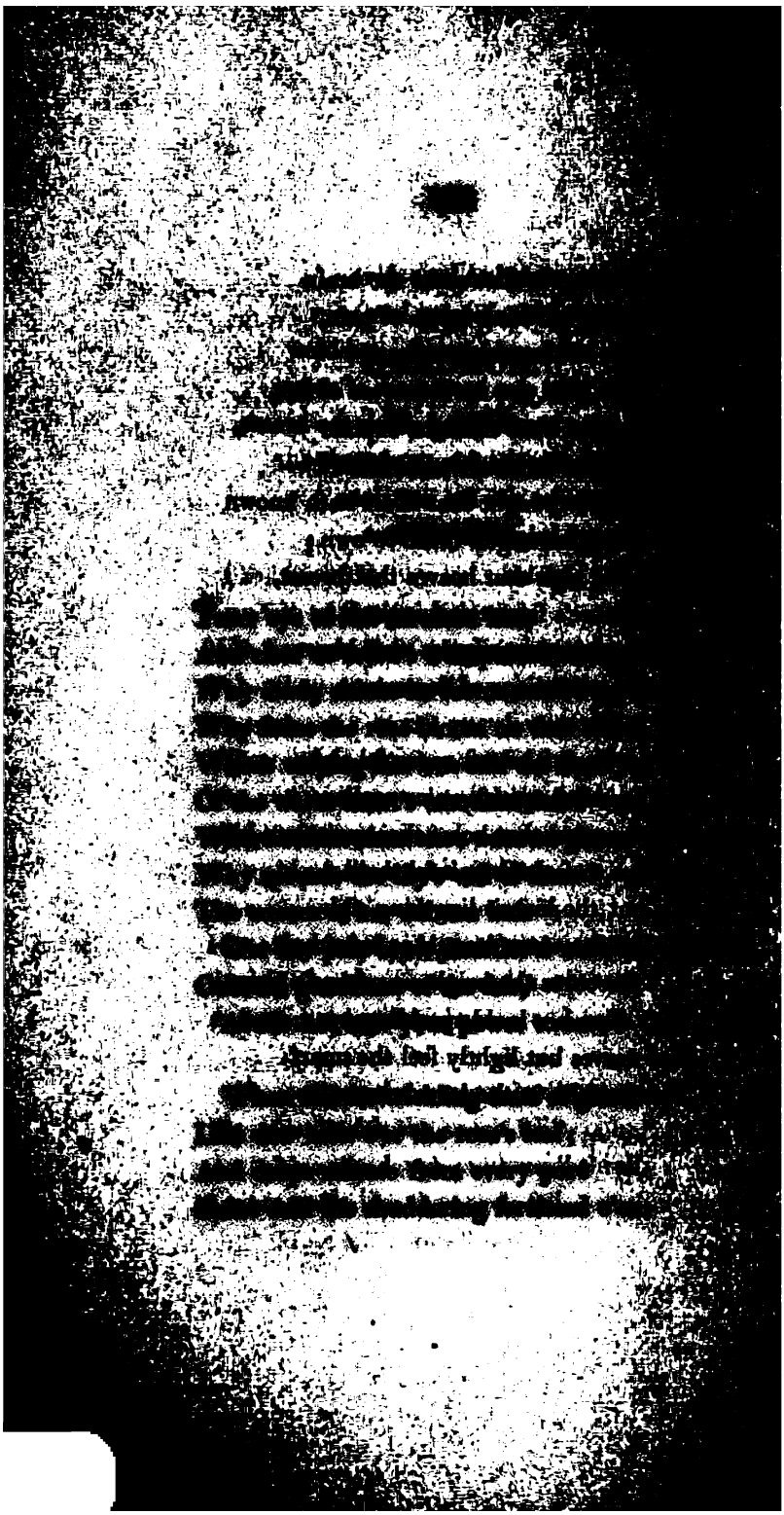


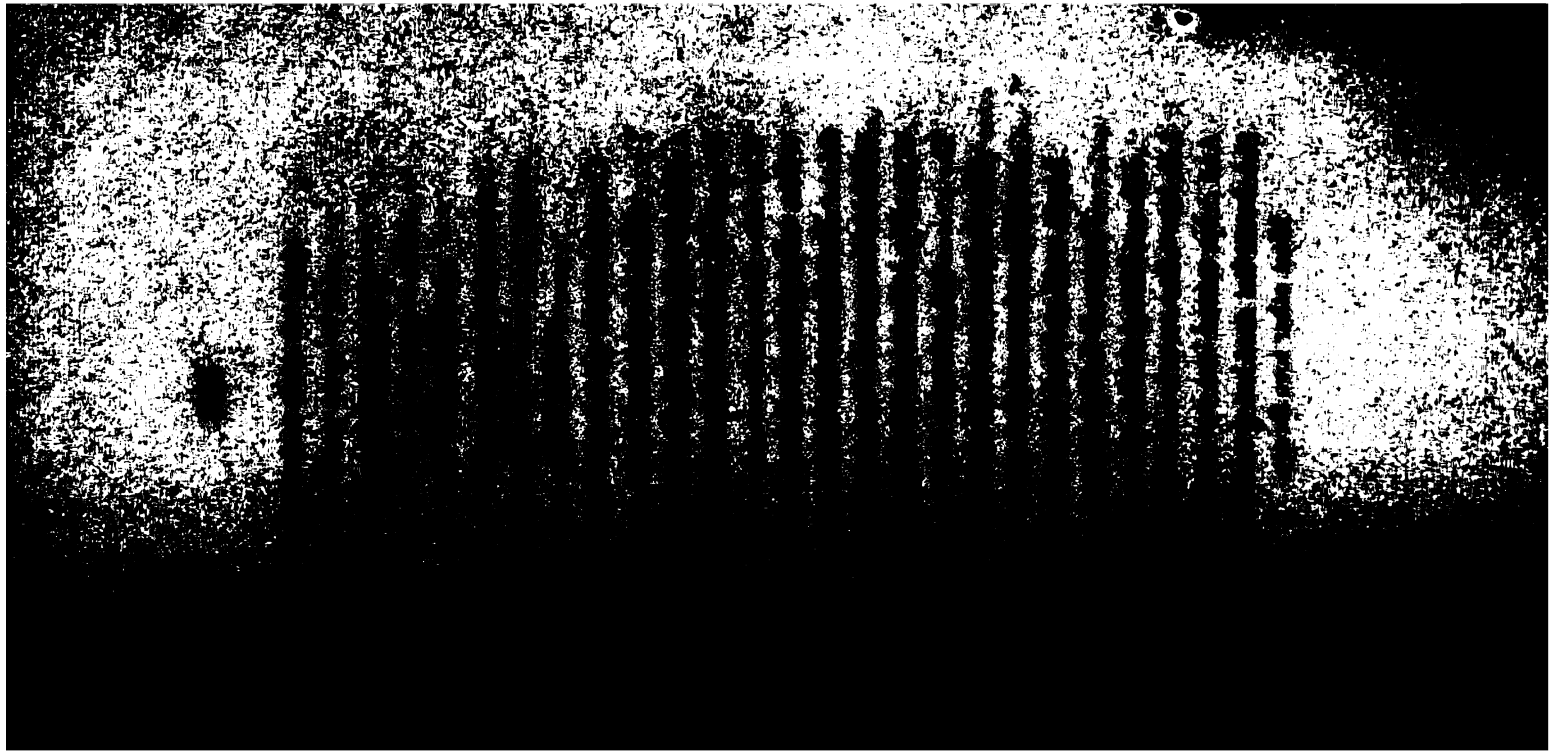


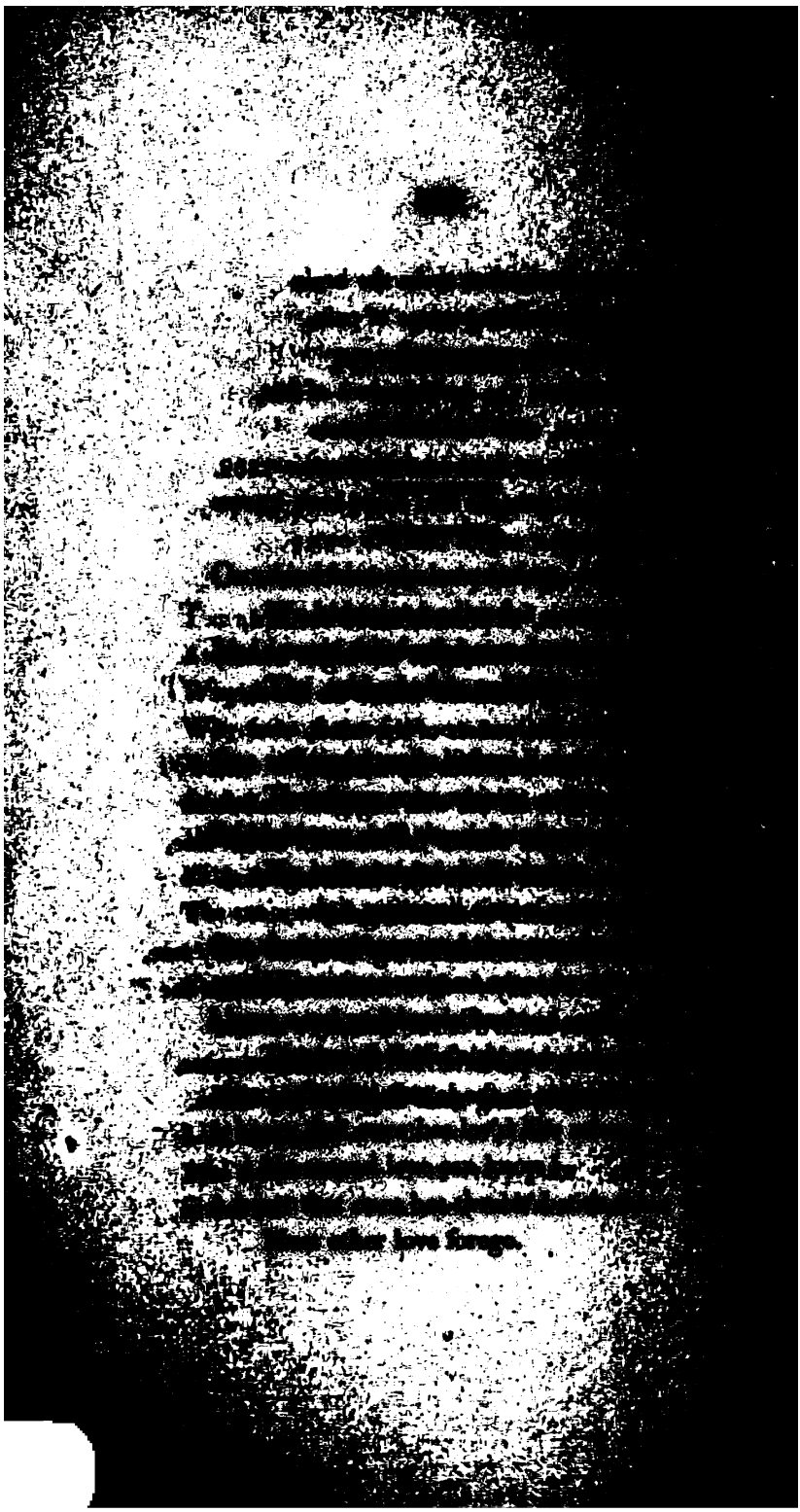


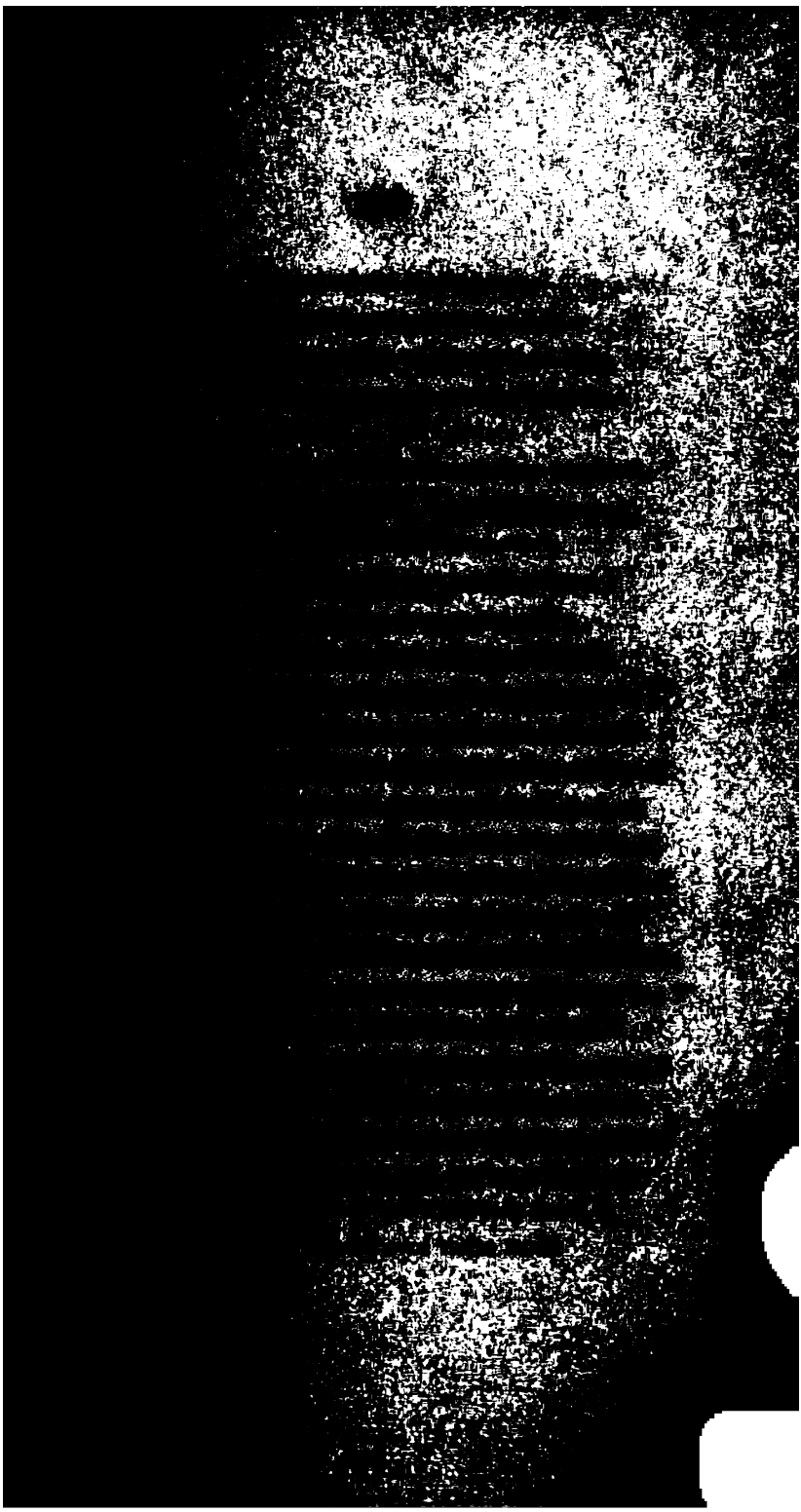


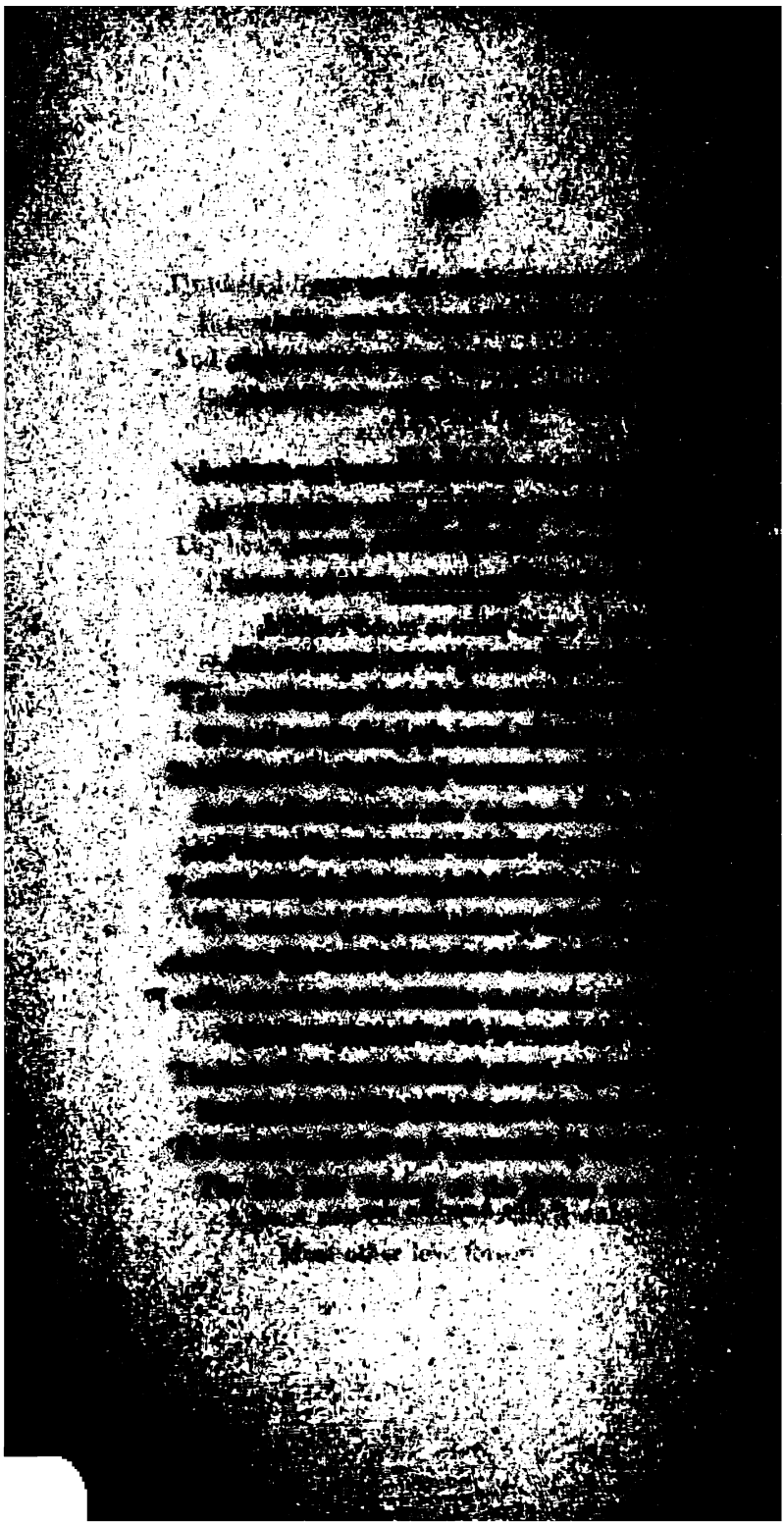


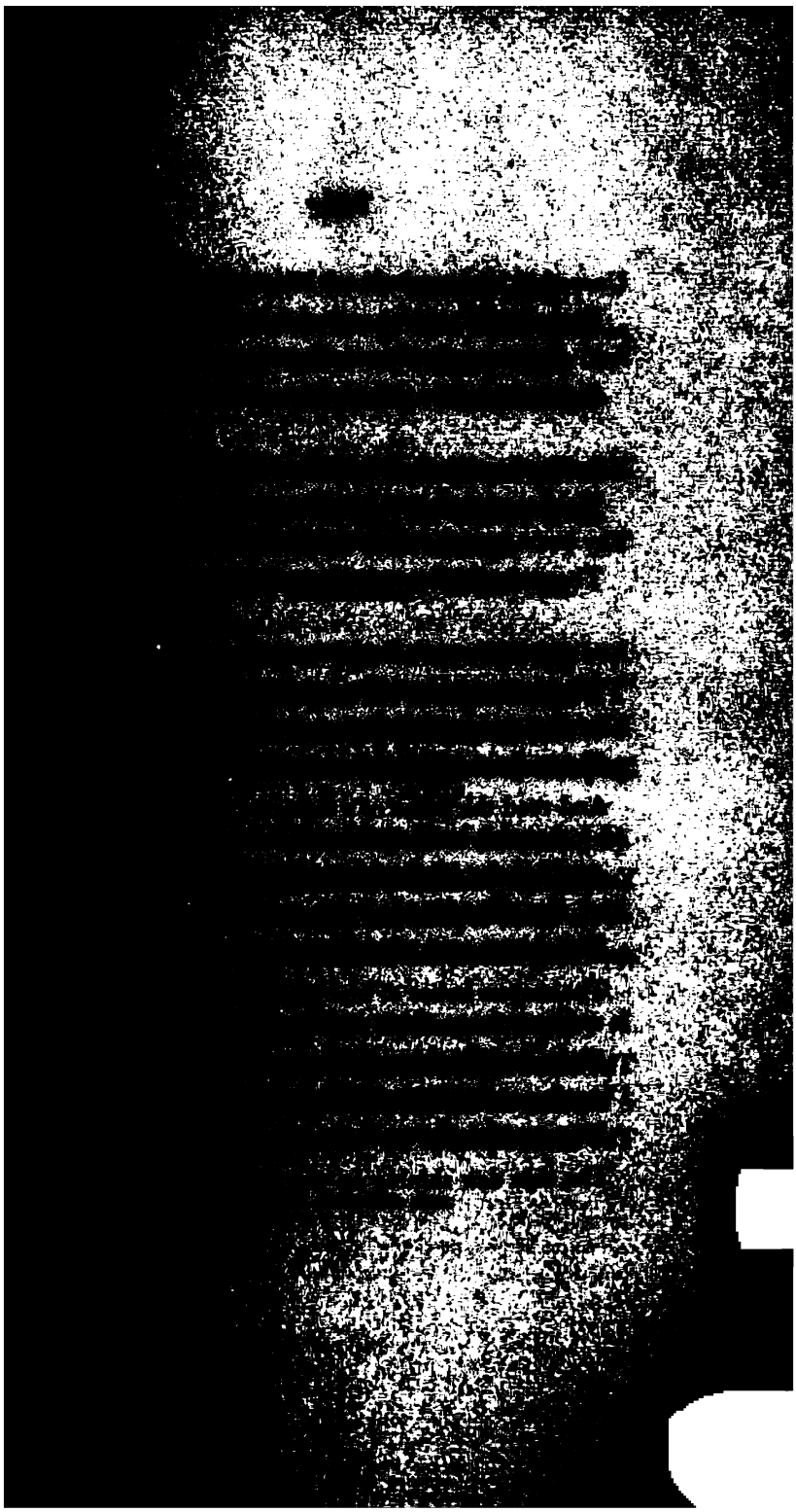


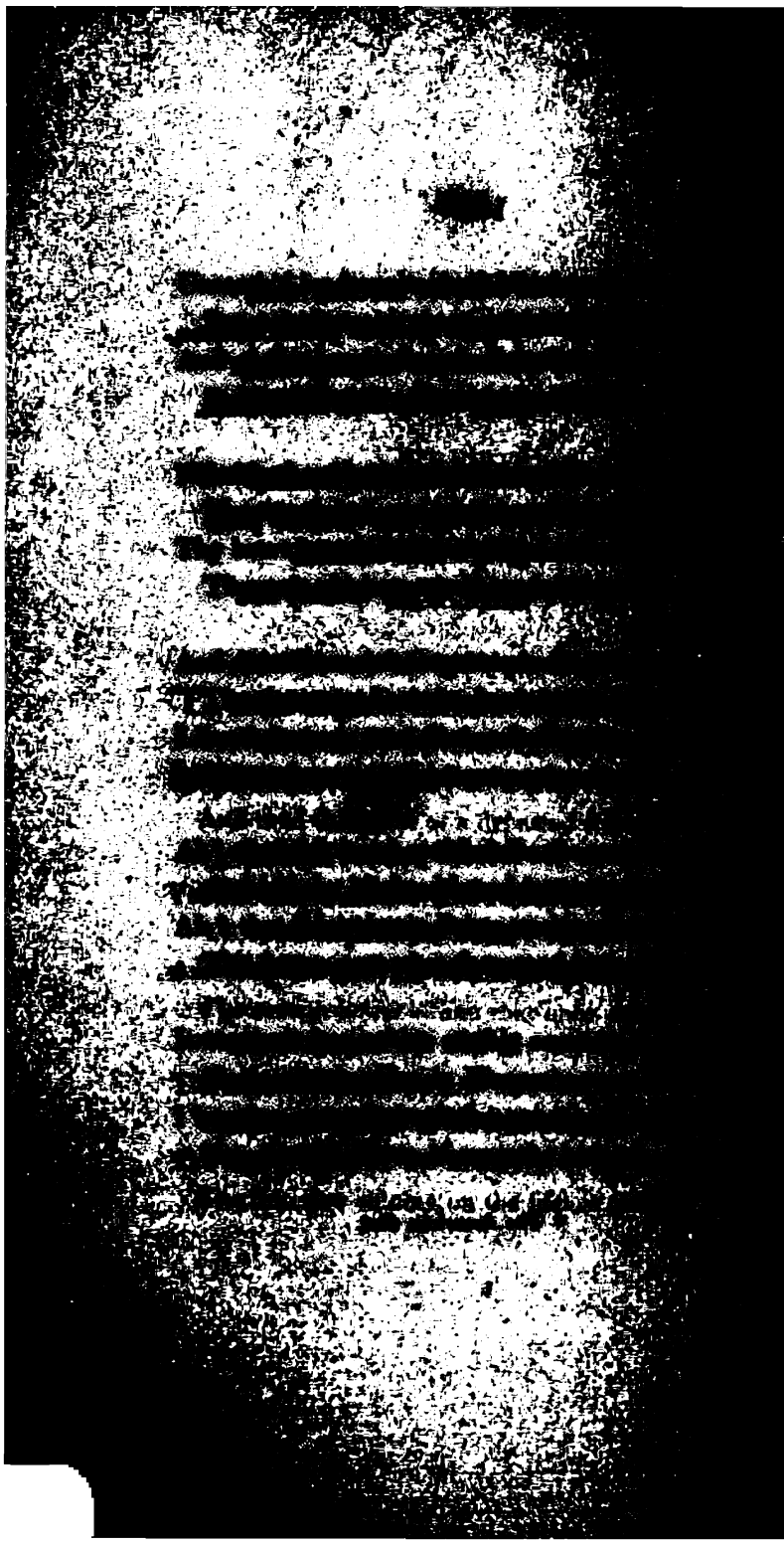


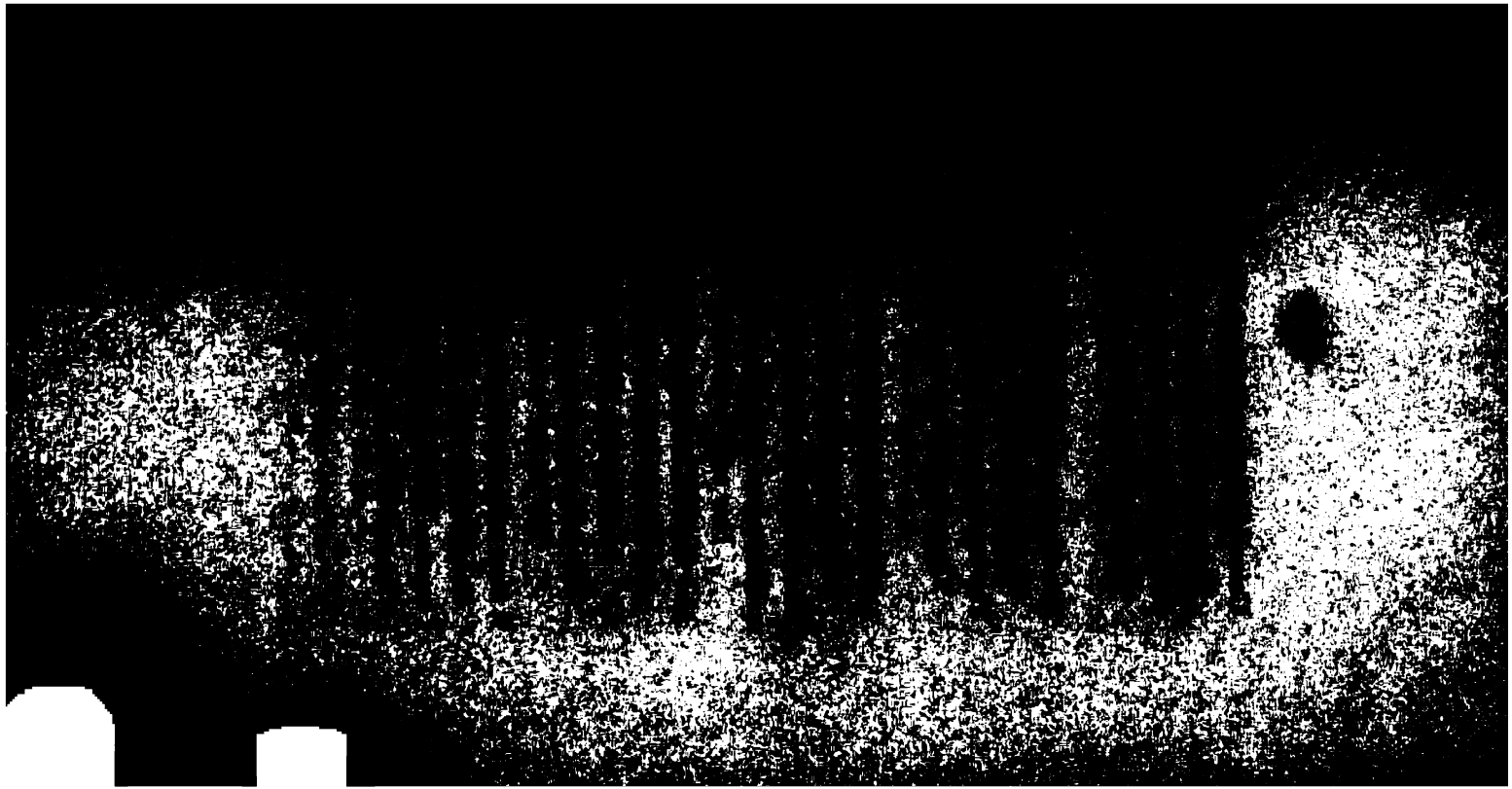


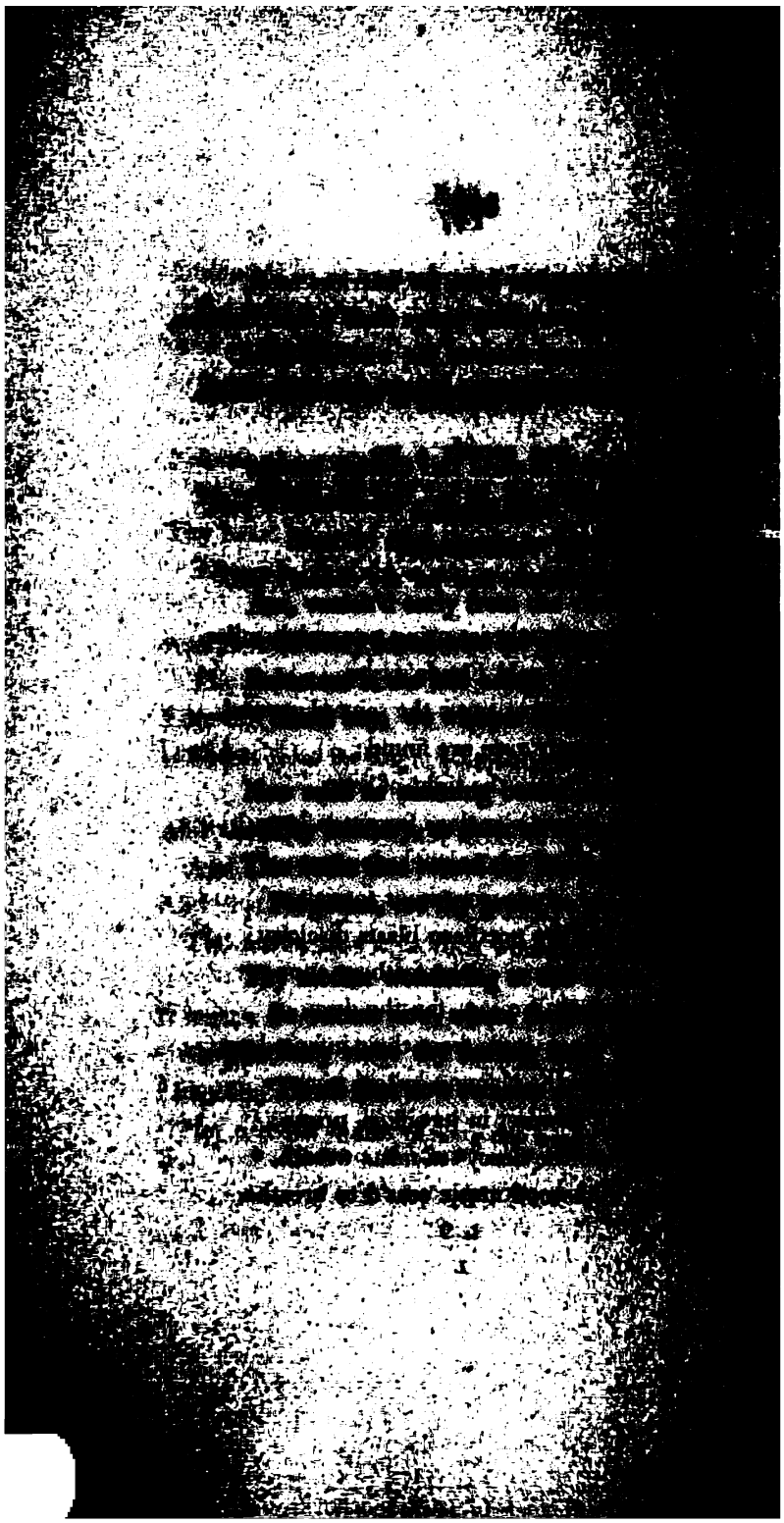


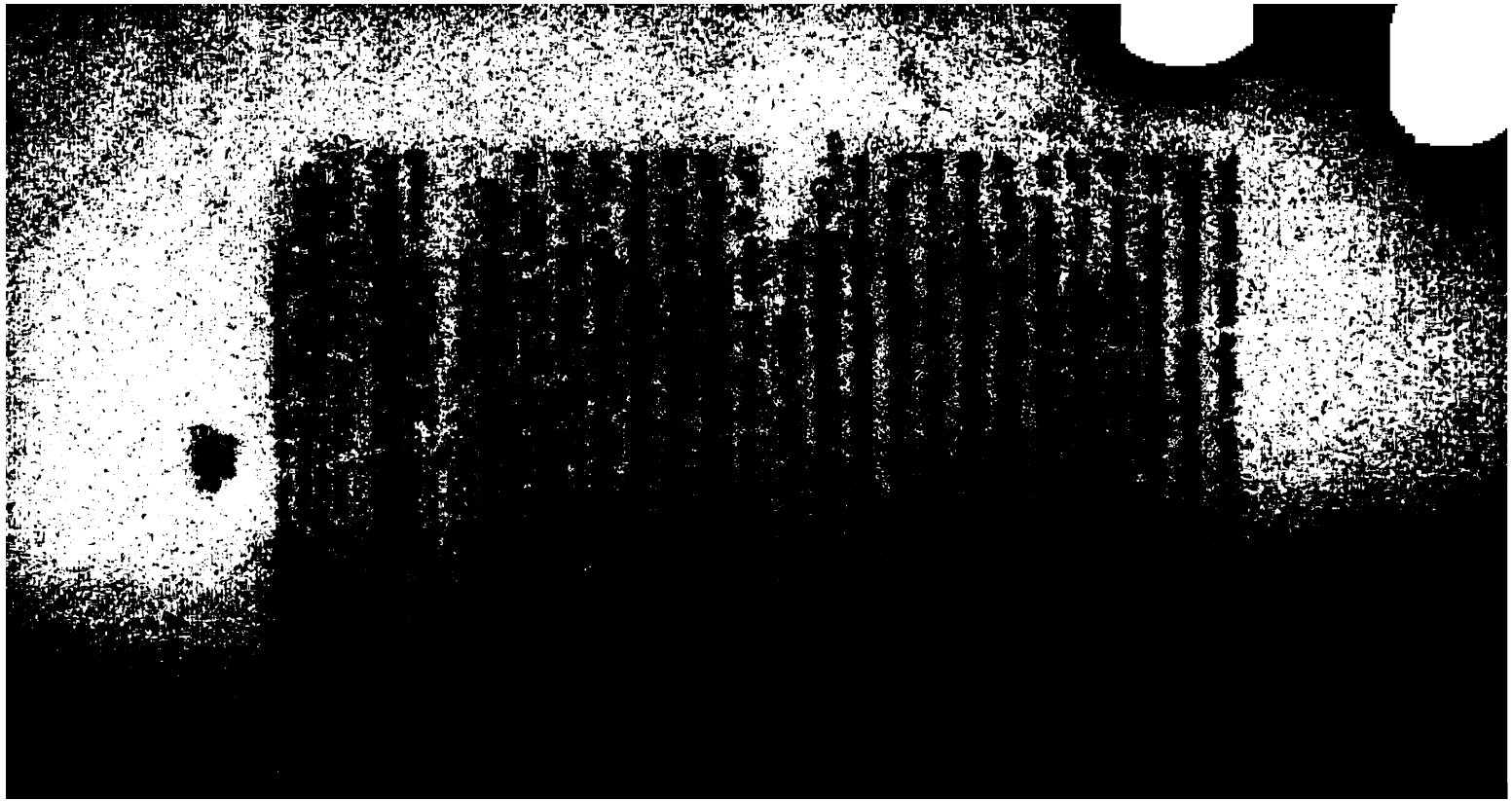


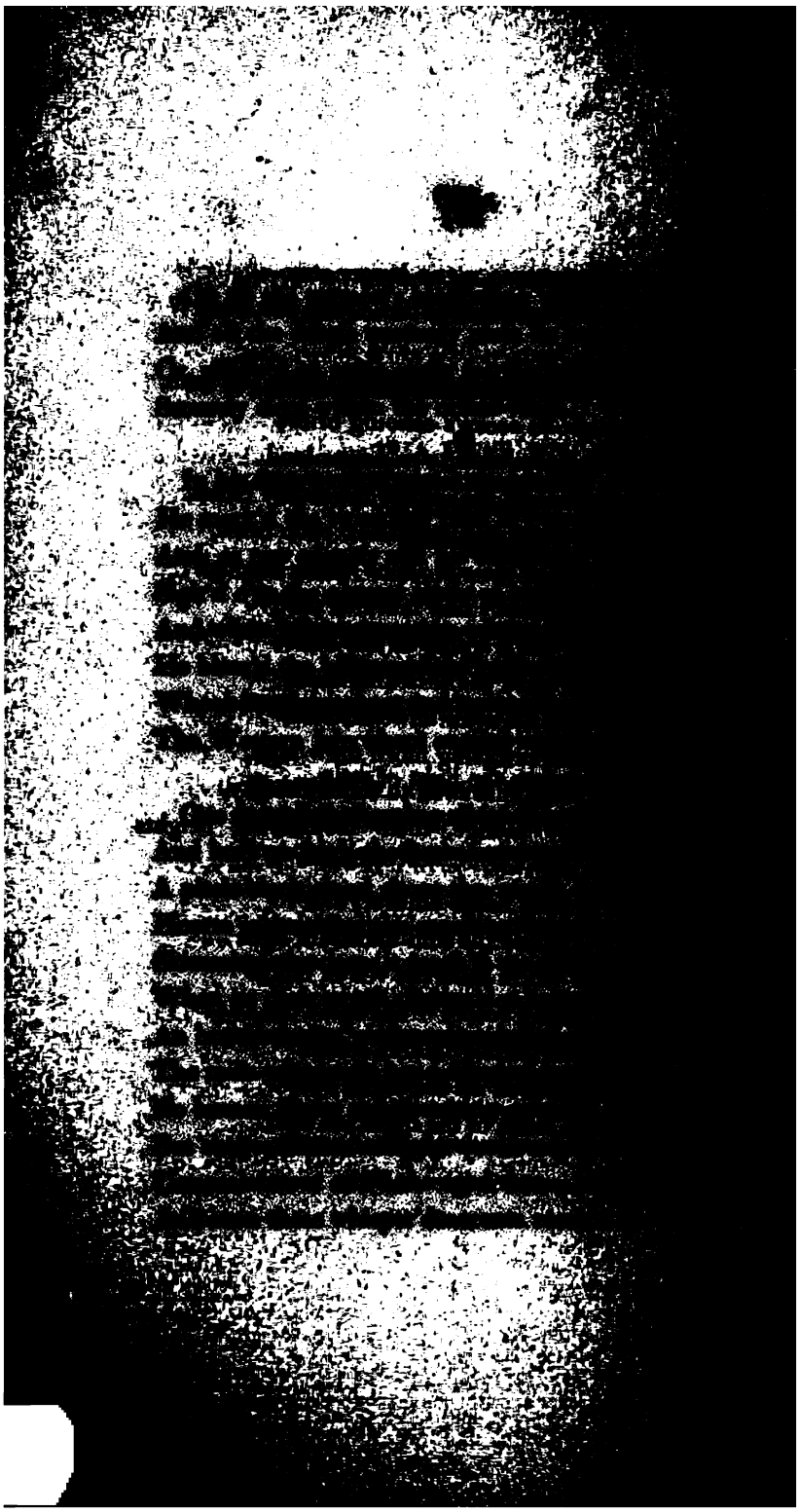


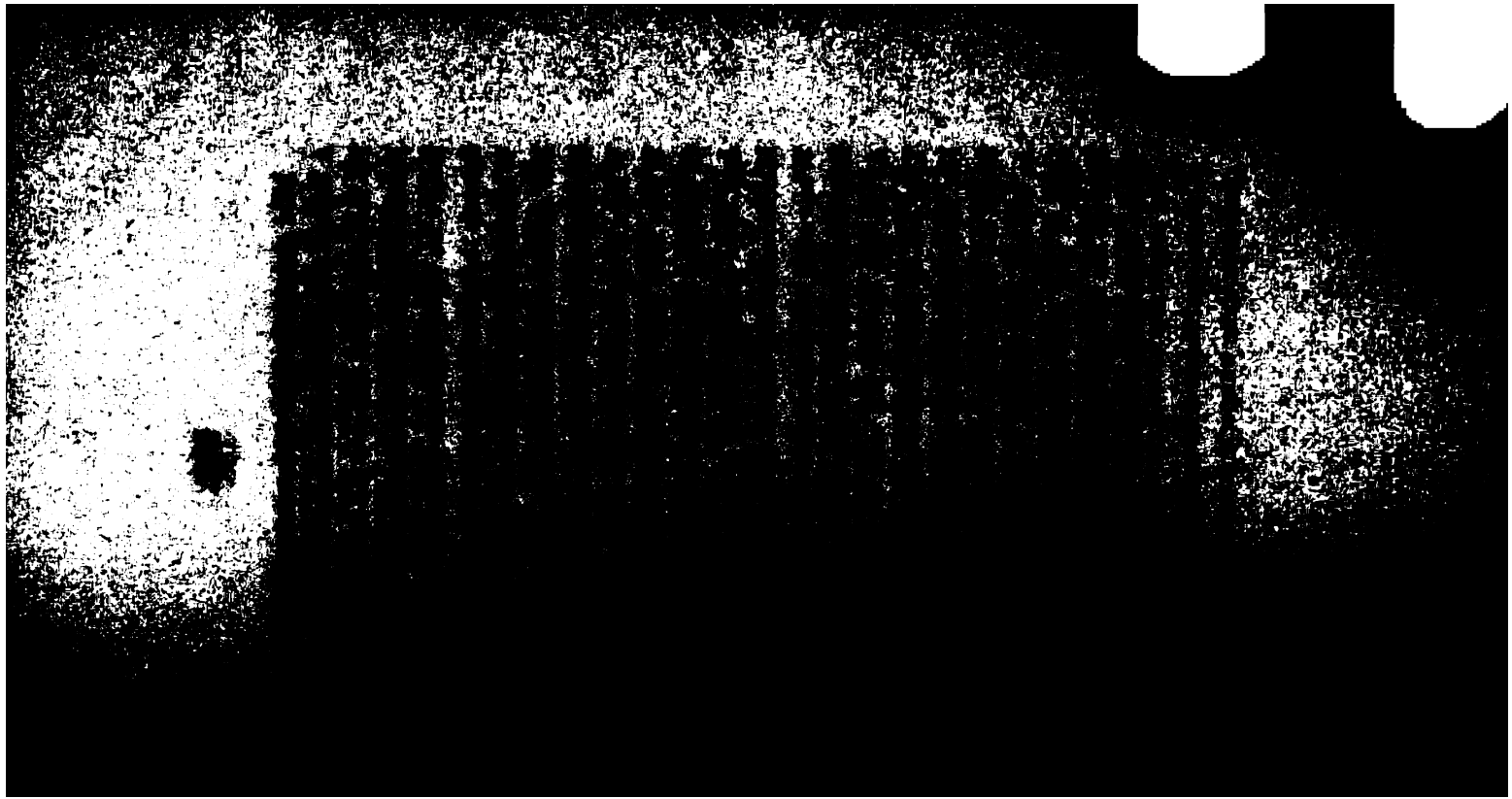


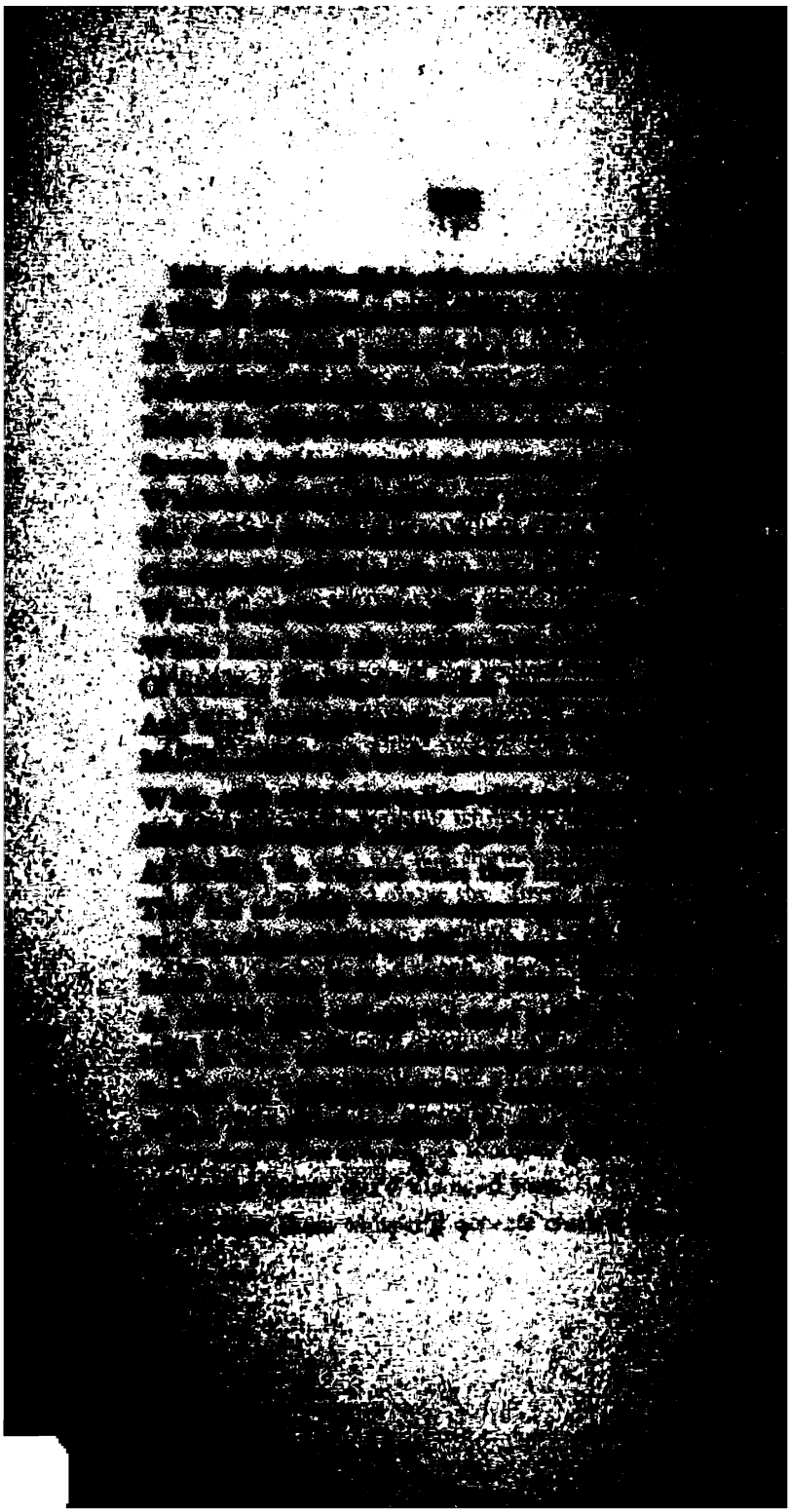


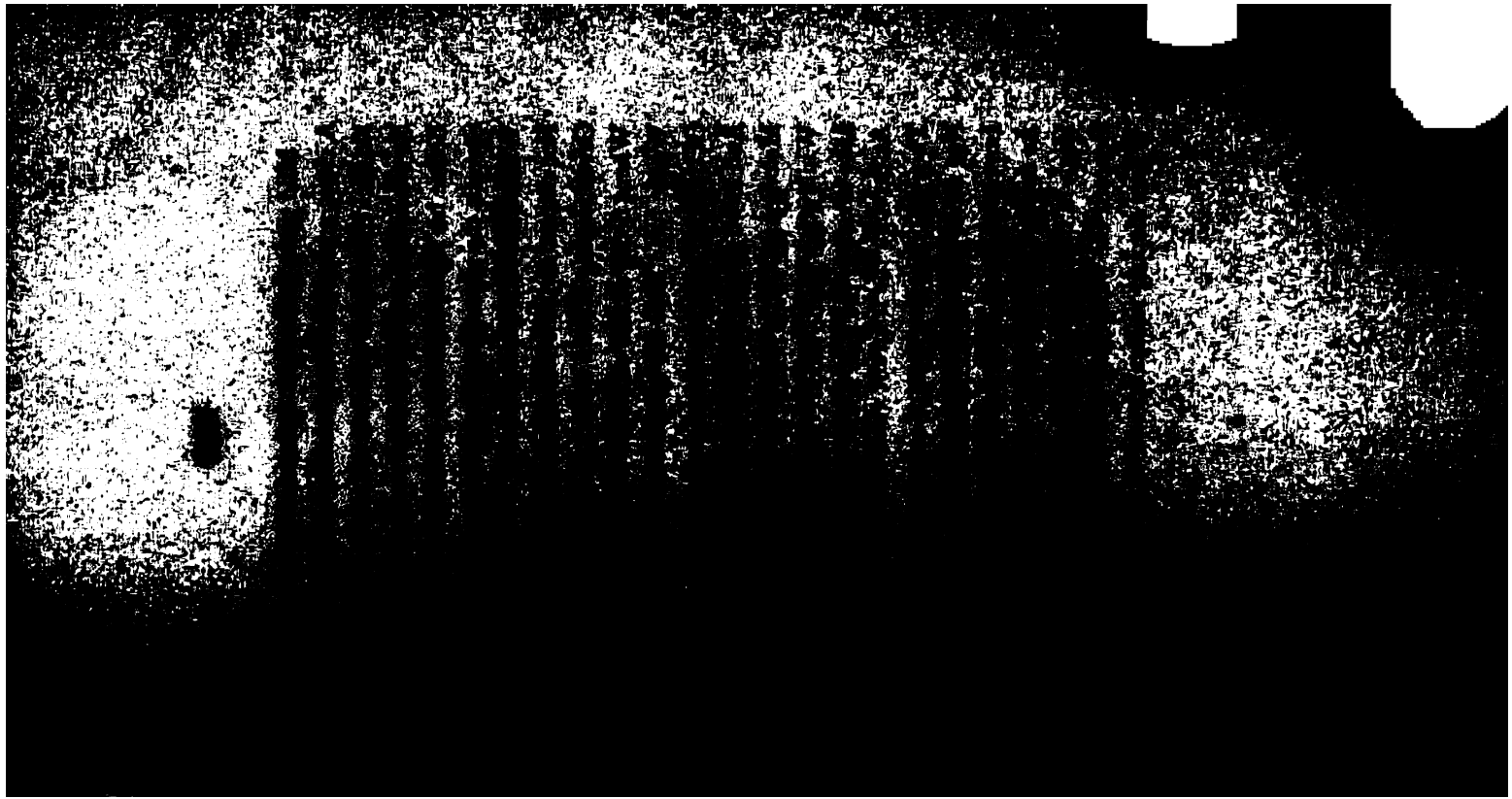


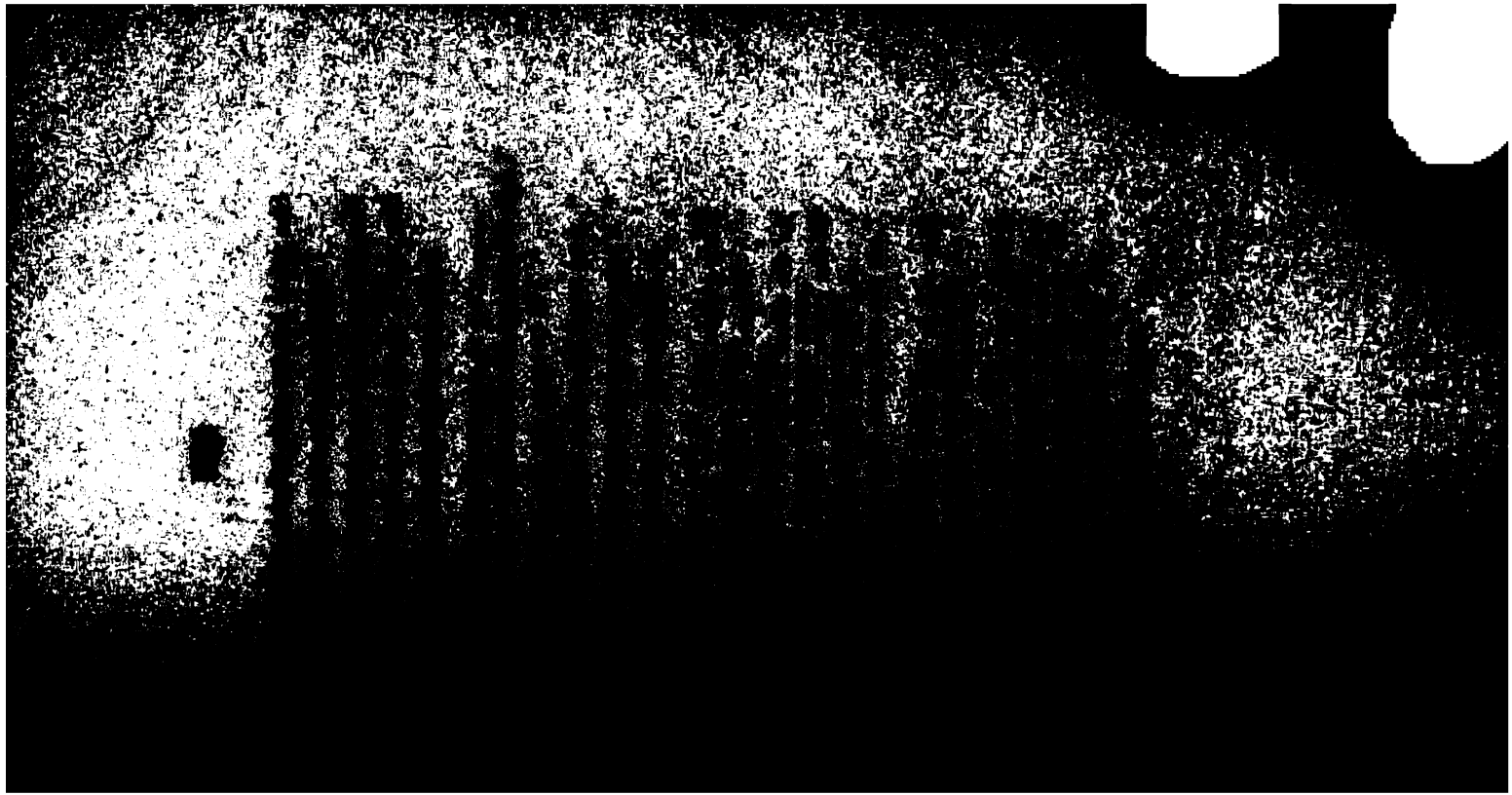


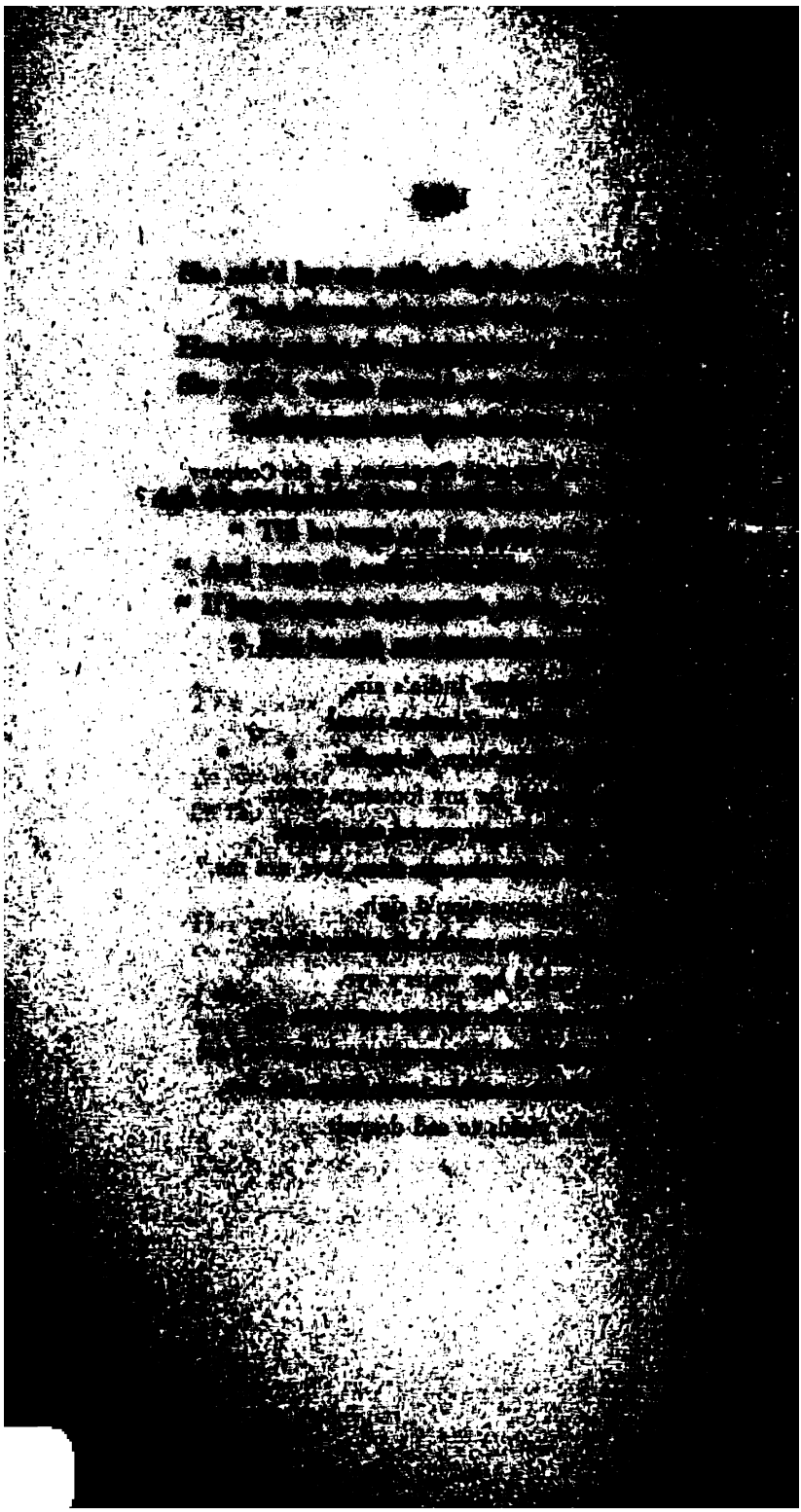


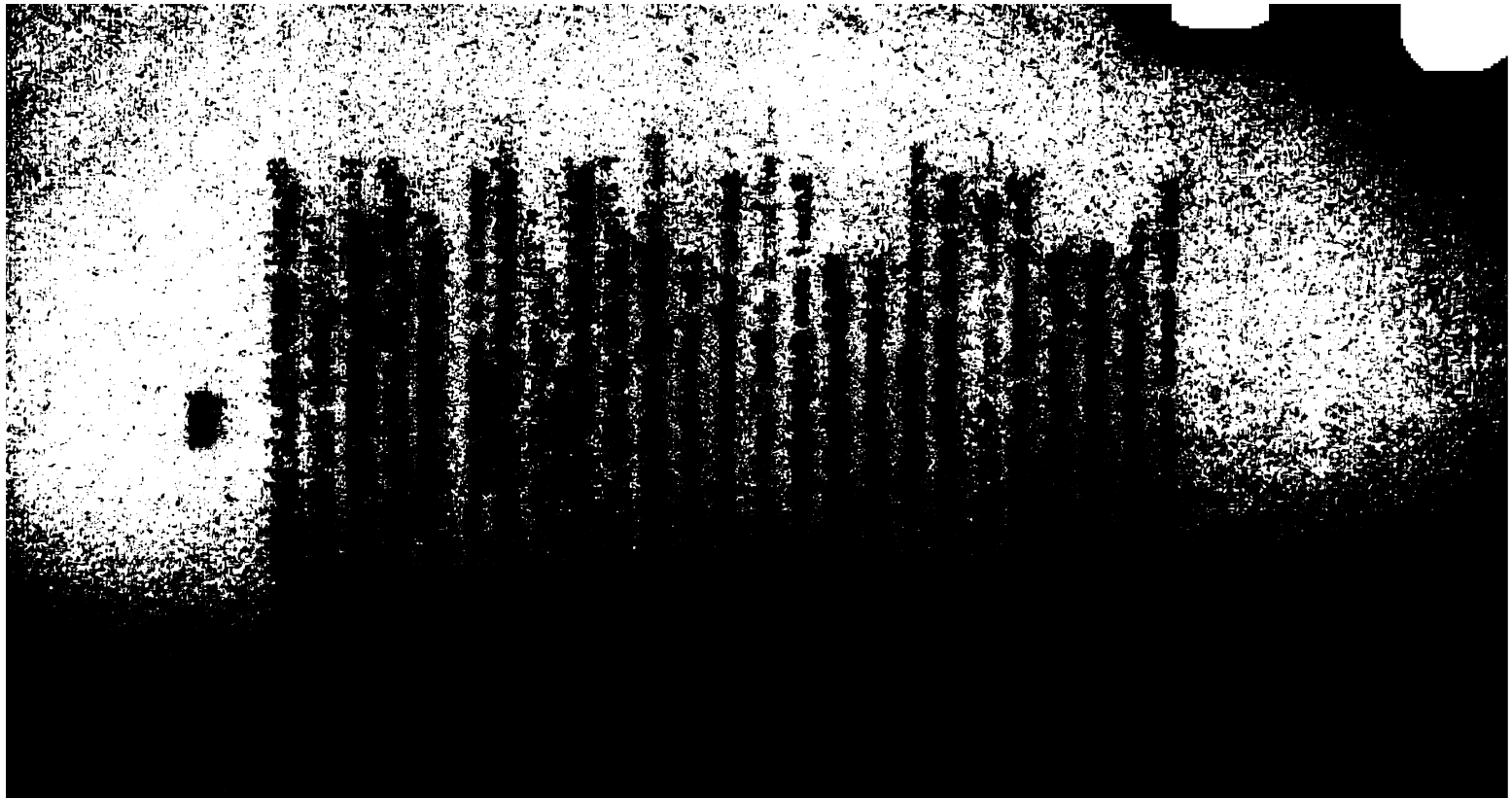


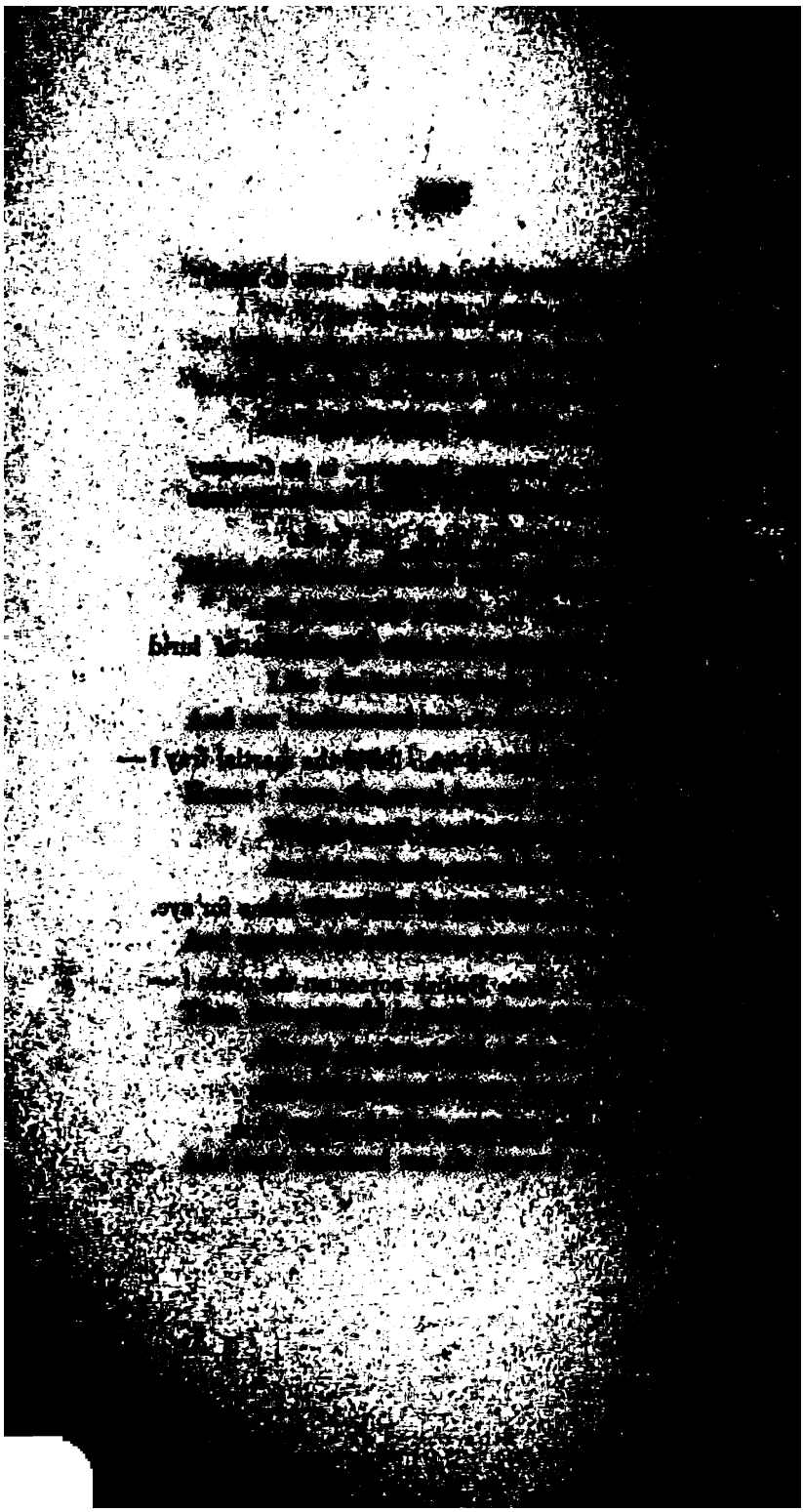


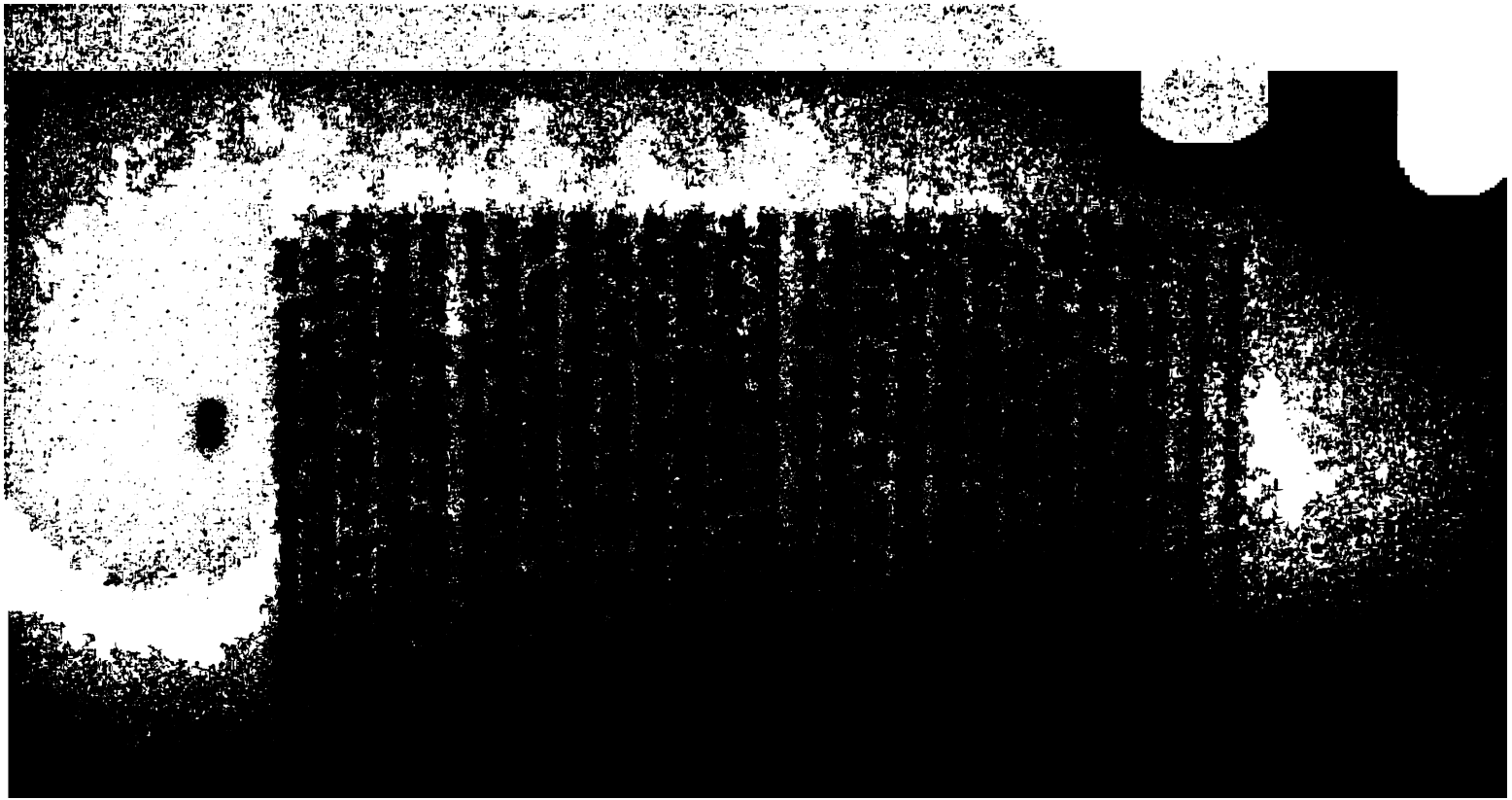


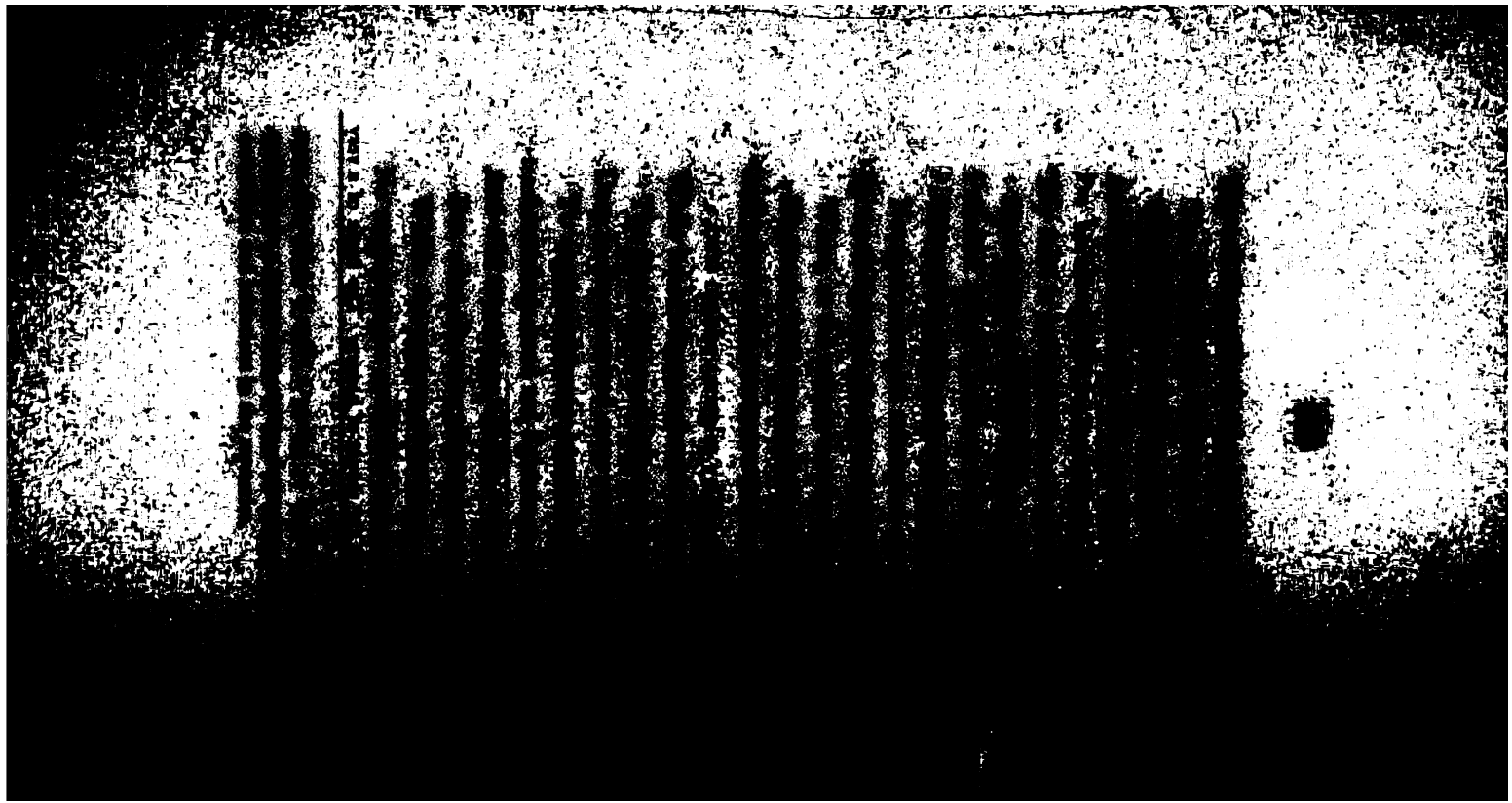


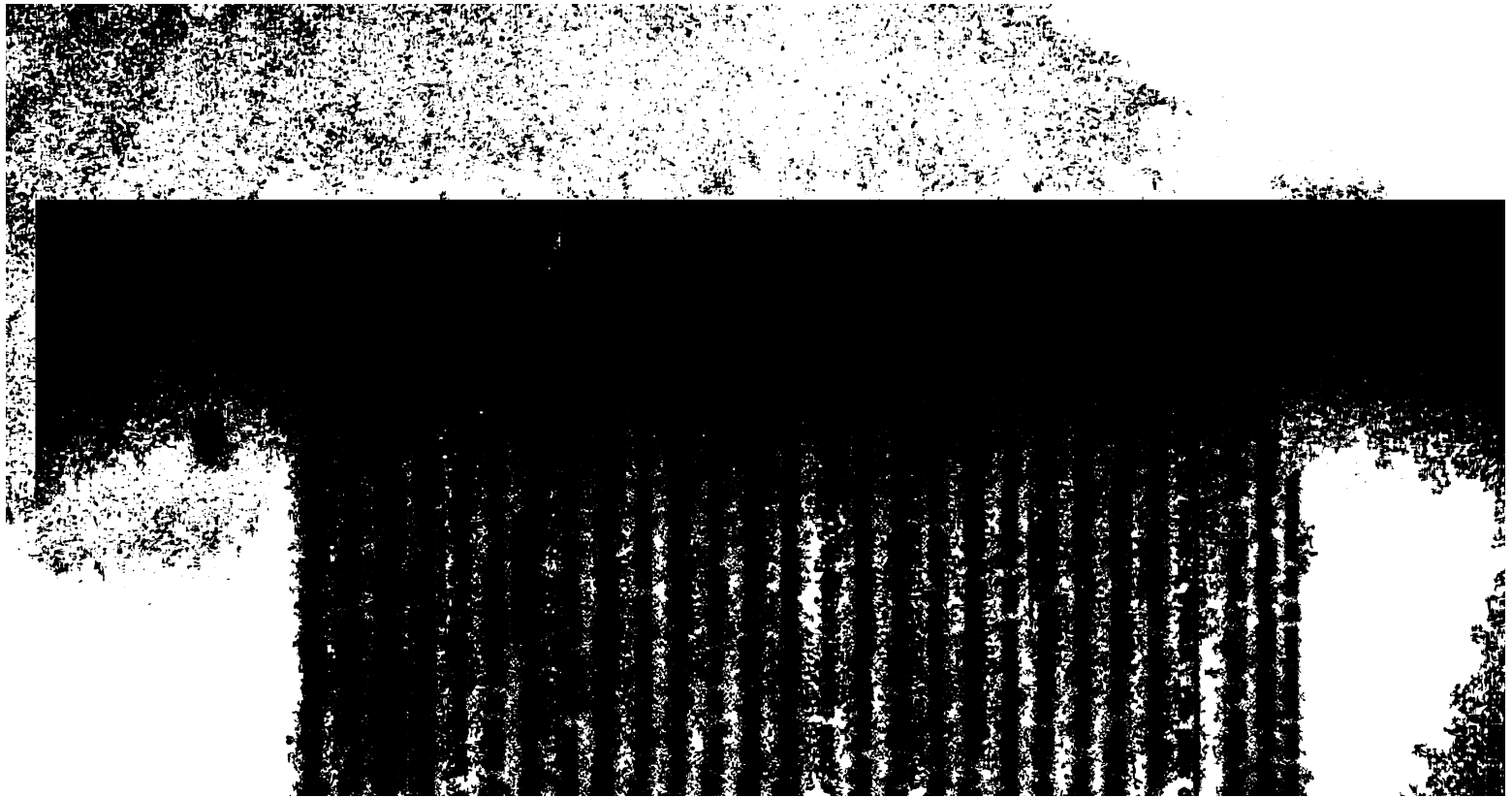


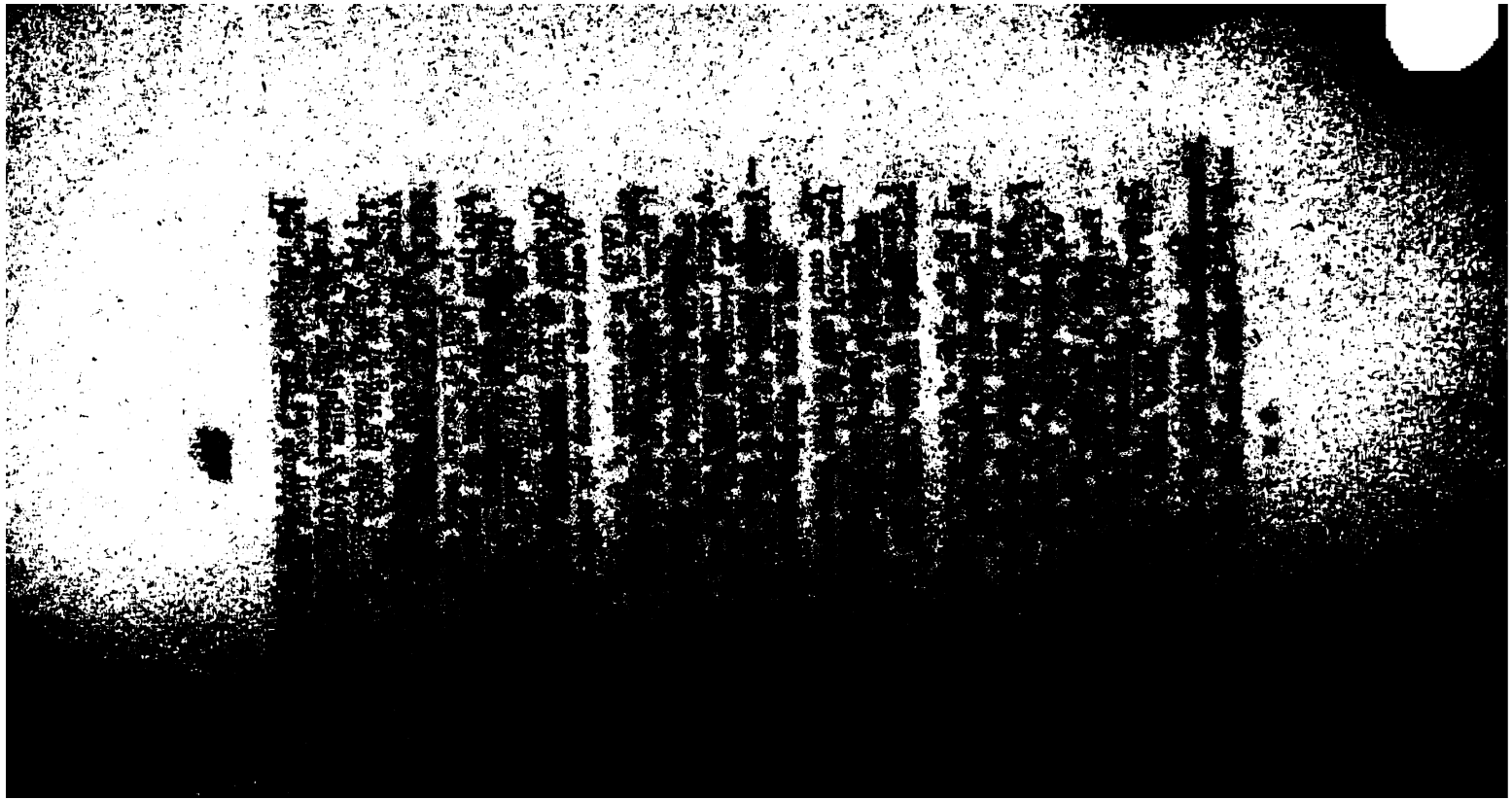


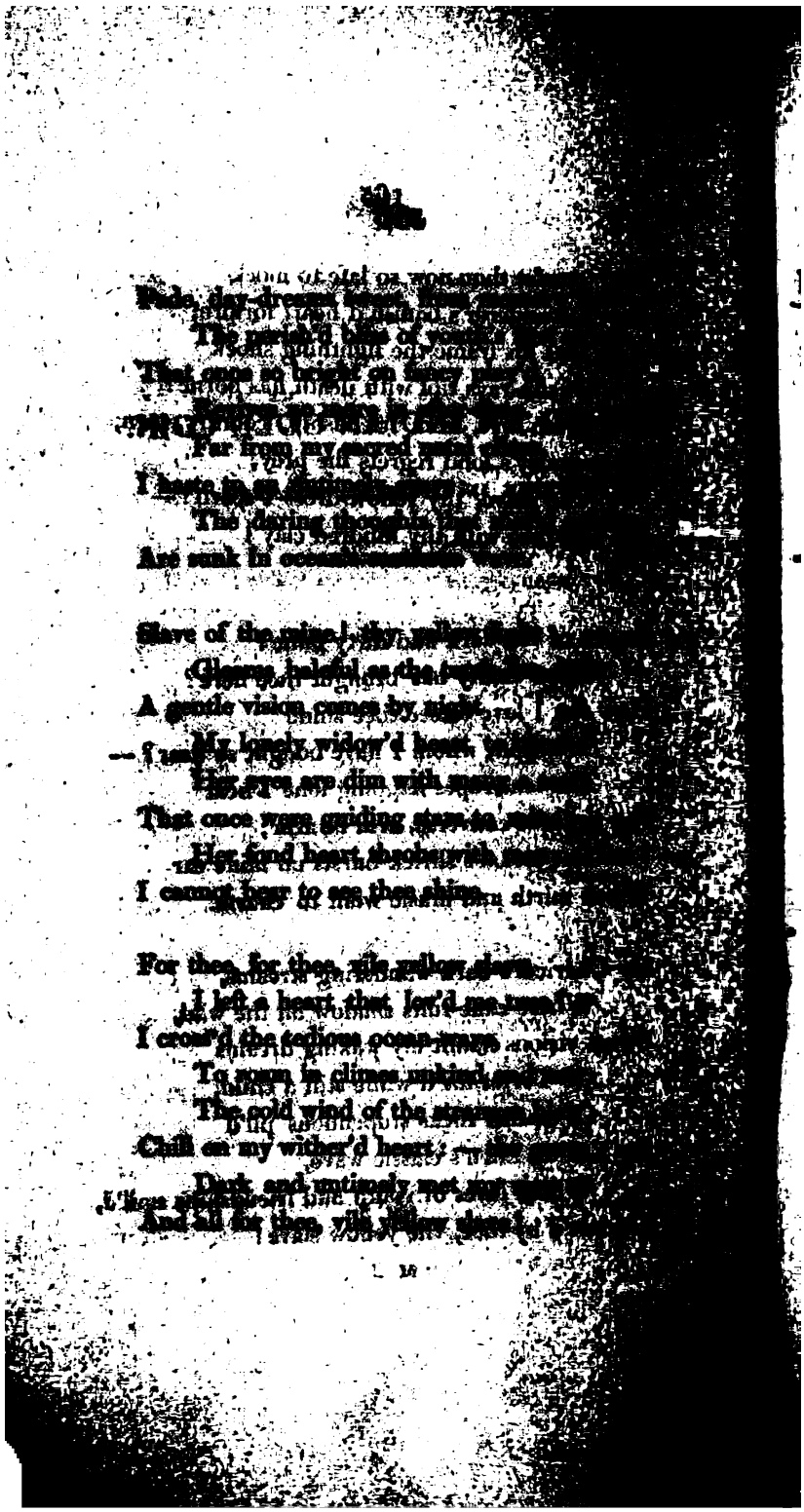








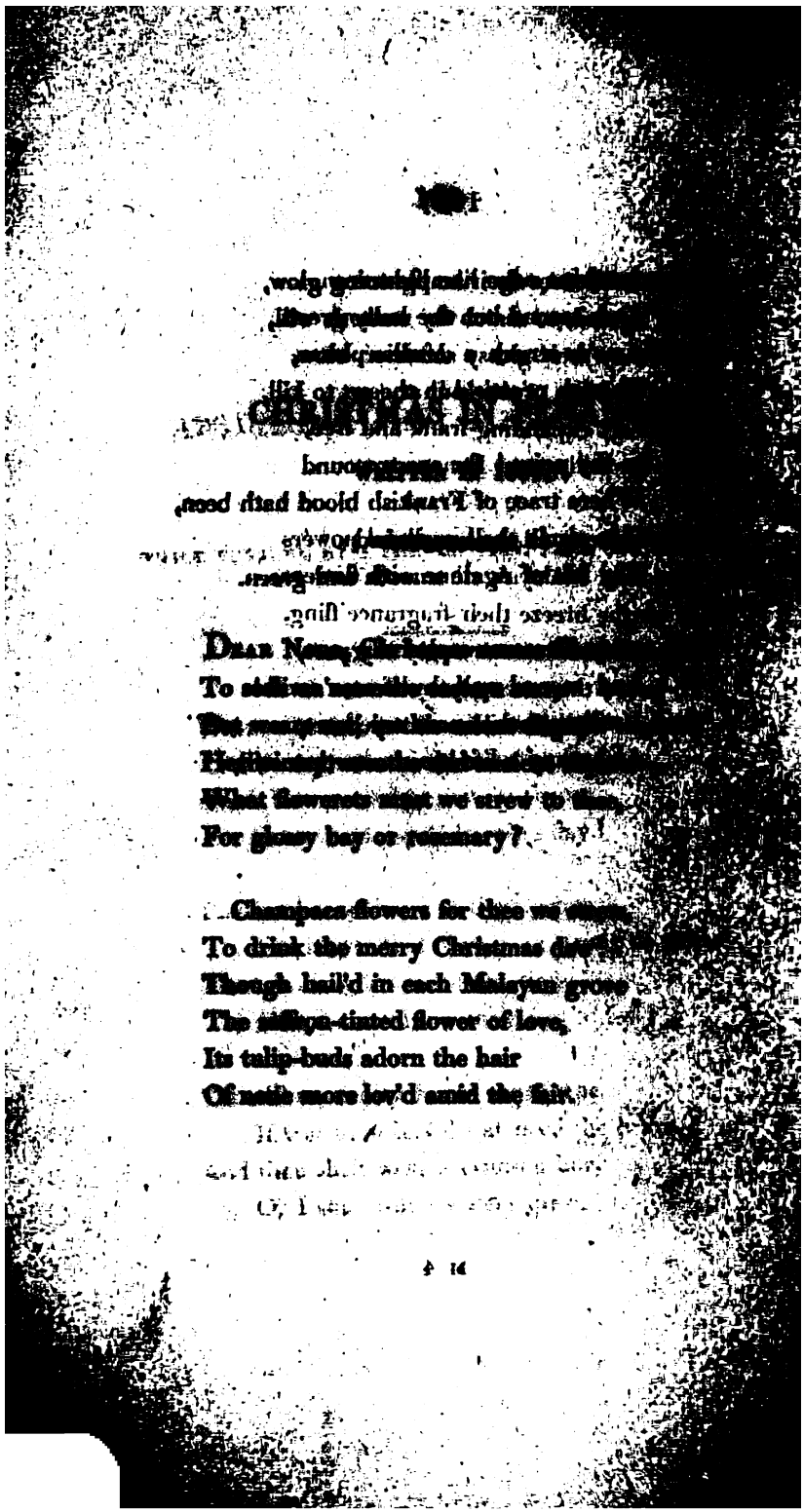


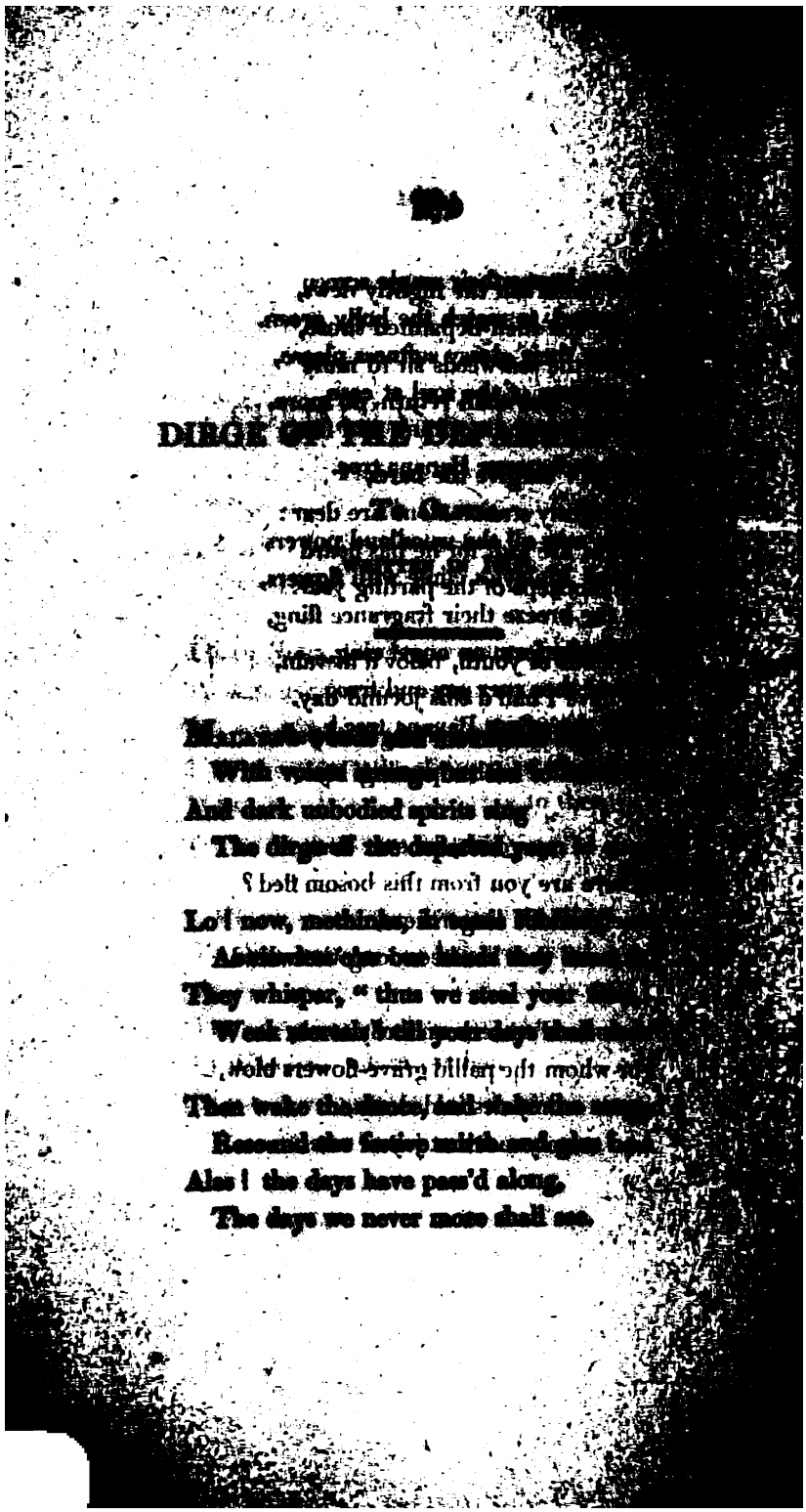


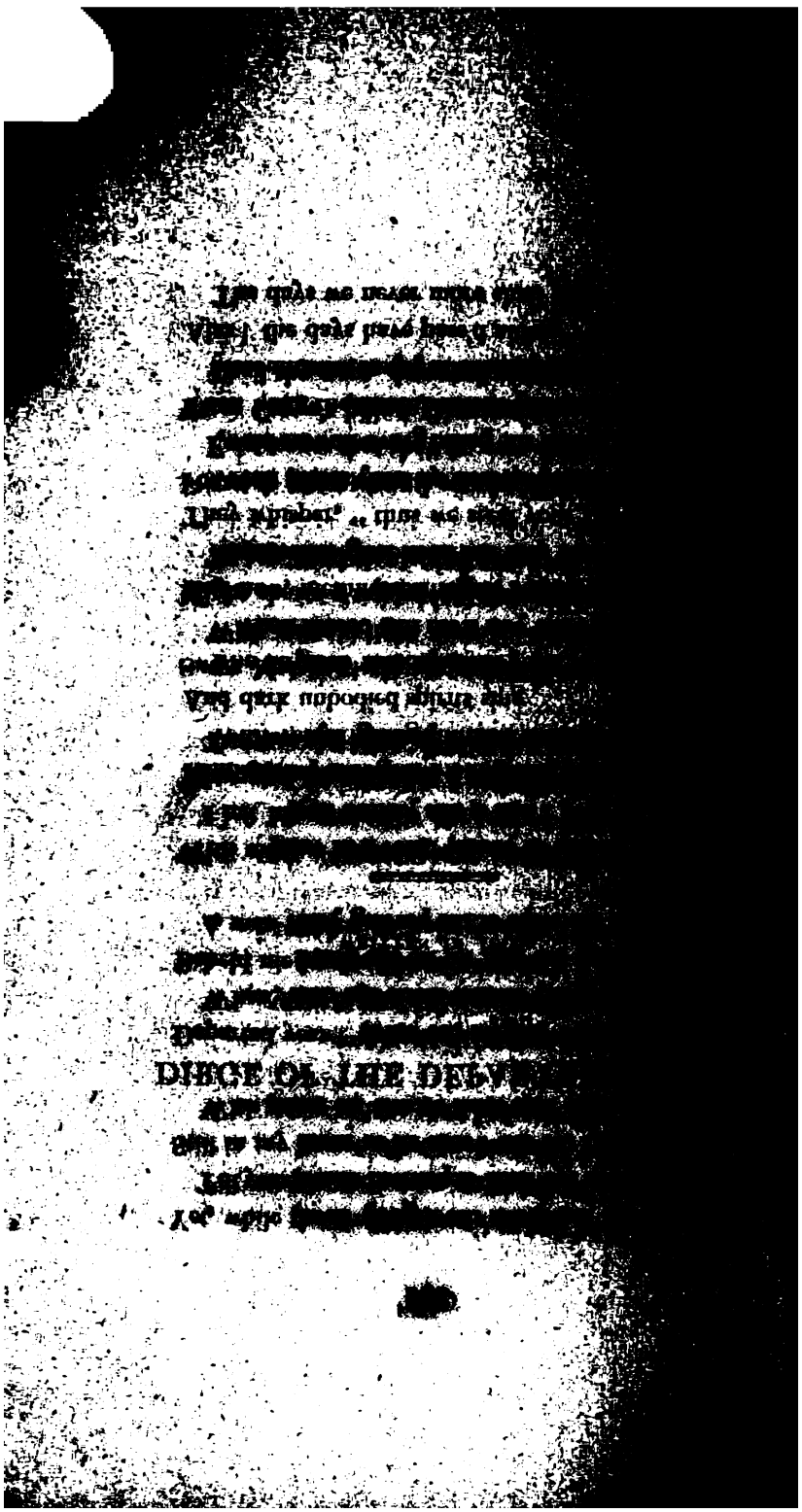
Alas! how powerless now its flame,
Beneath Malaya's burning day!

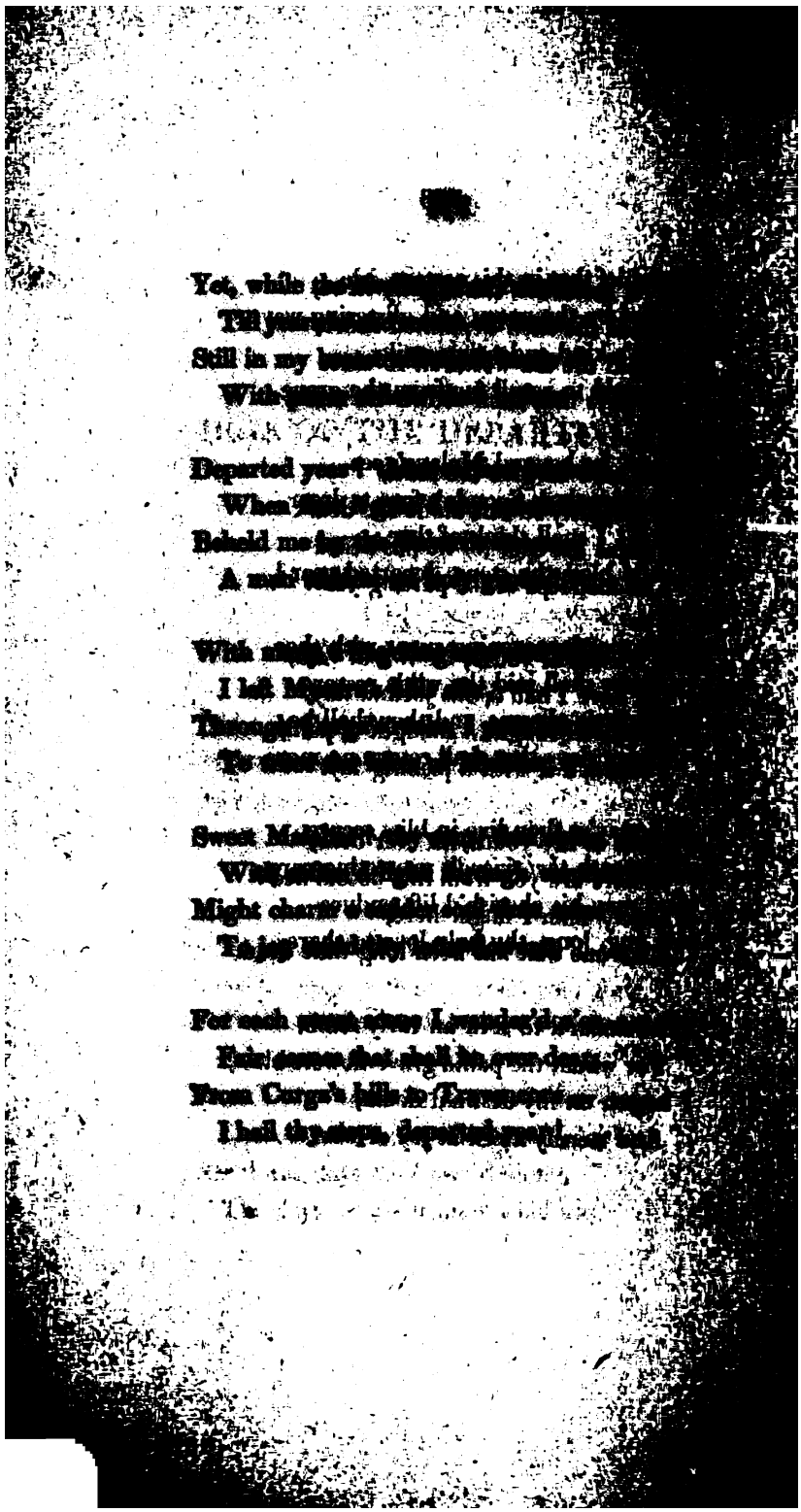
The sun has wither'd in their prime
The nerves that once were strong
Alas! in danger's venturous time
That I should live their loss to

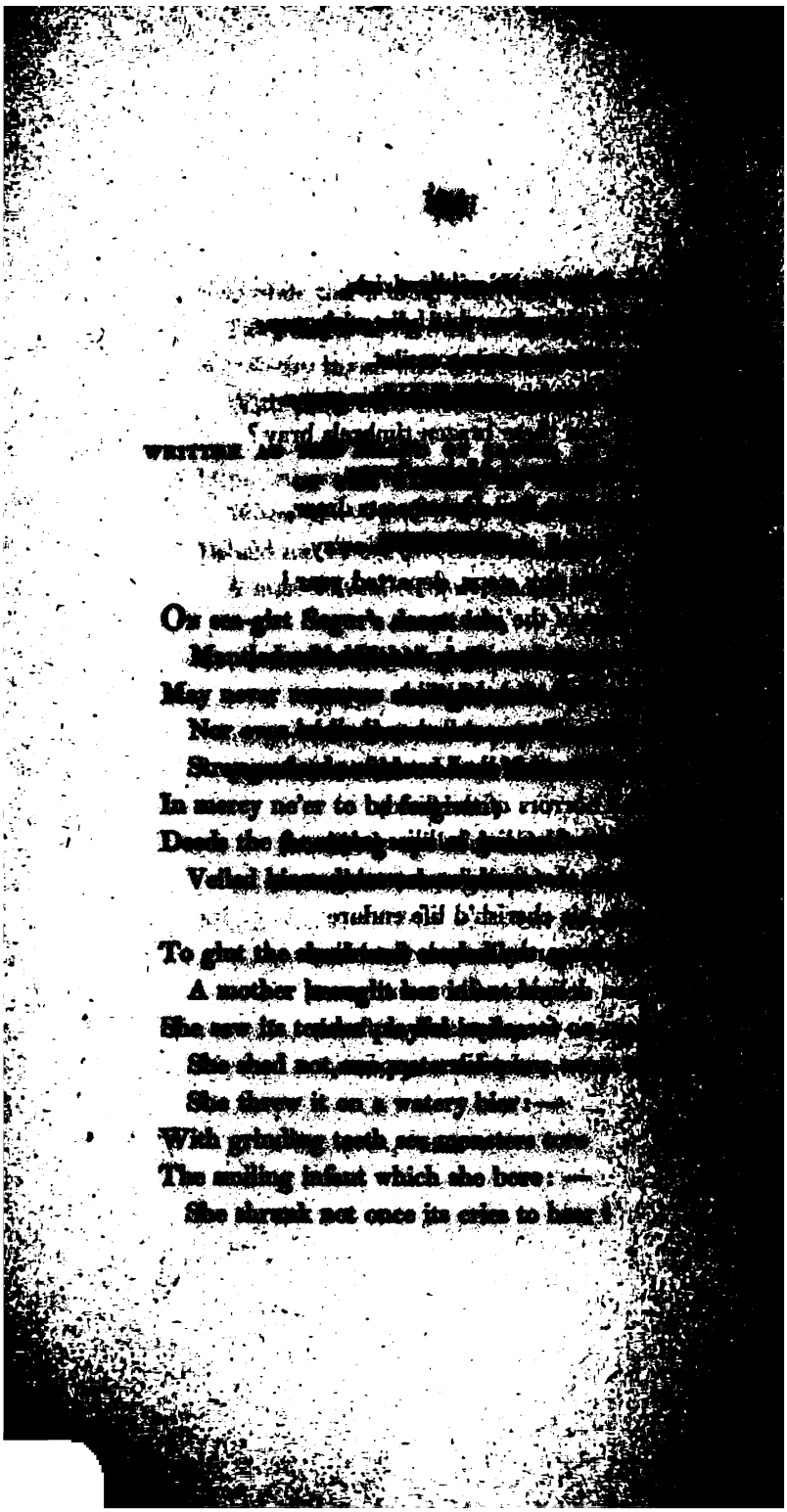
Yet still my trusty Kreas prove true,
If e'er thou serv'dst at need the
And then shalt wear a crimson hue,
Or I shall win a misery grave.

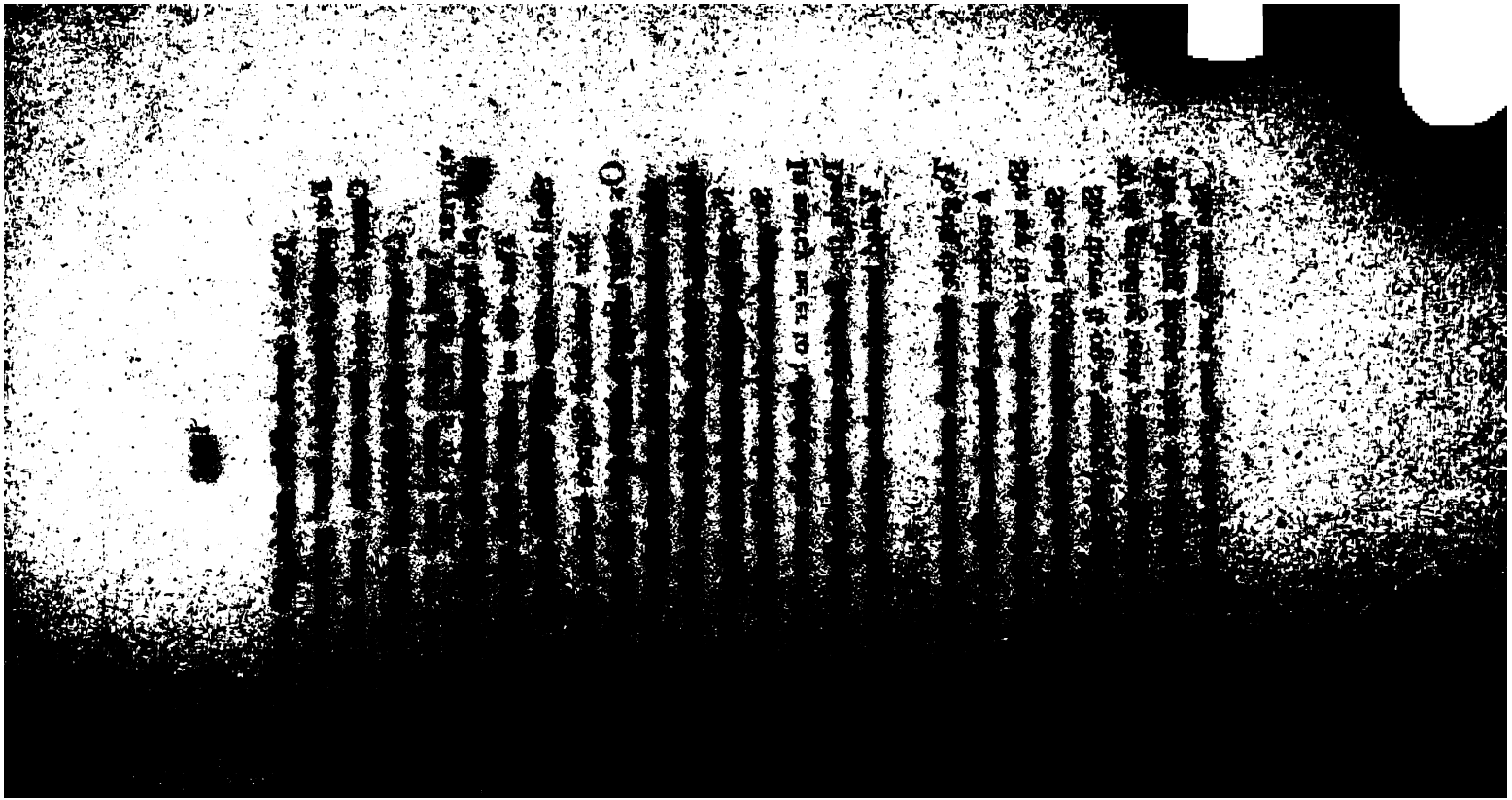


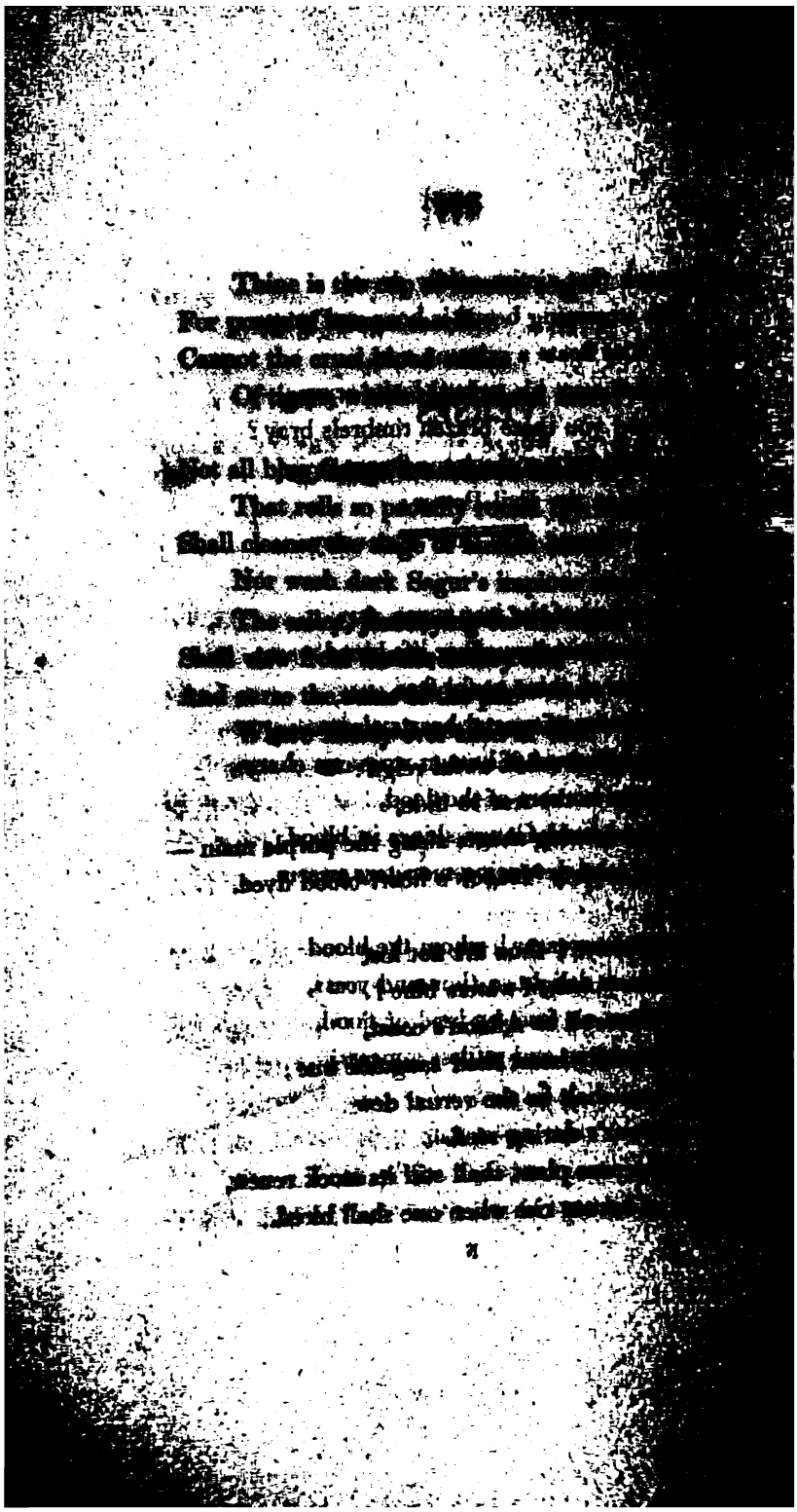


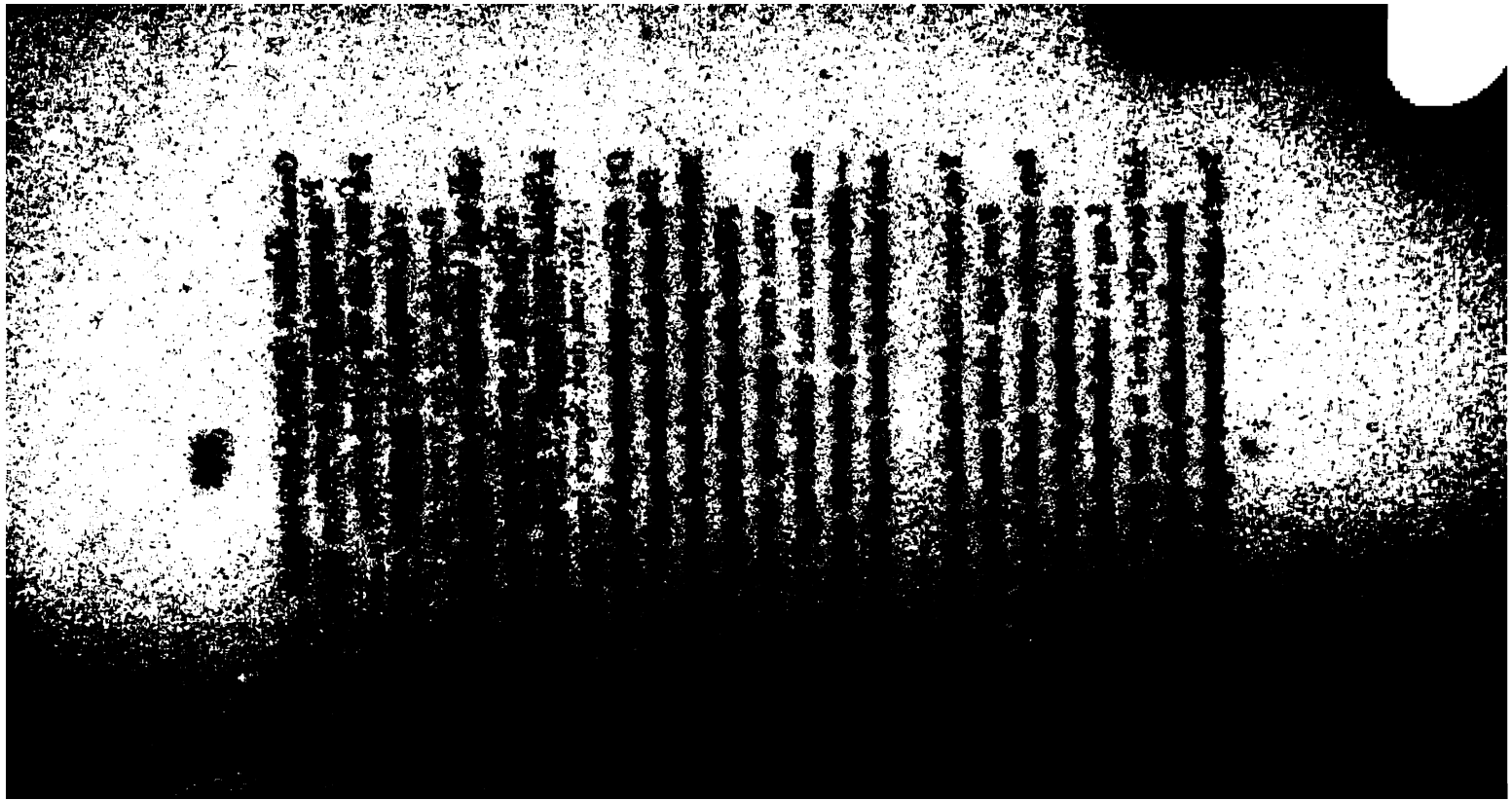


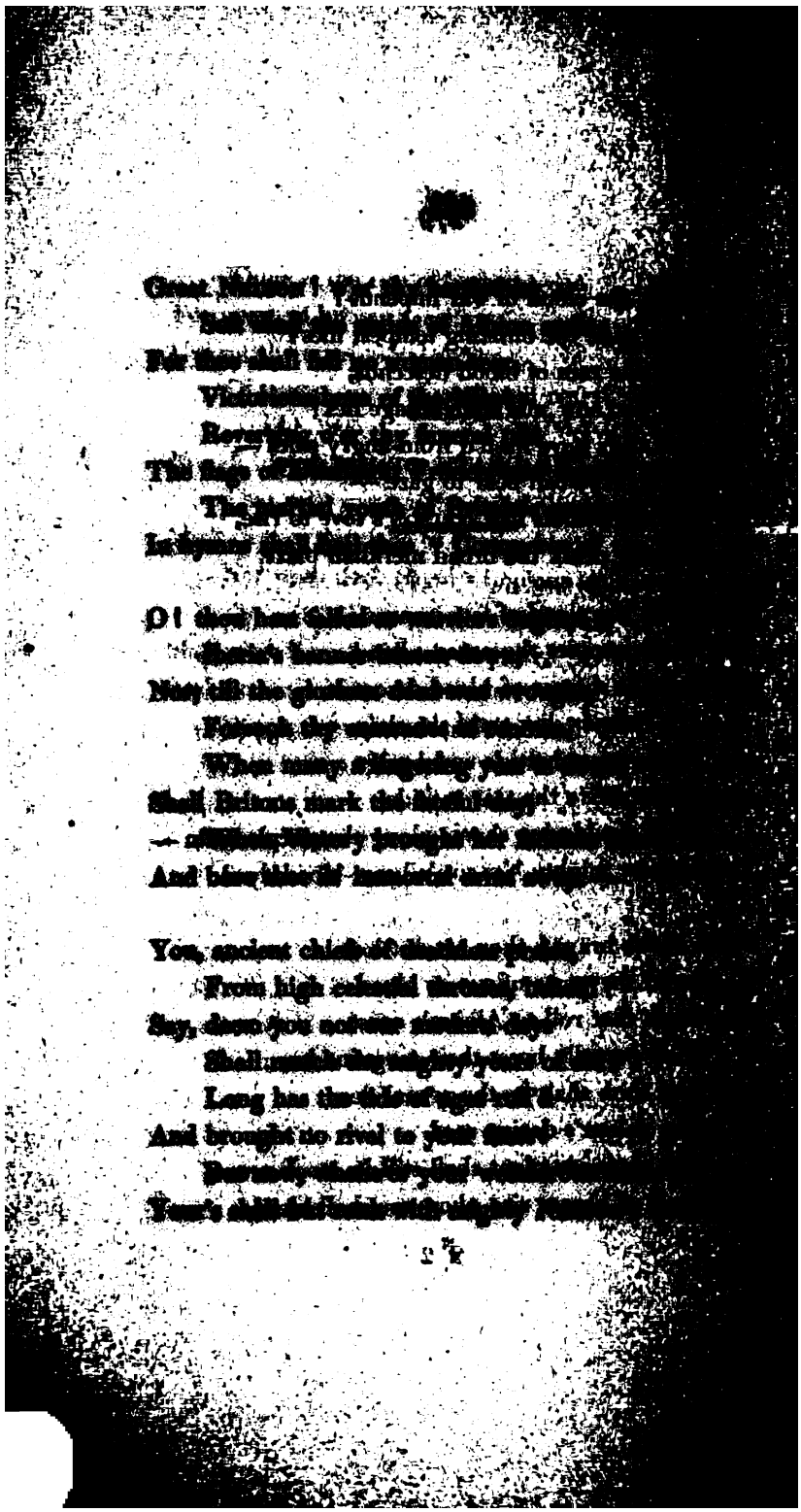


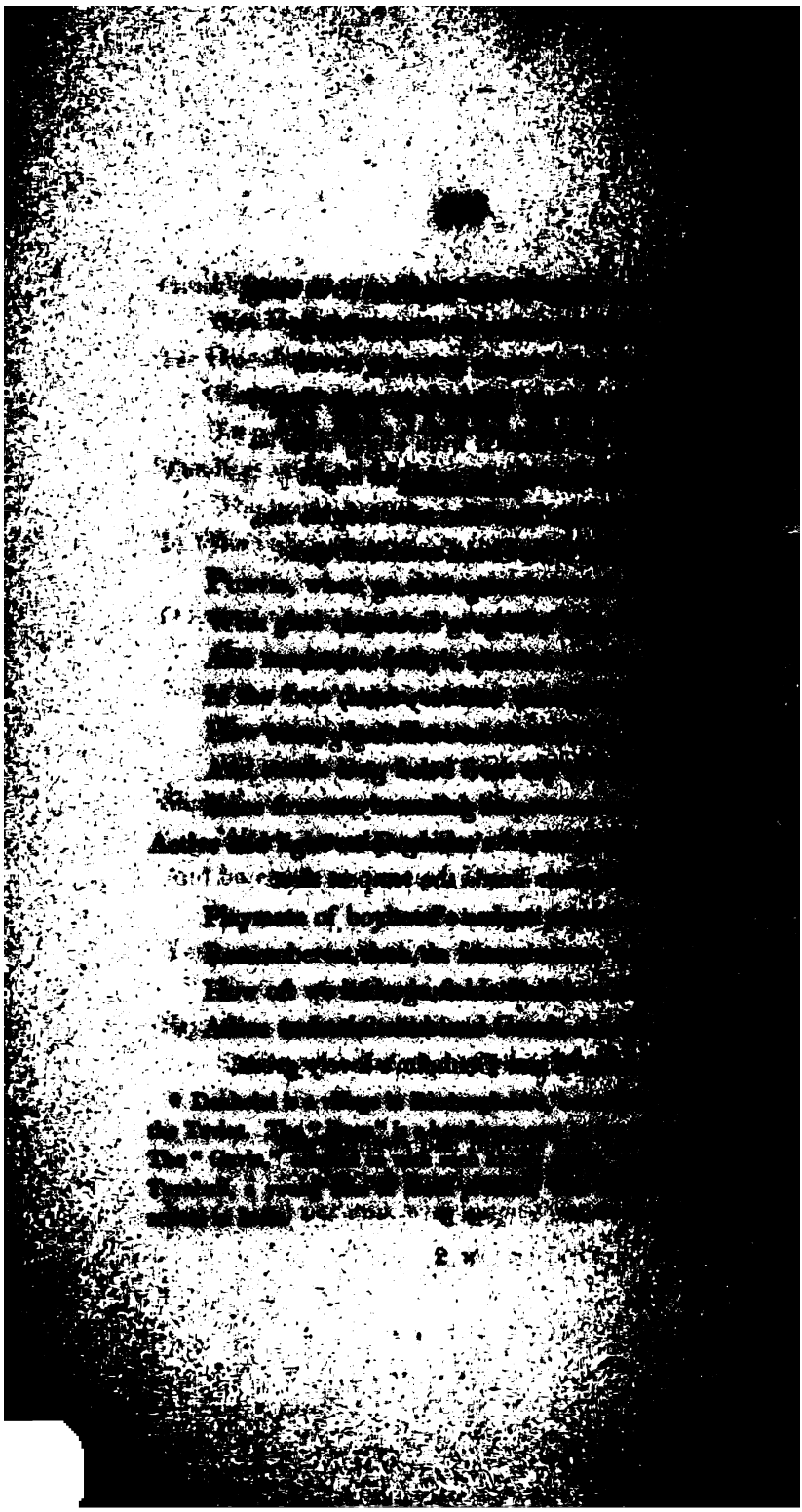


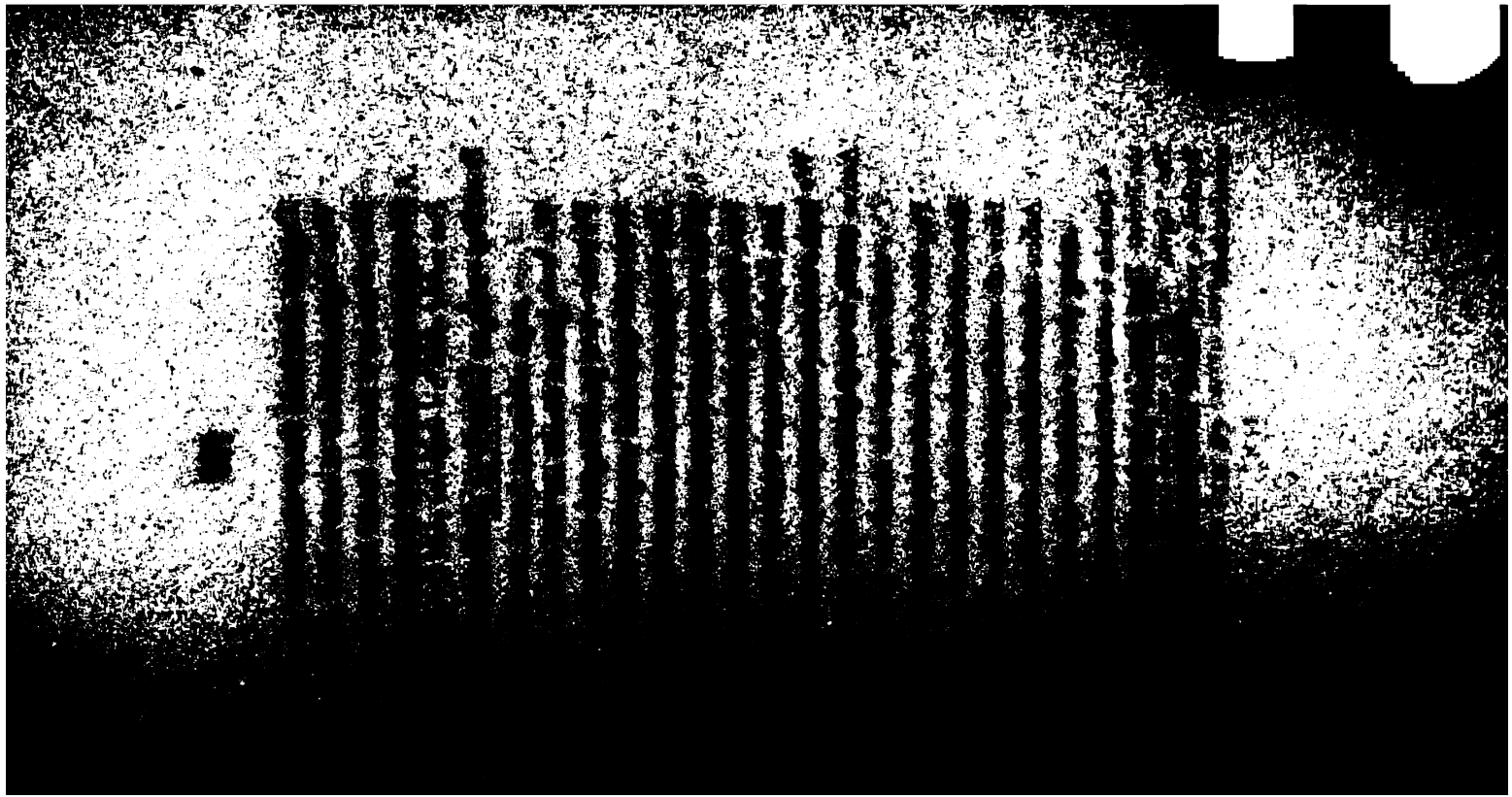


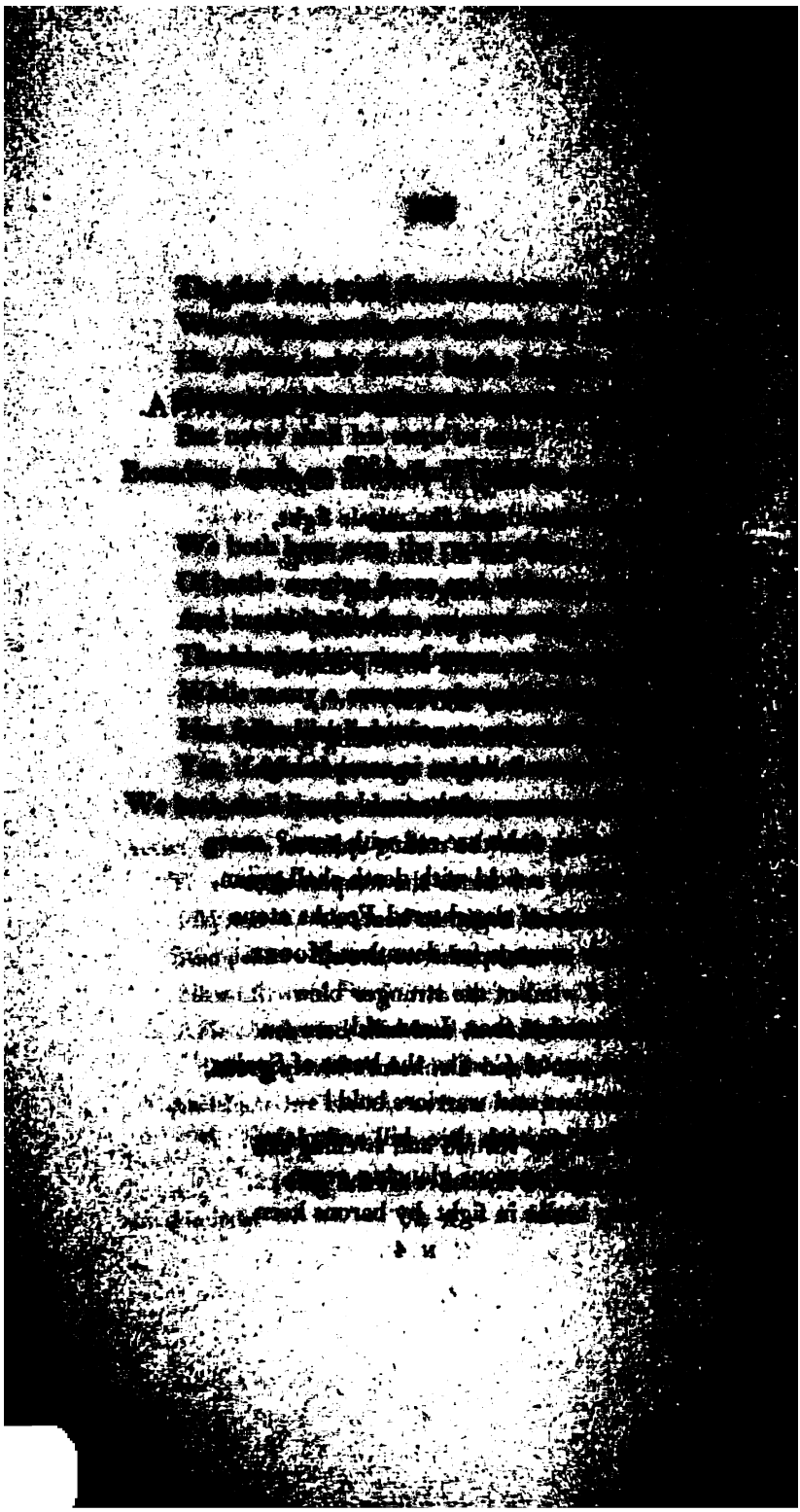


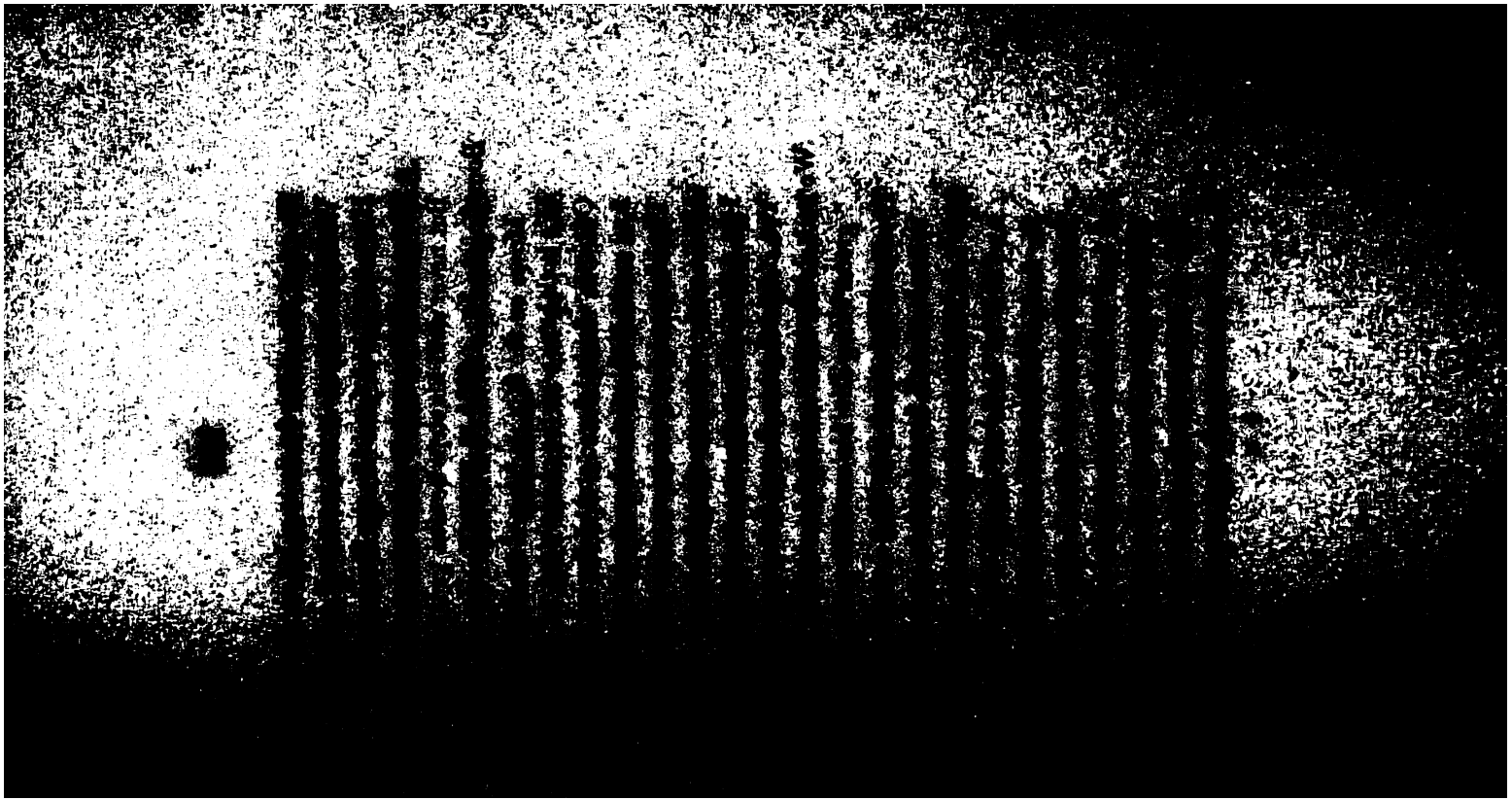


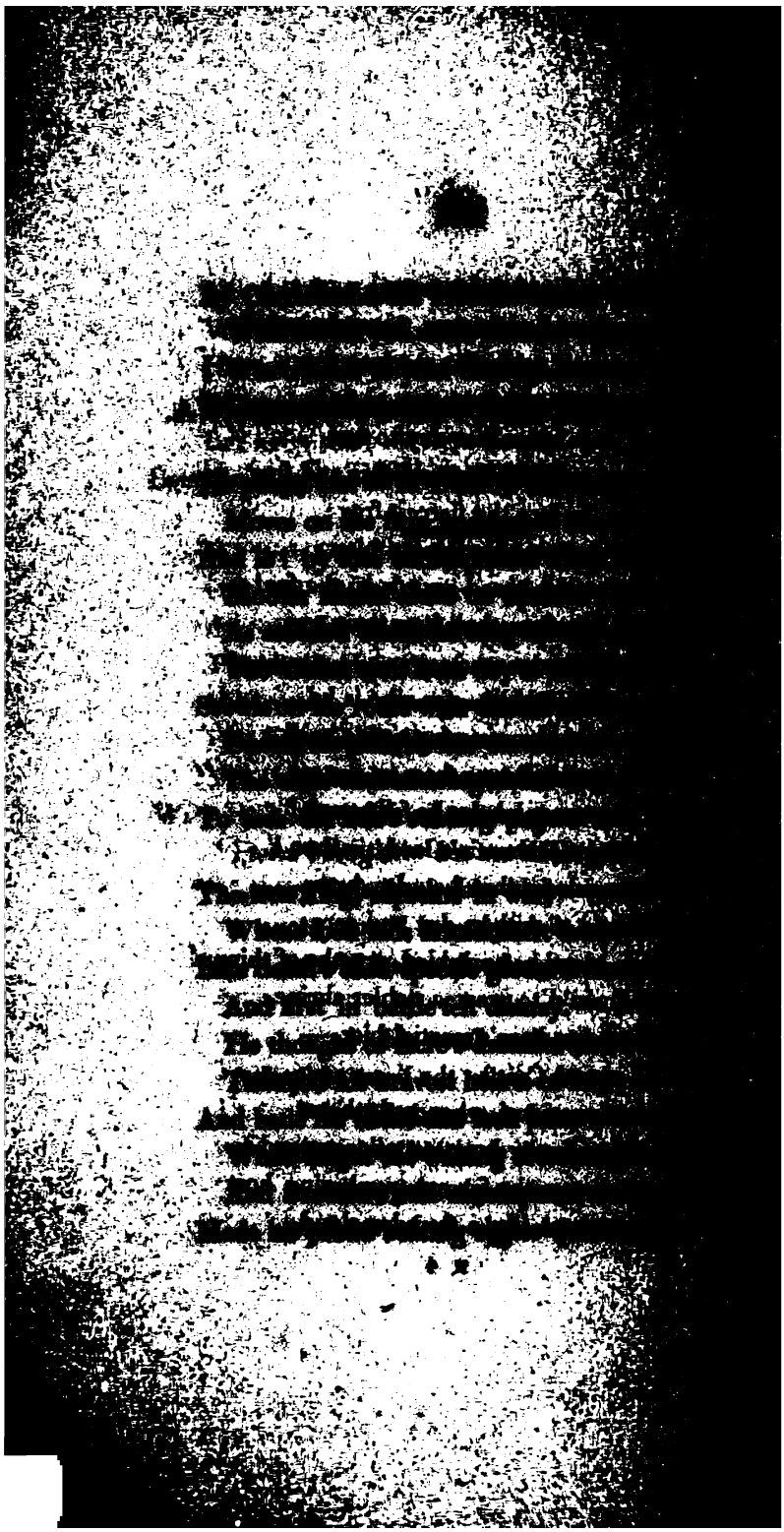


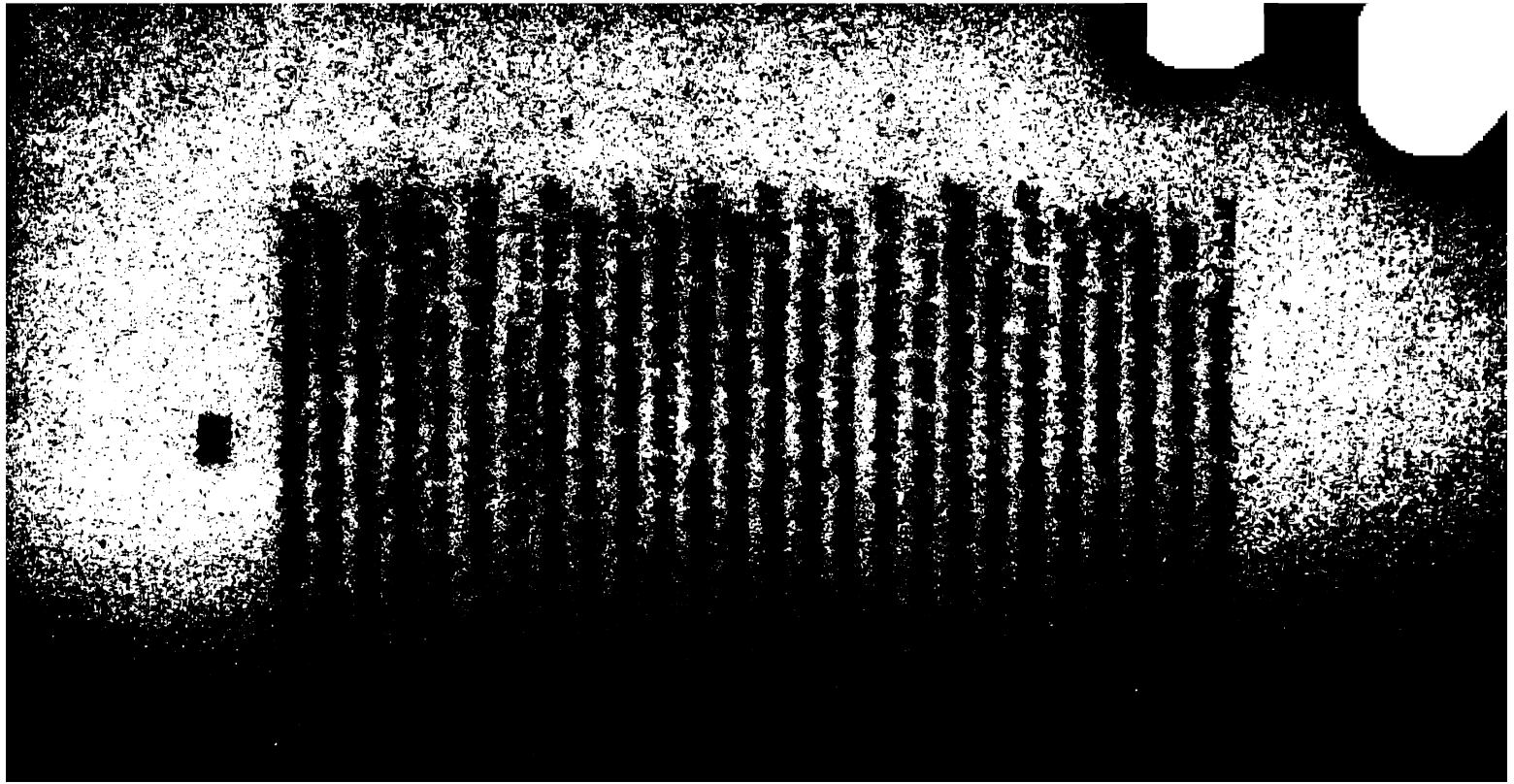


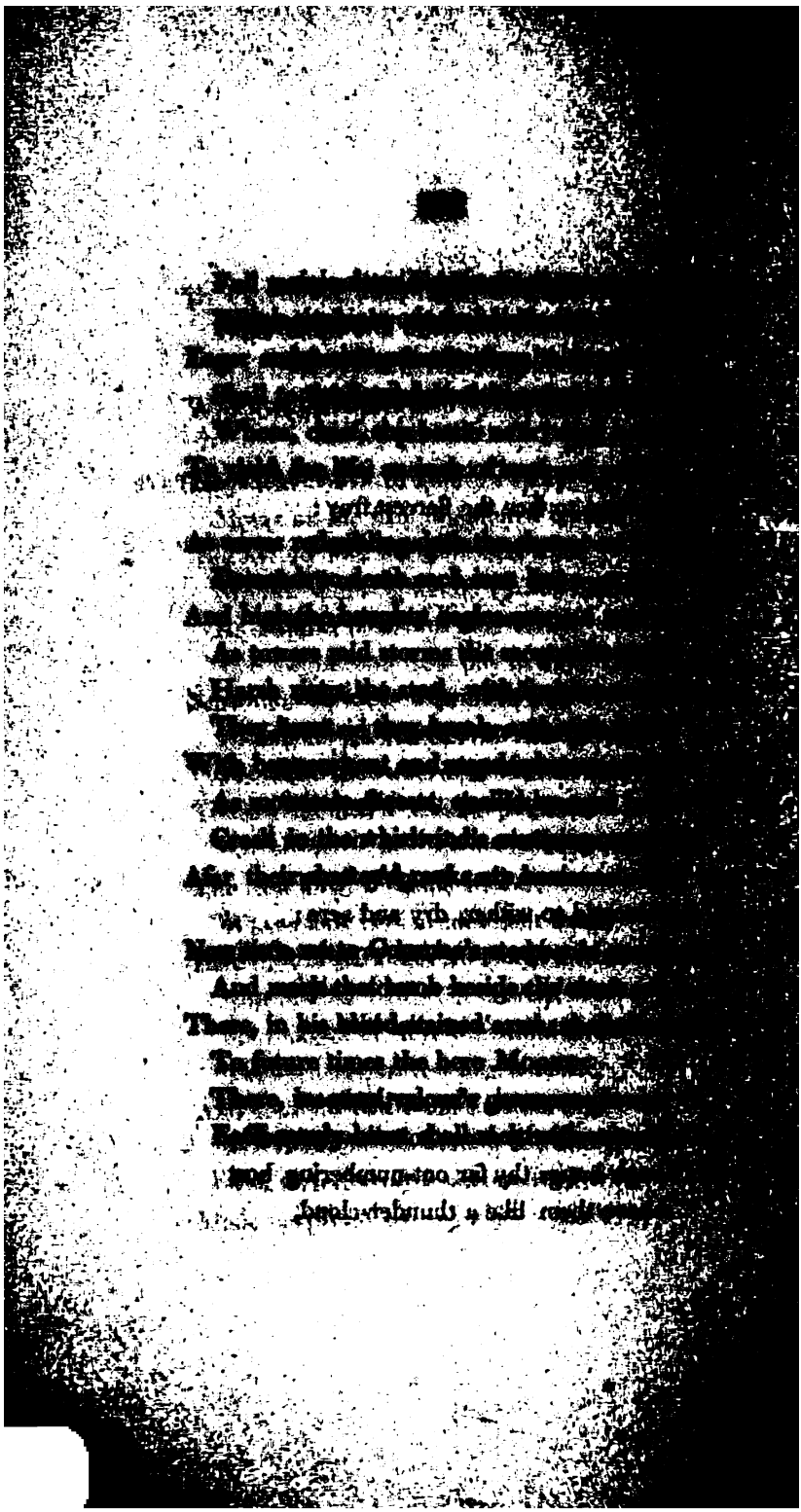


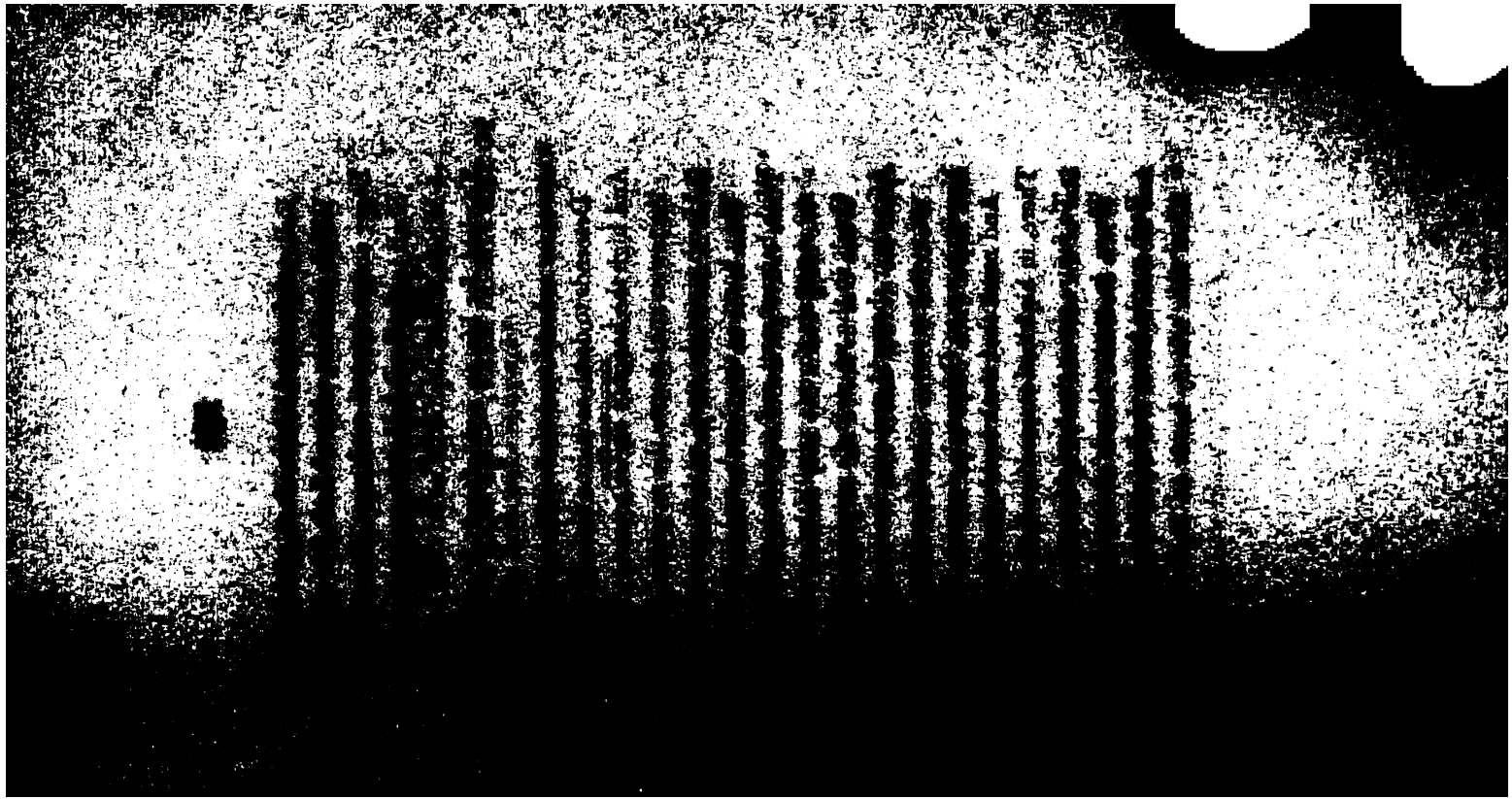


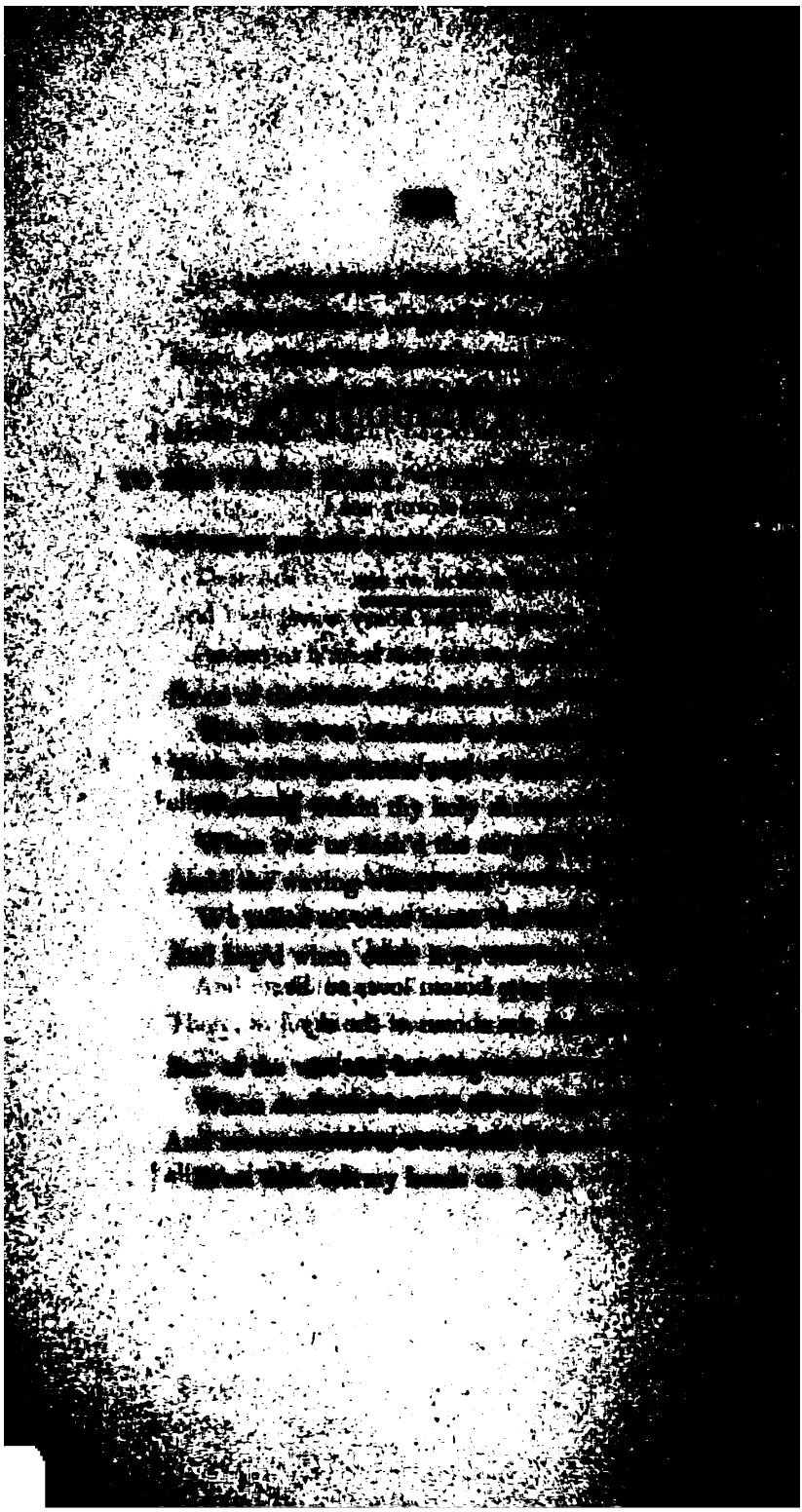


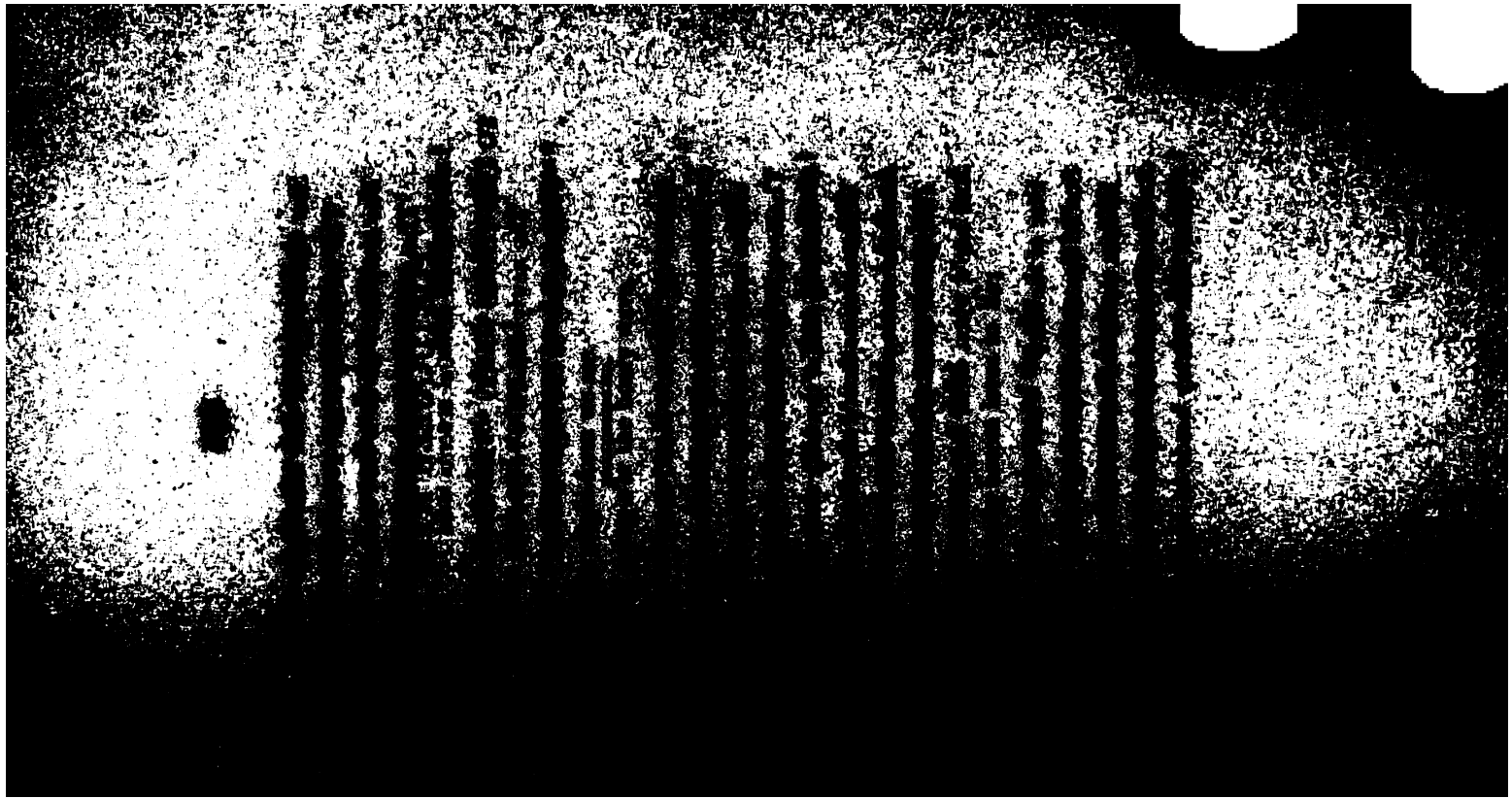


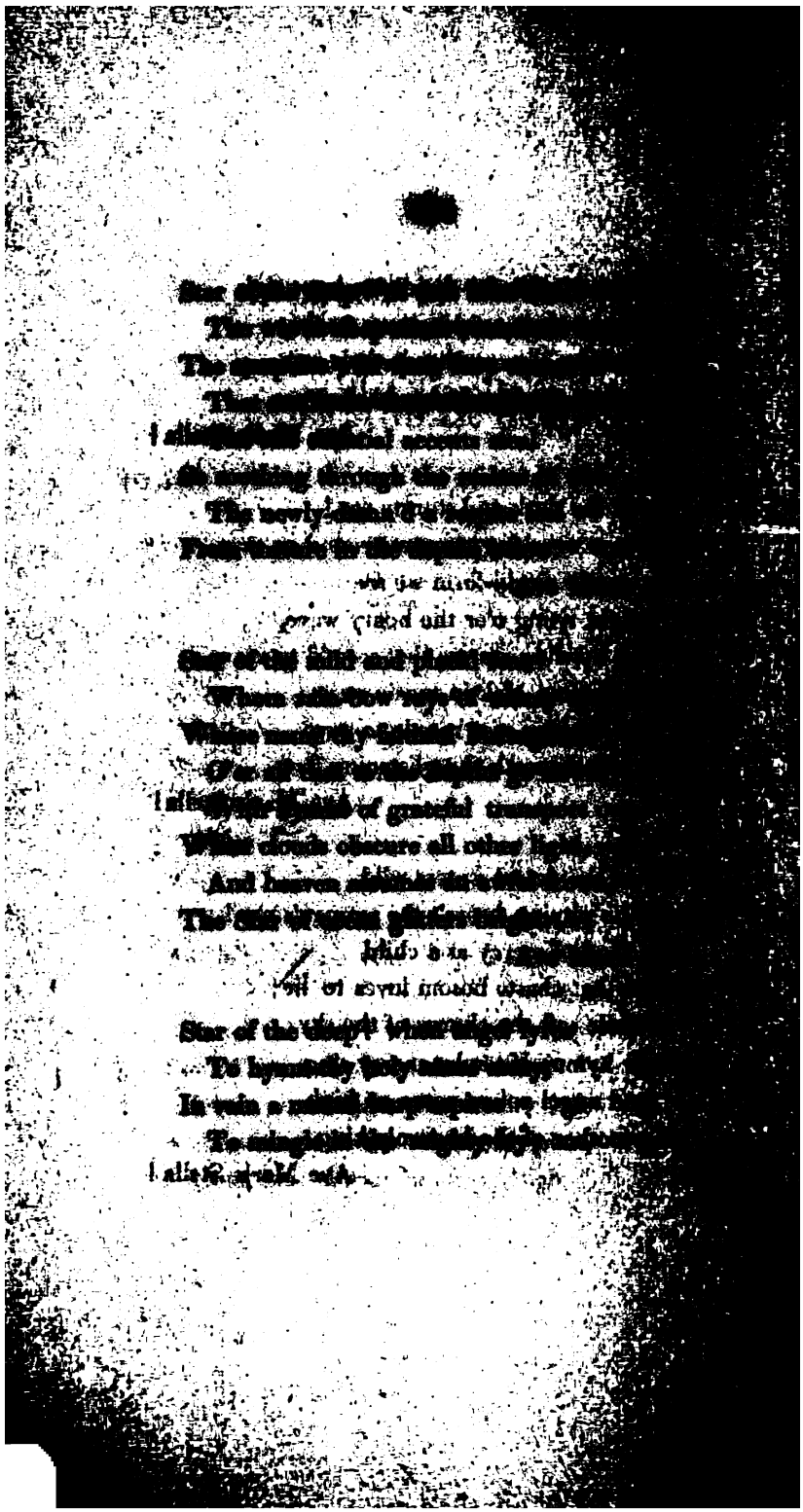


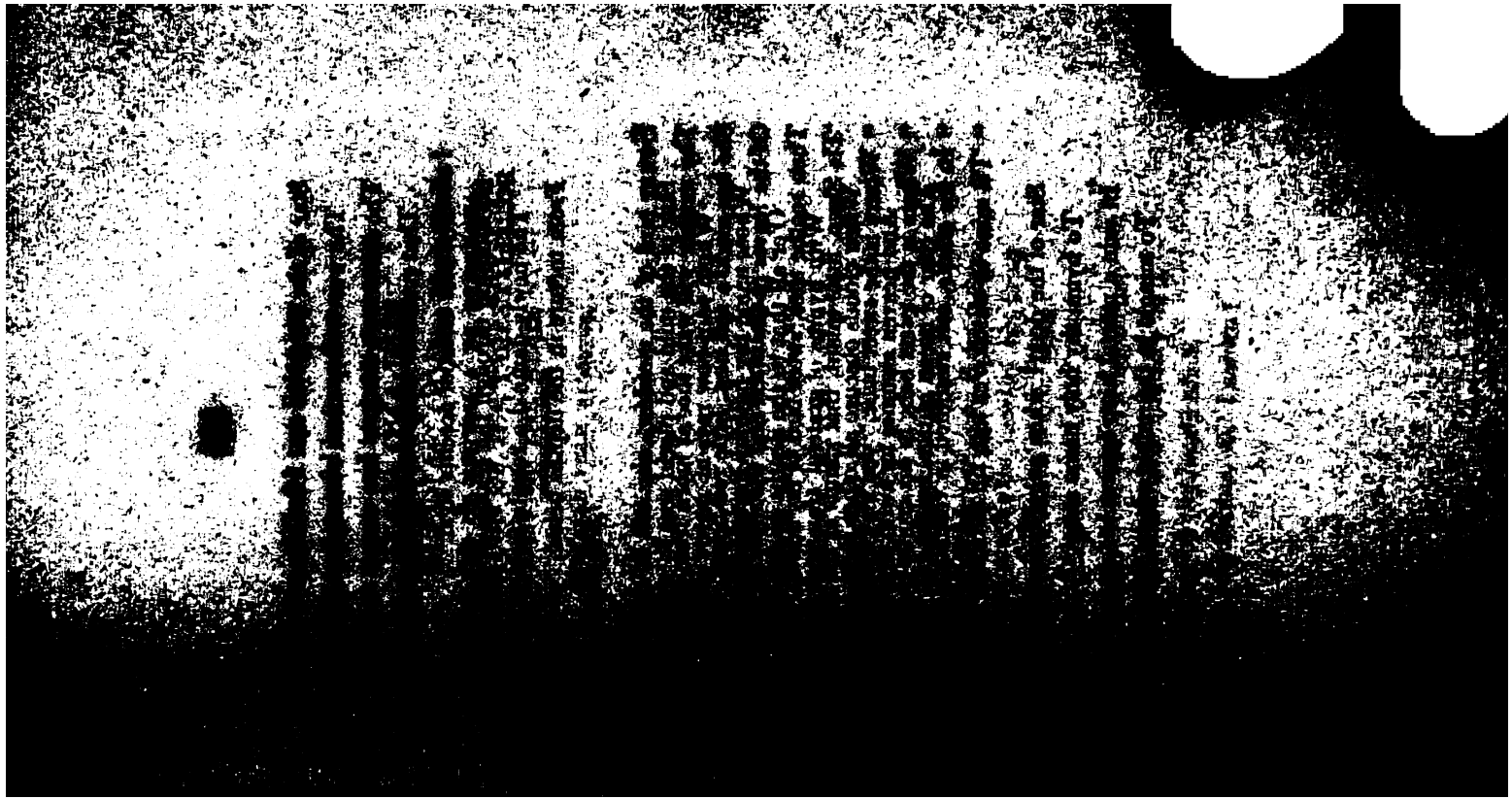


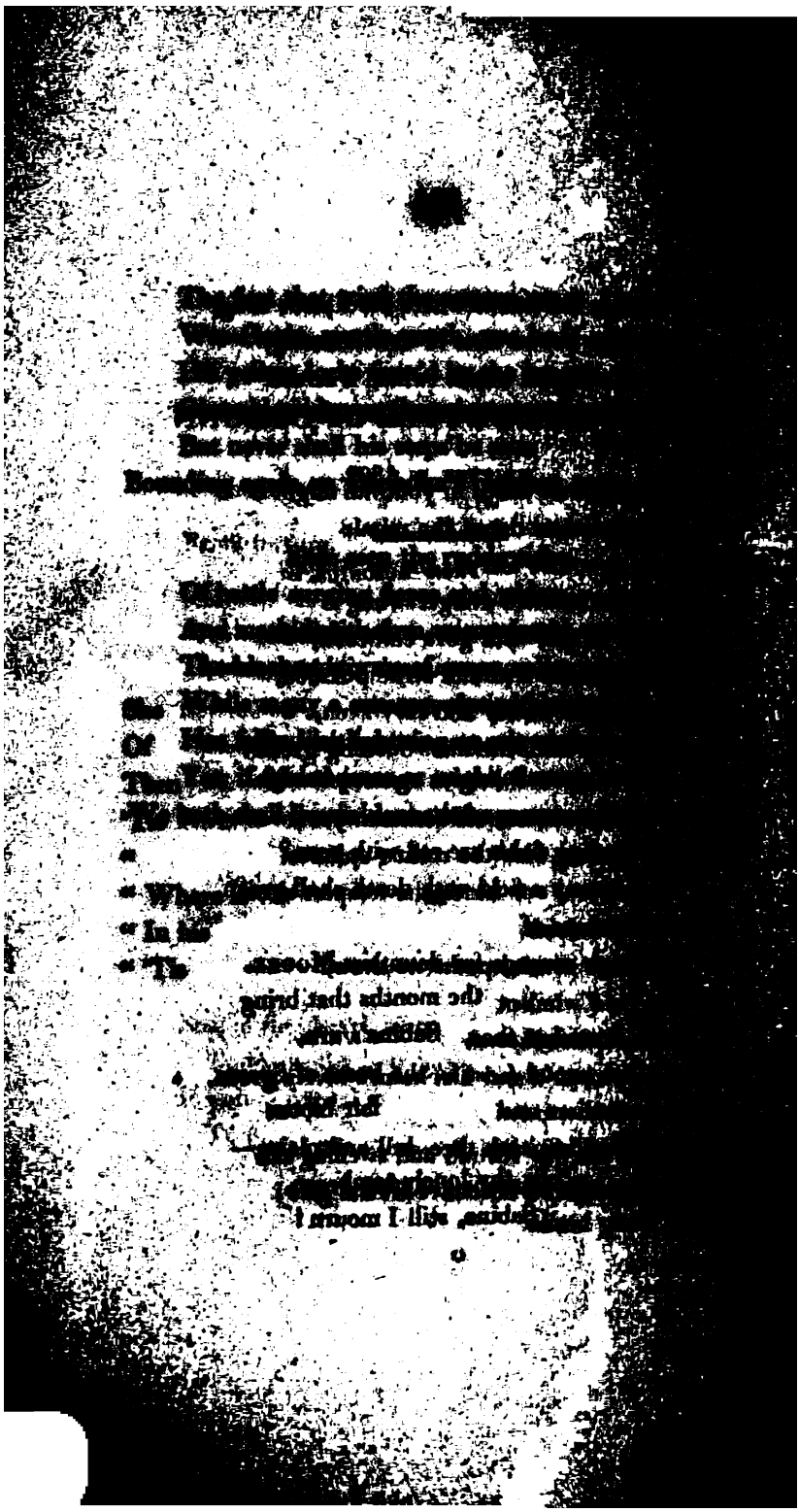


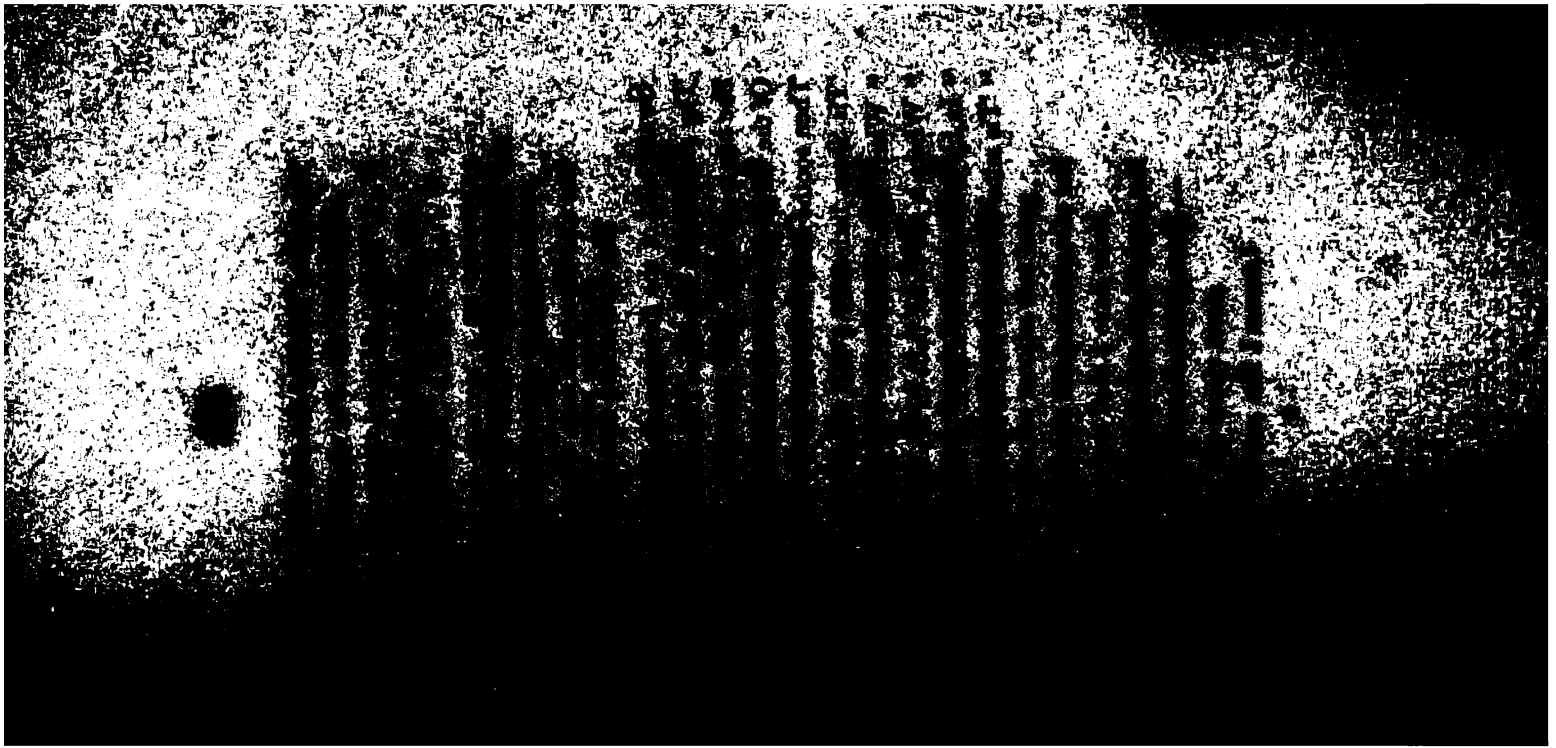


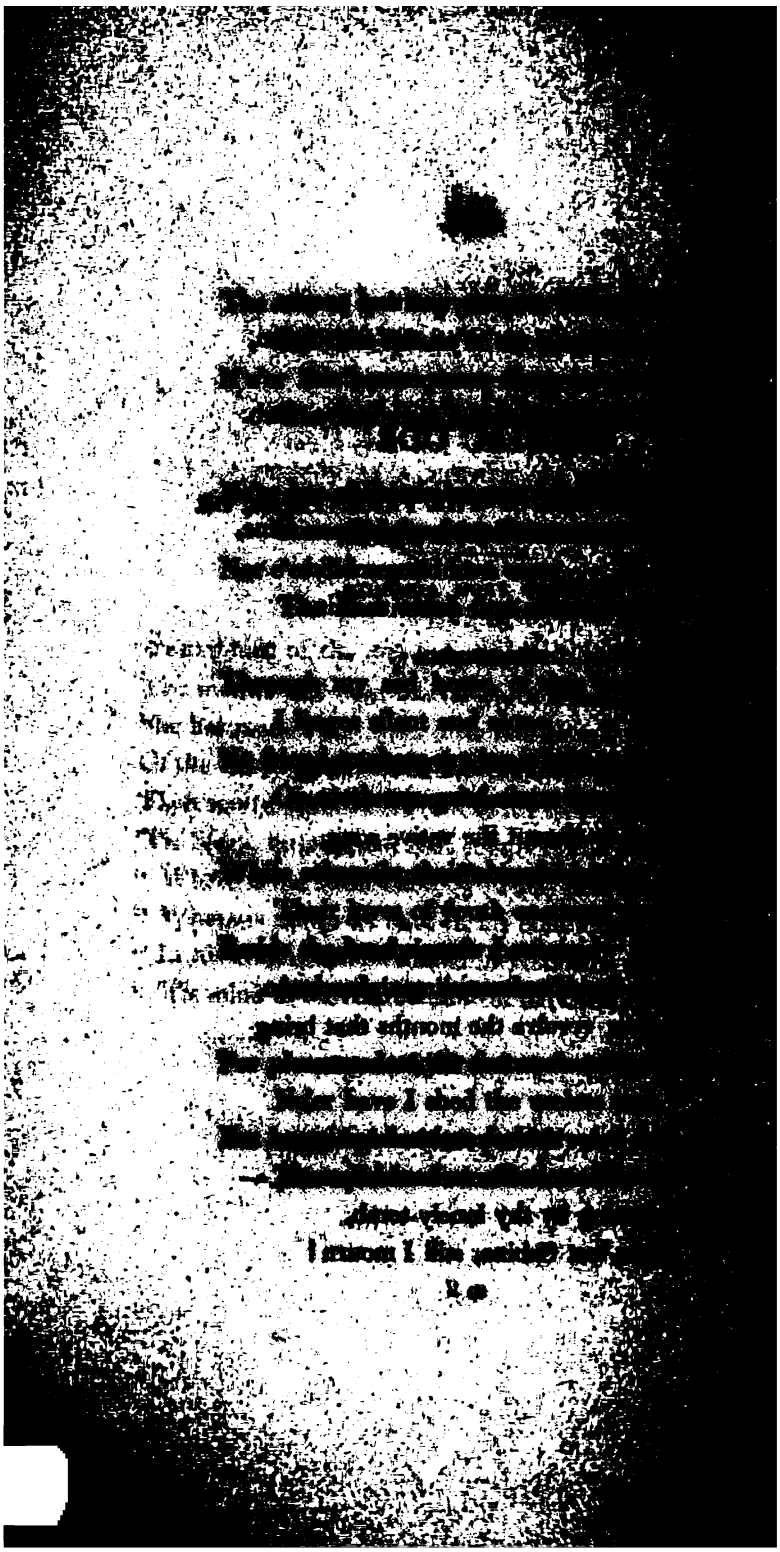


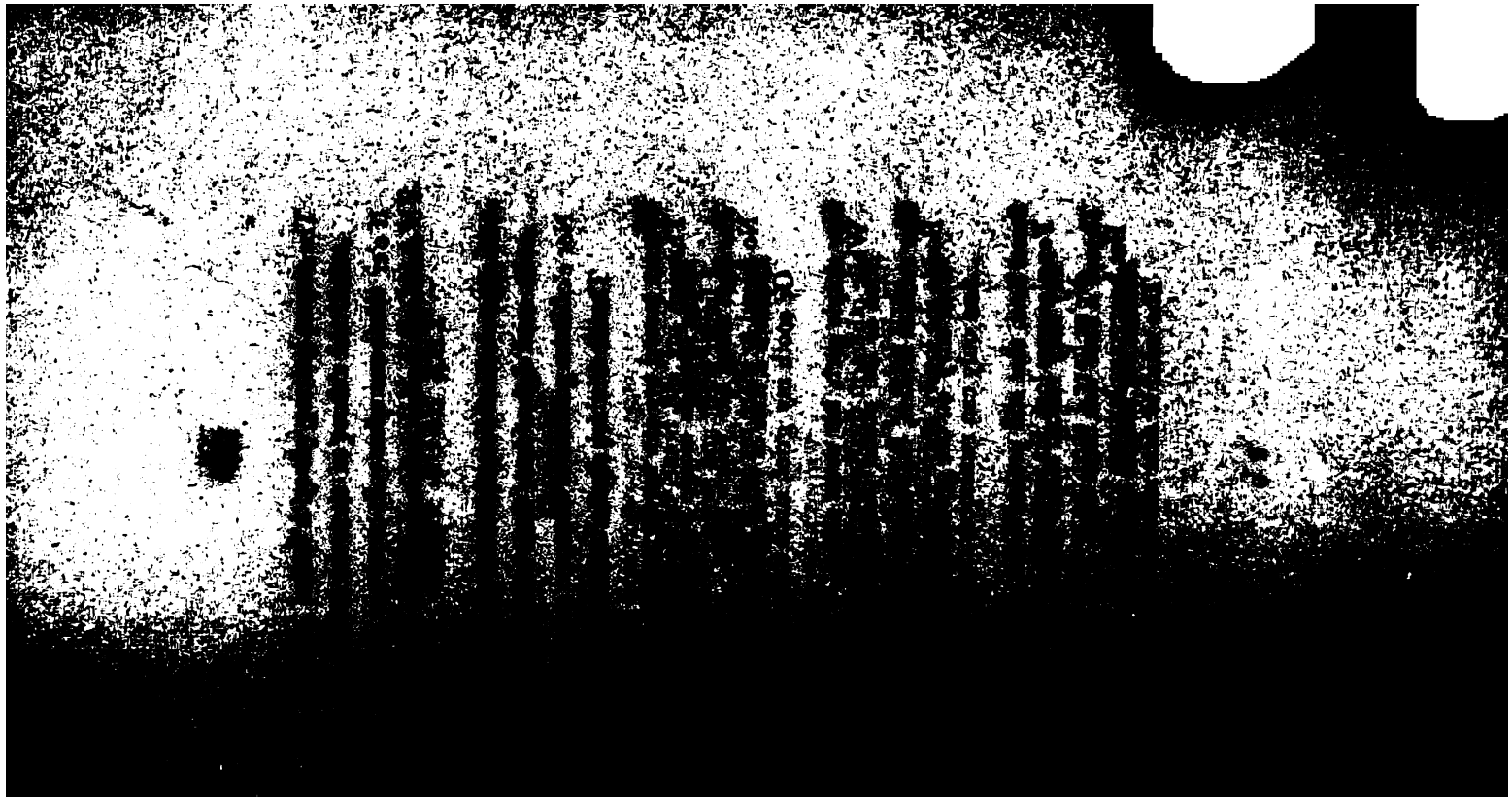


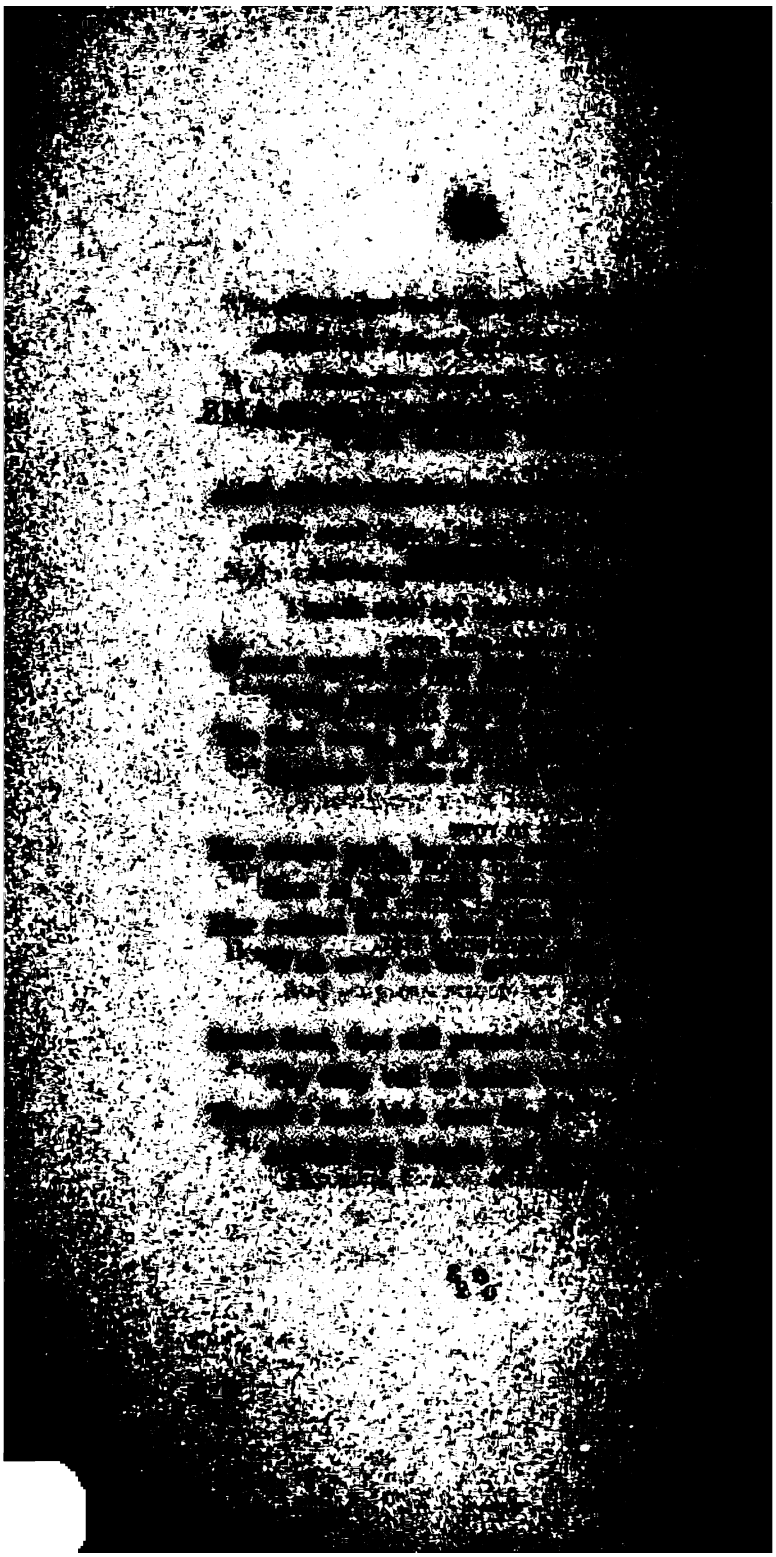


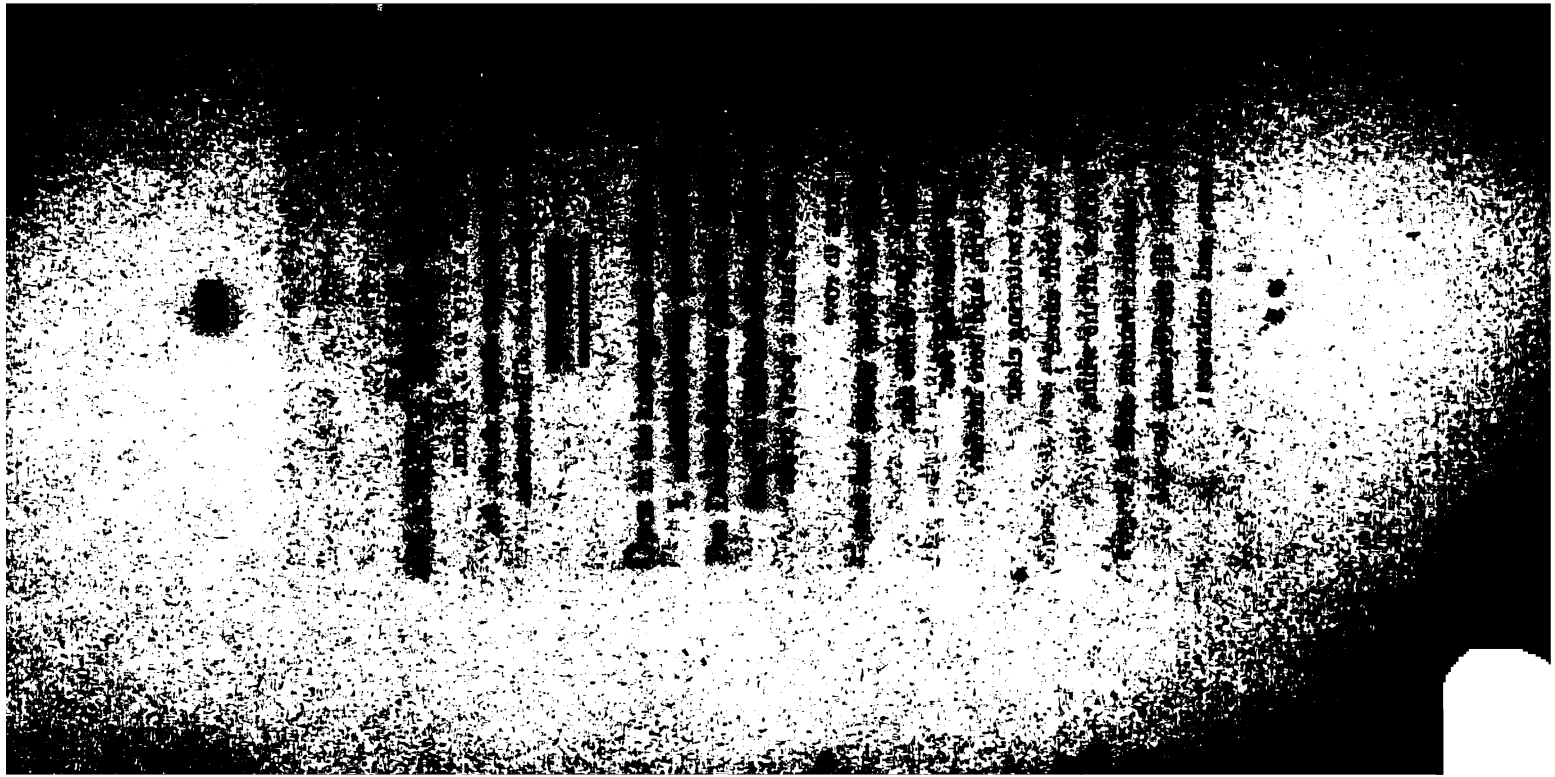


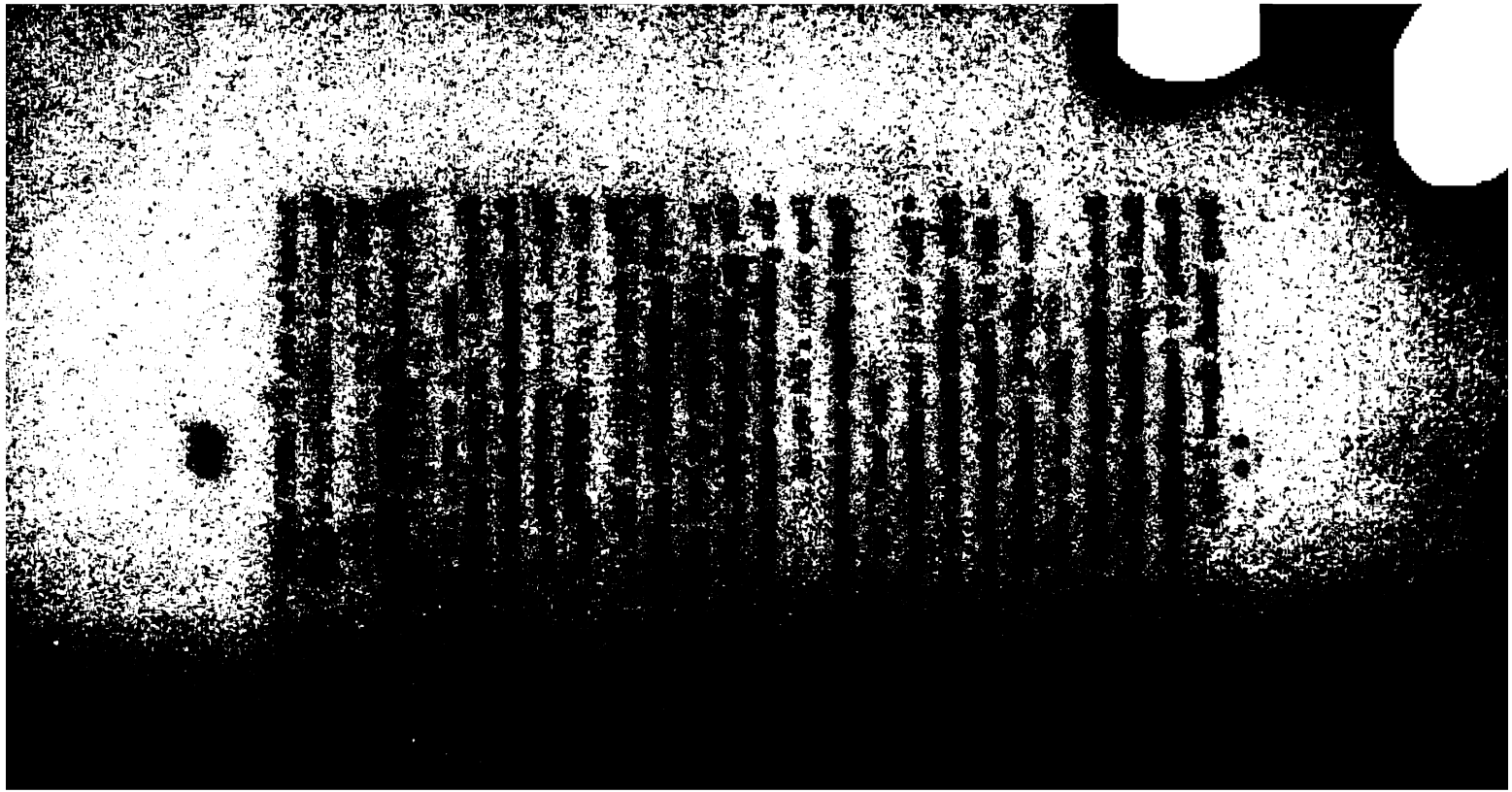


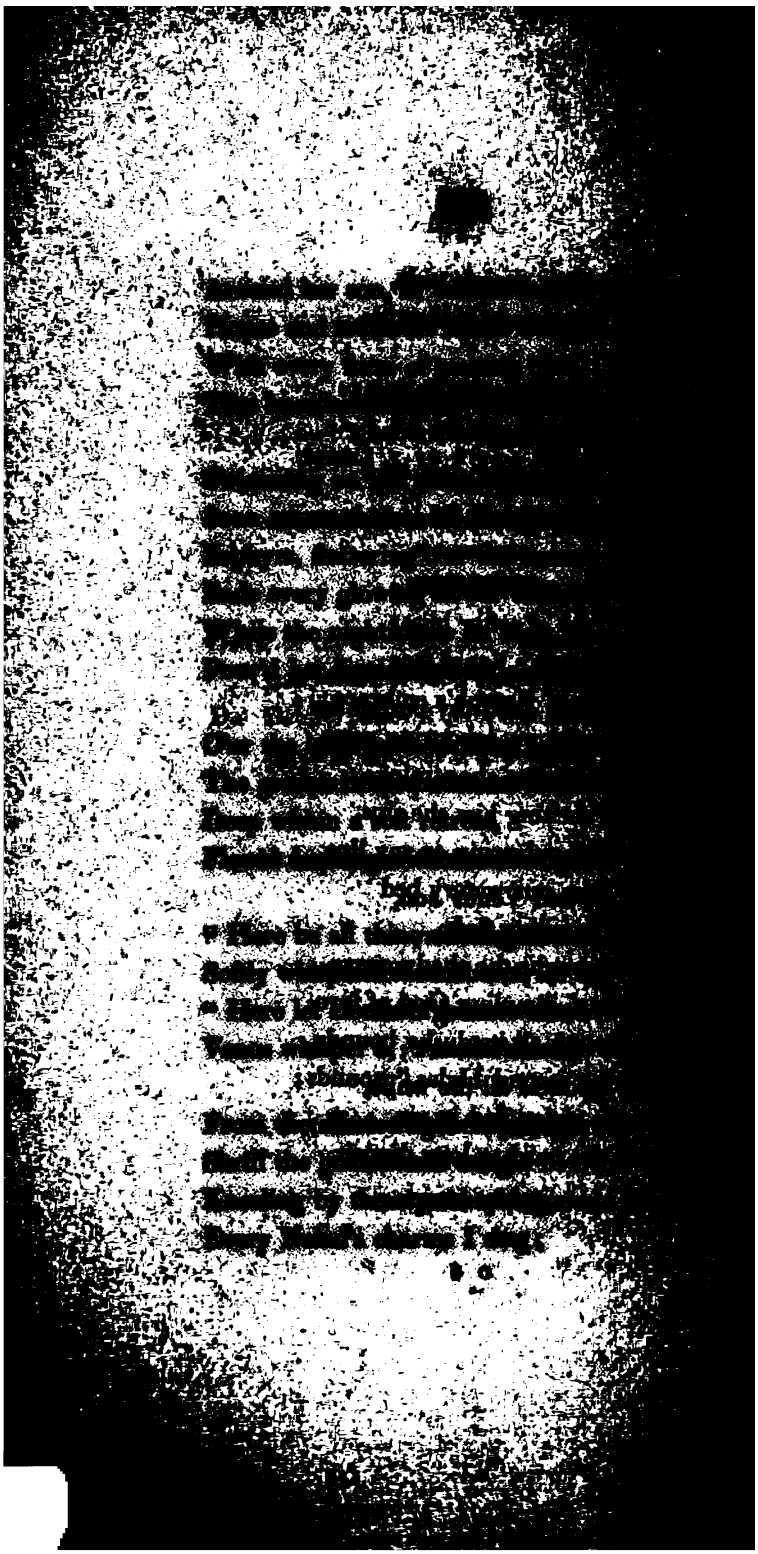


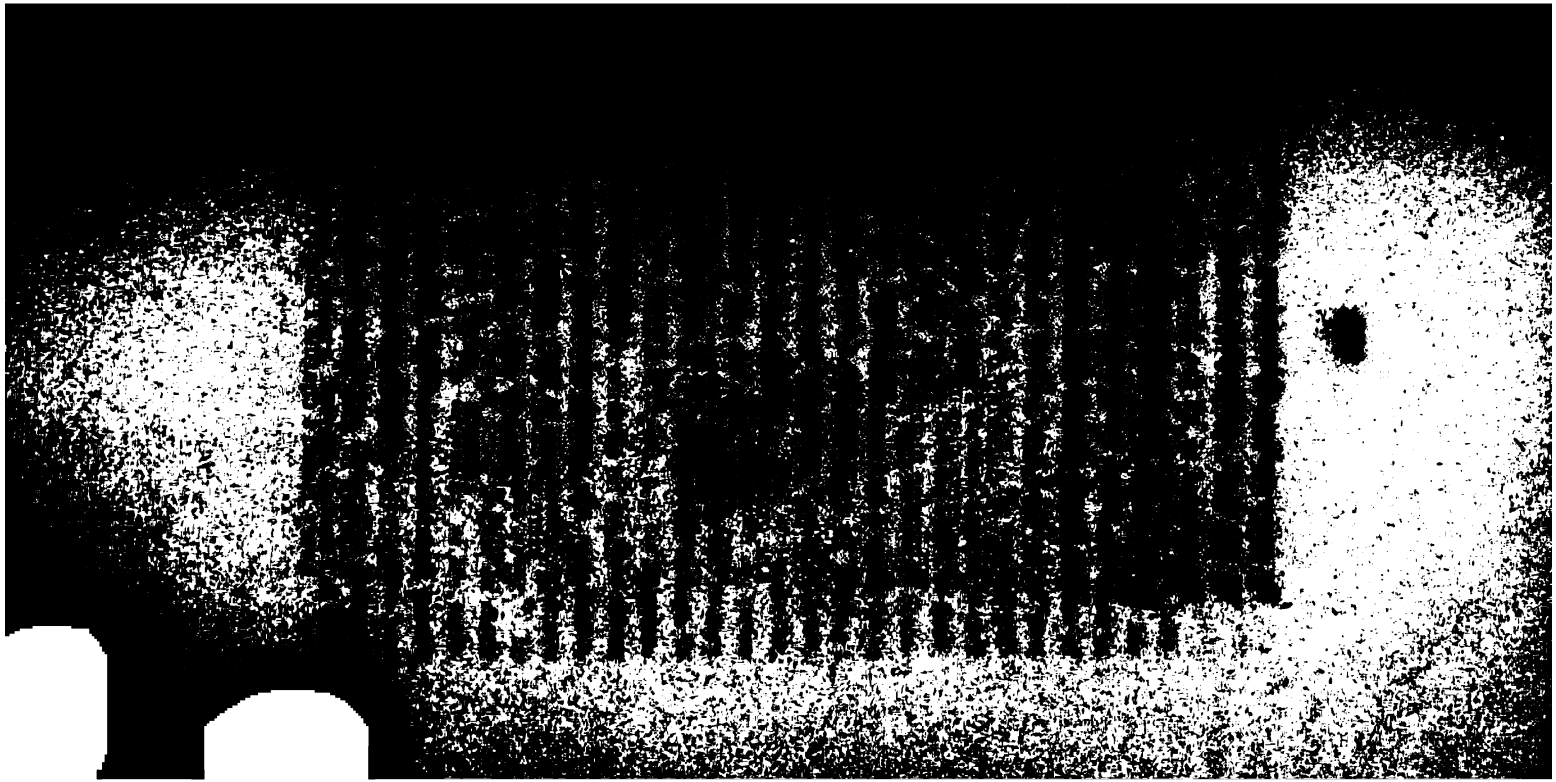


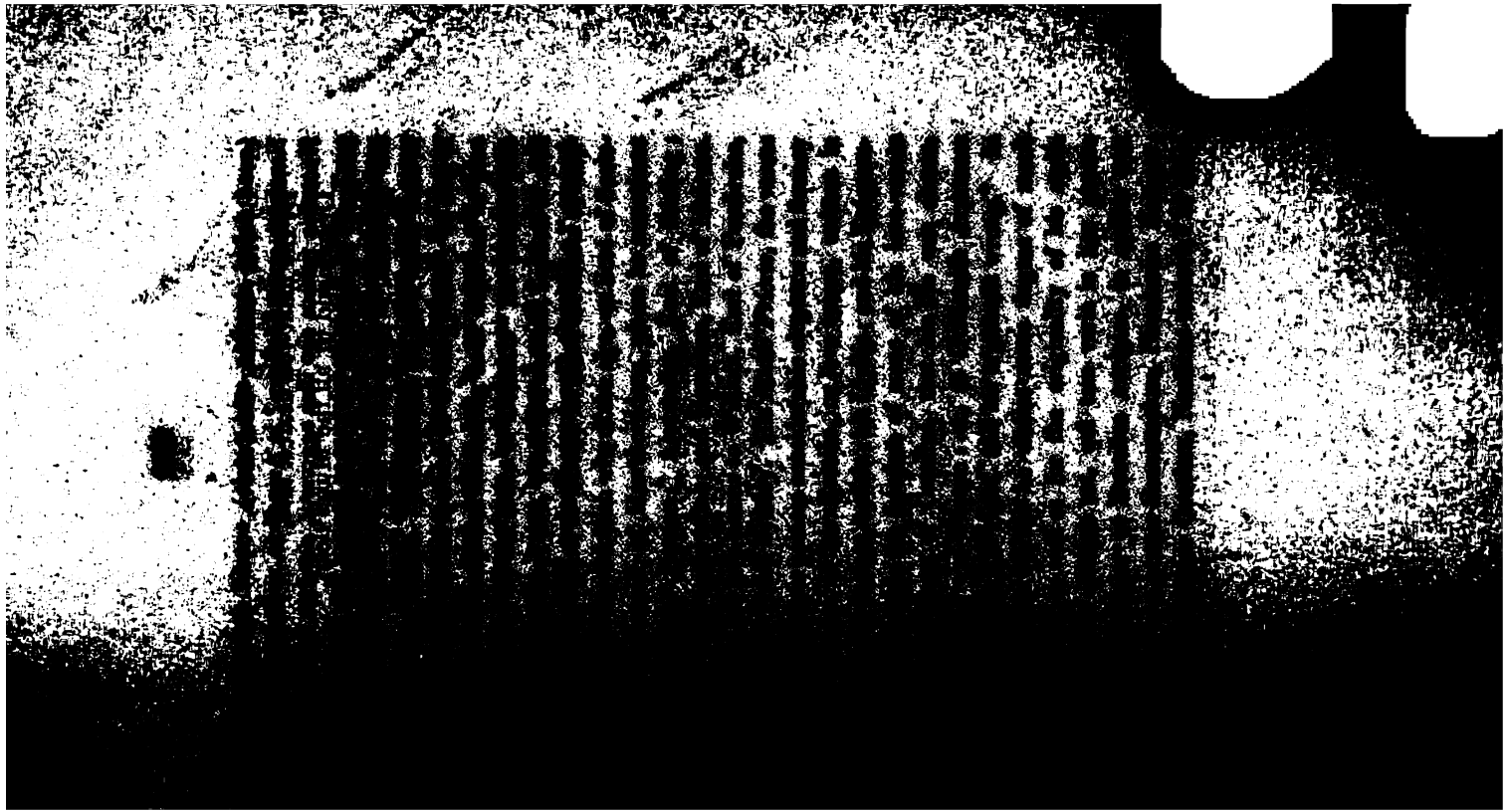


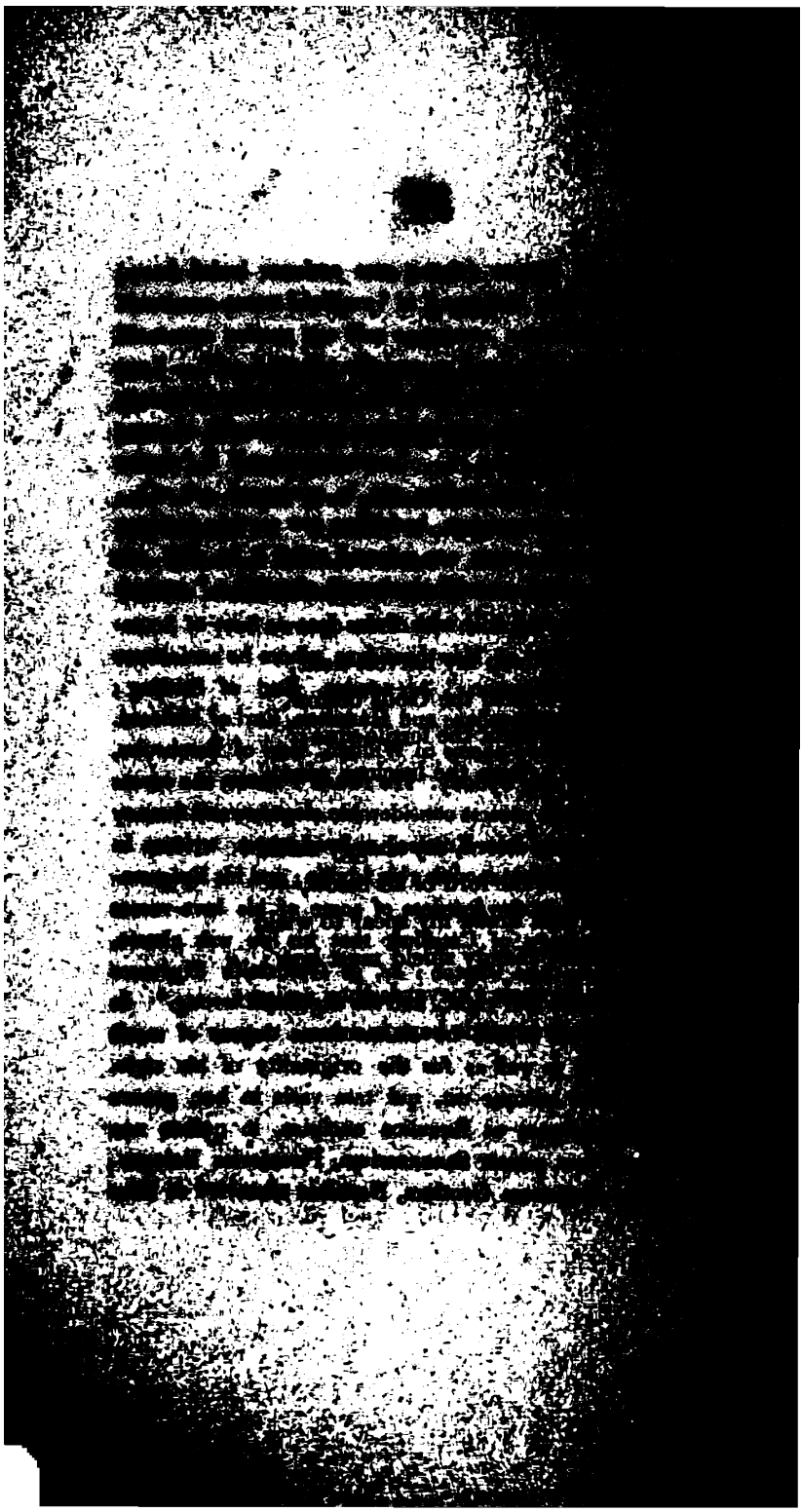


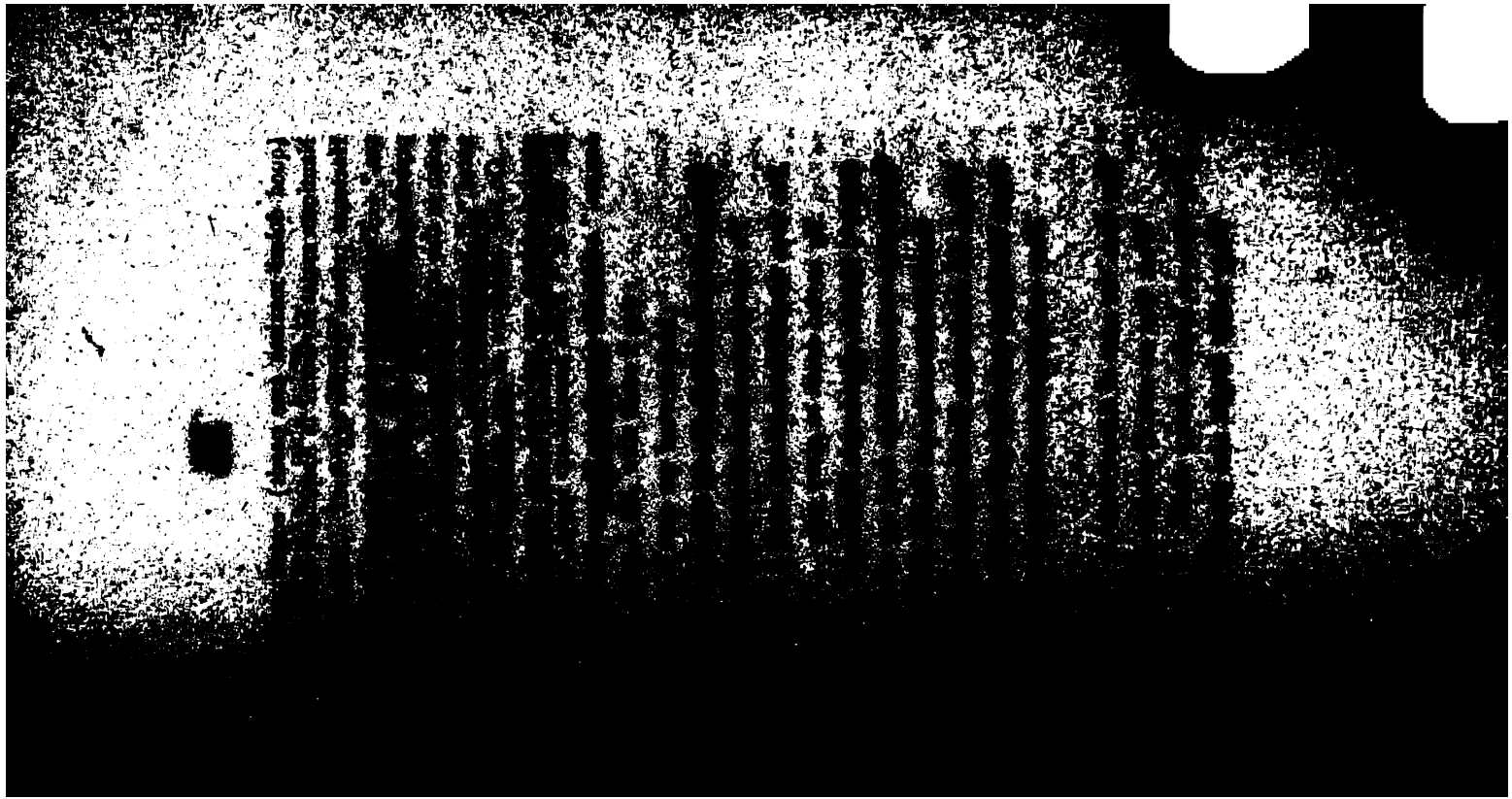


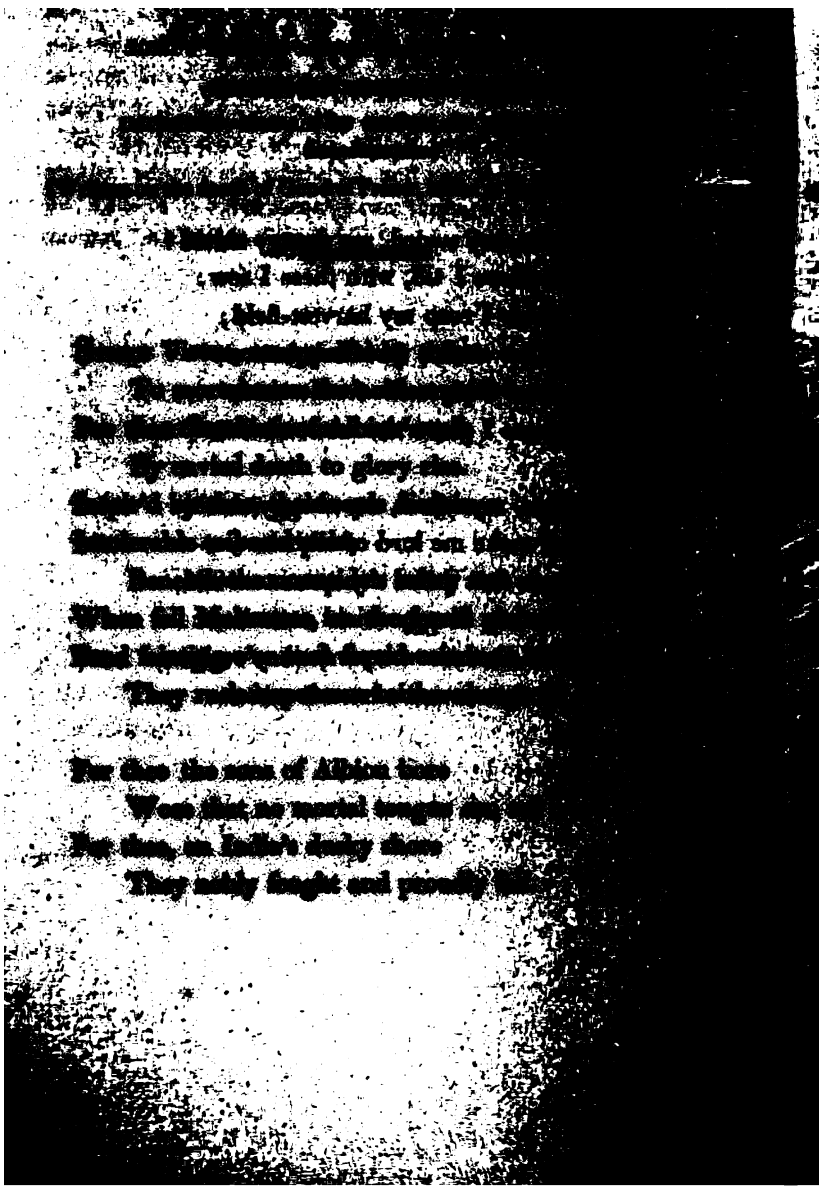


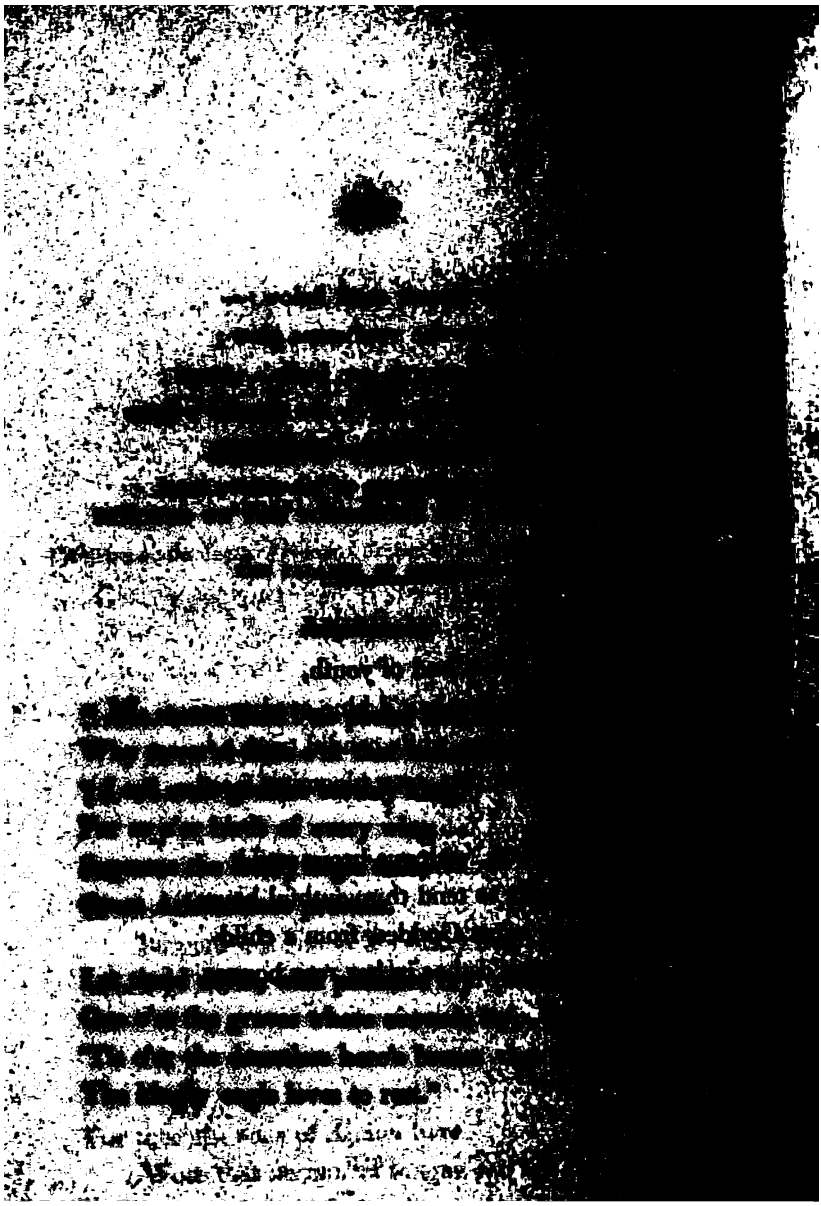


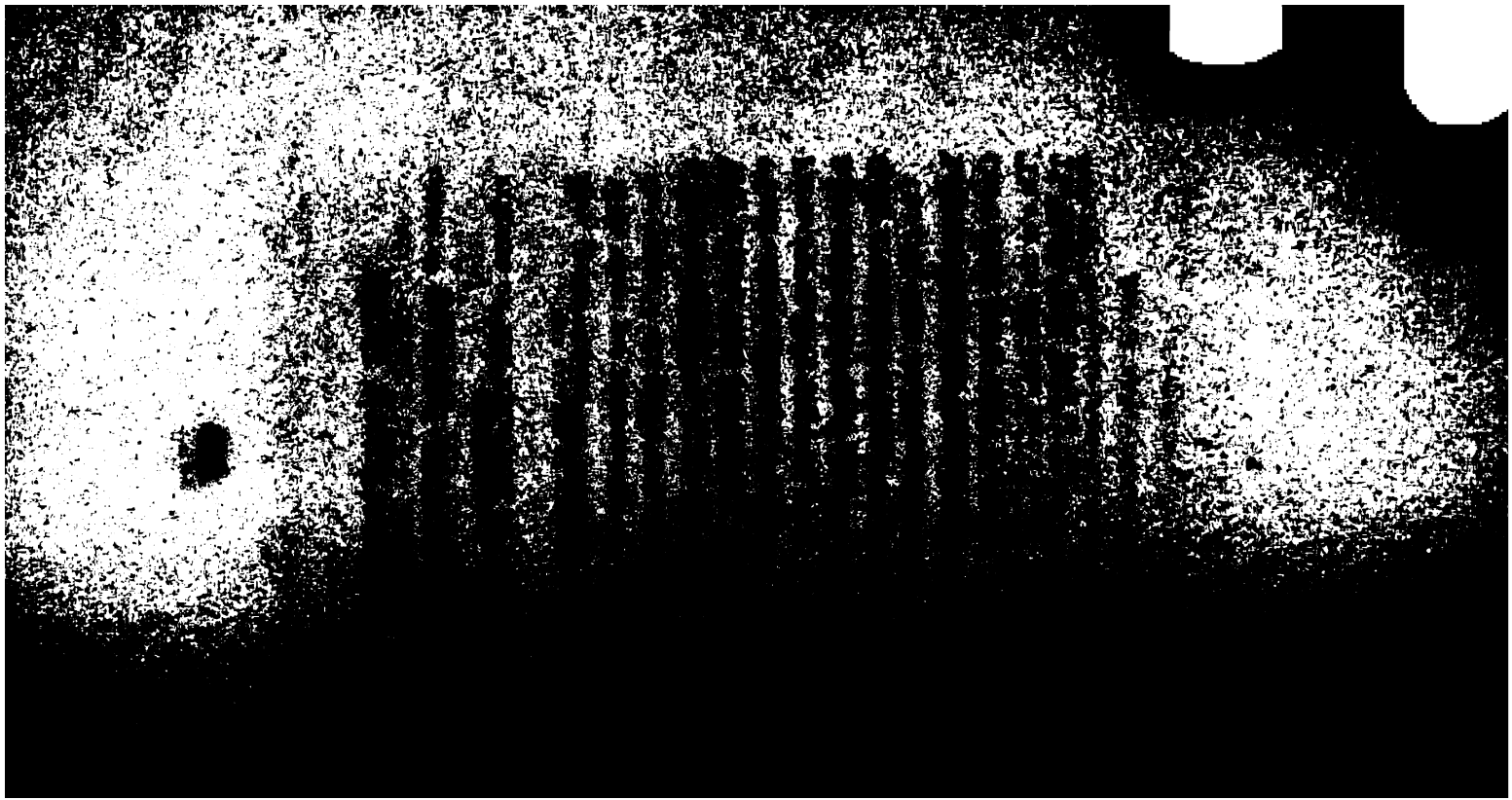












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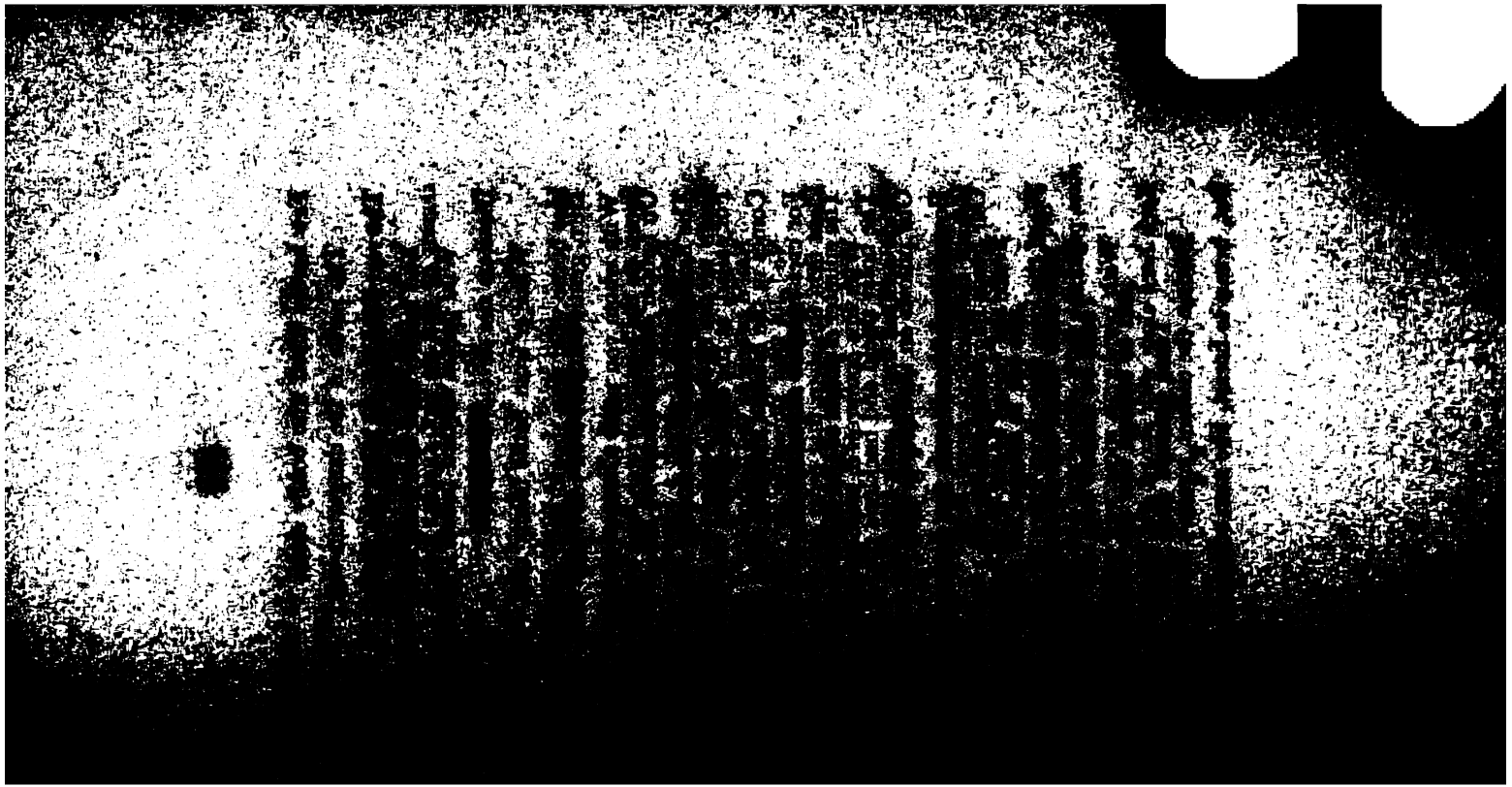

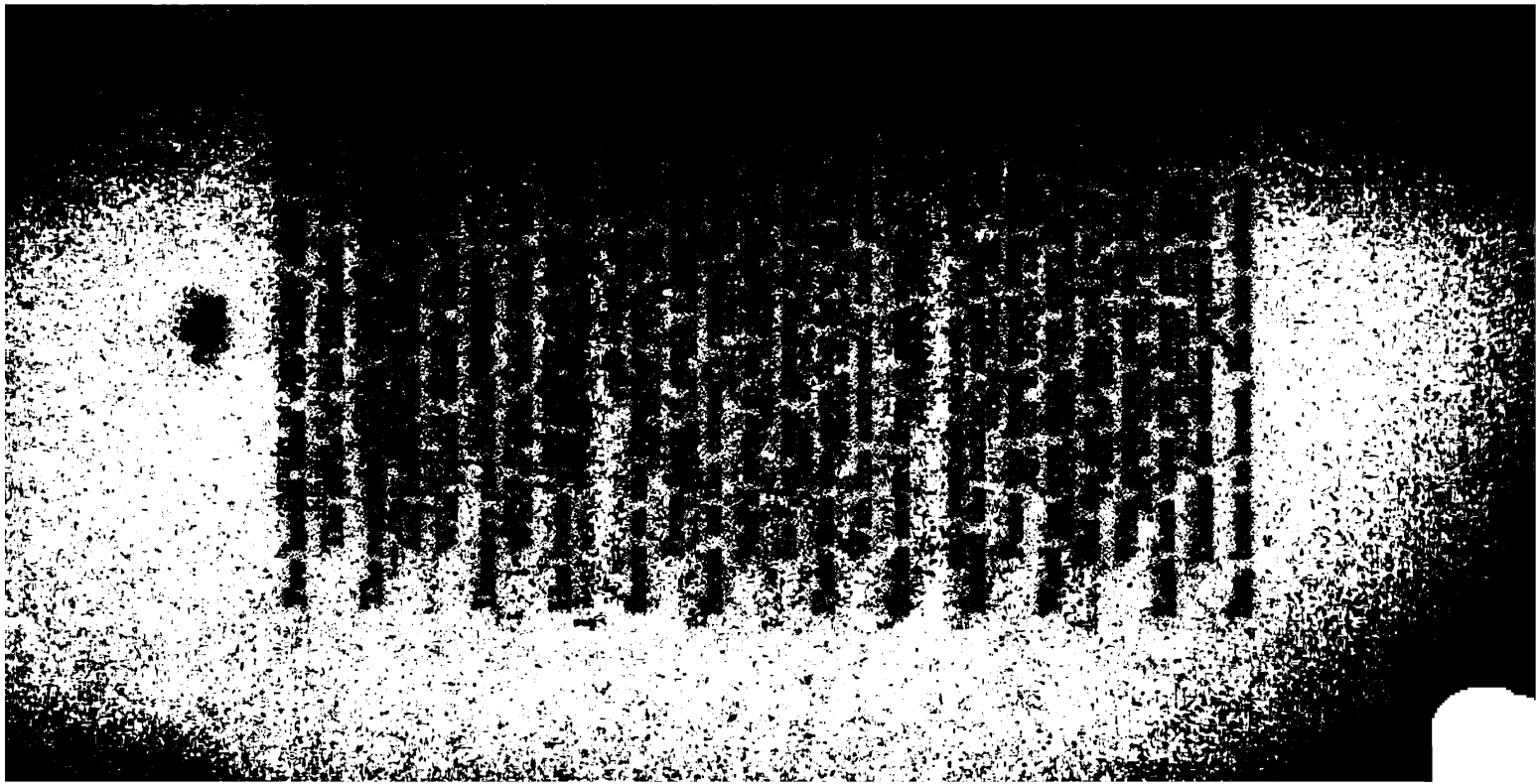

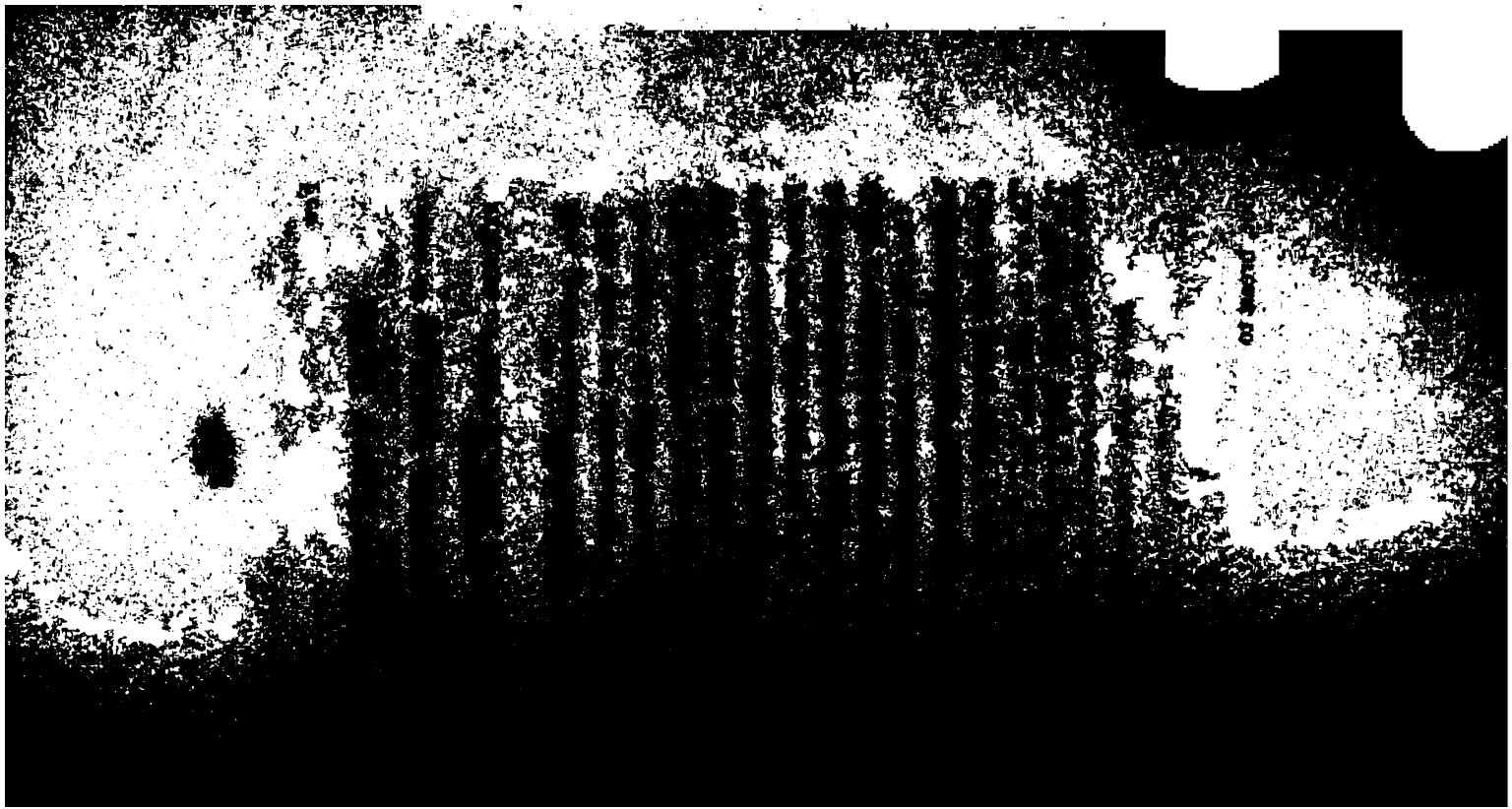

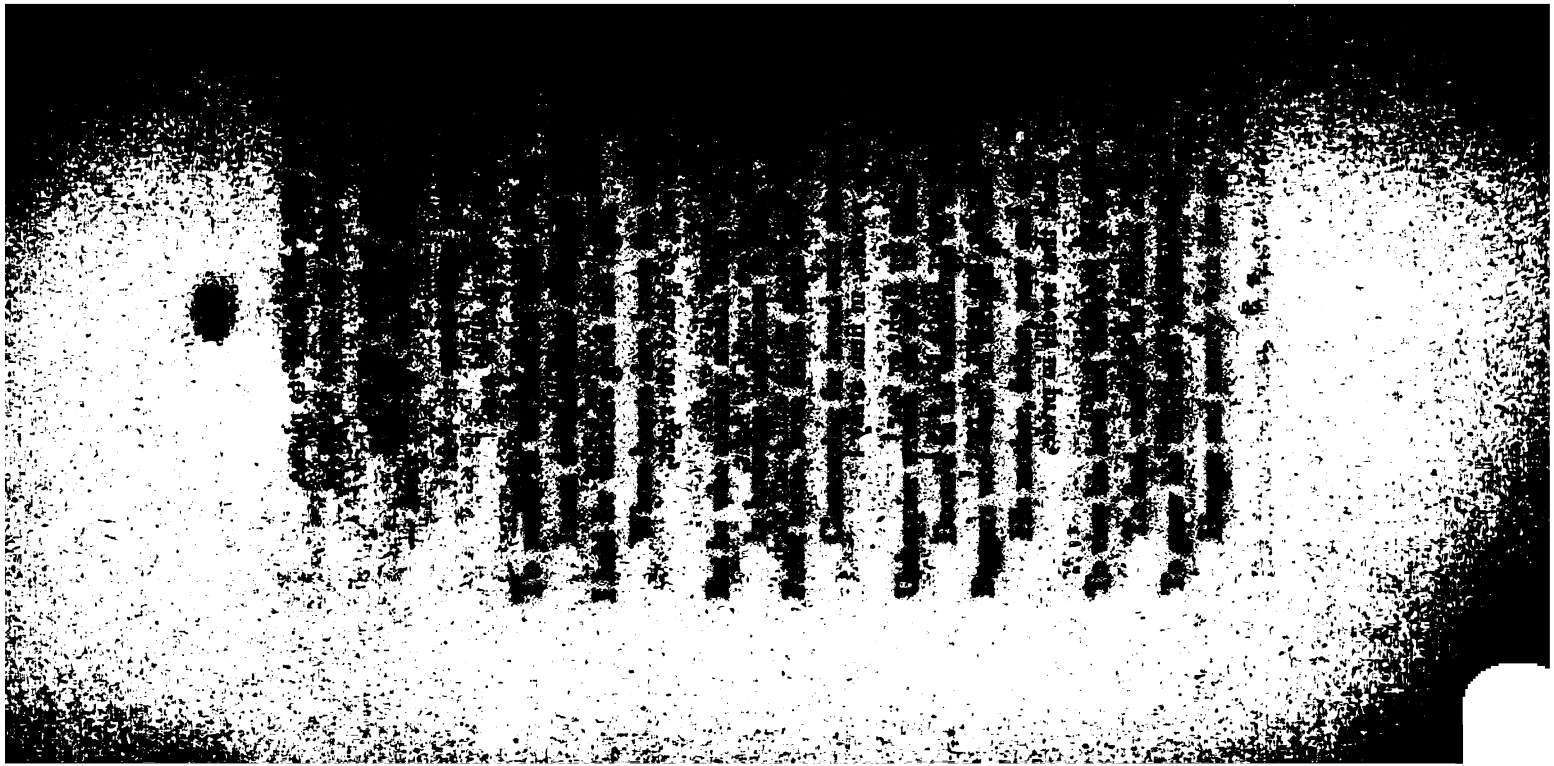

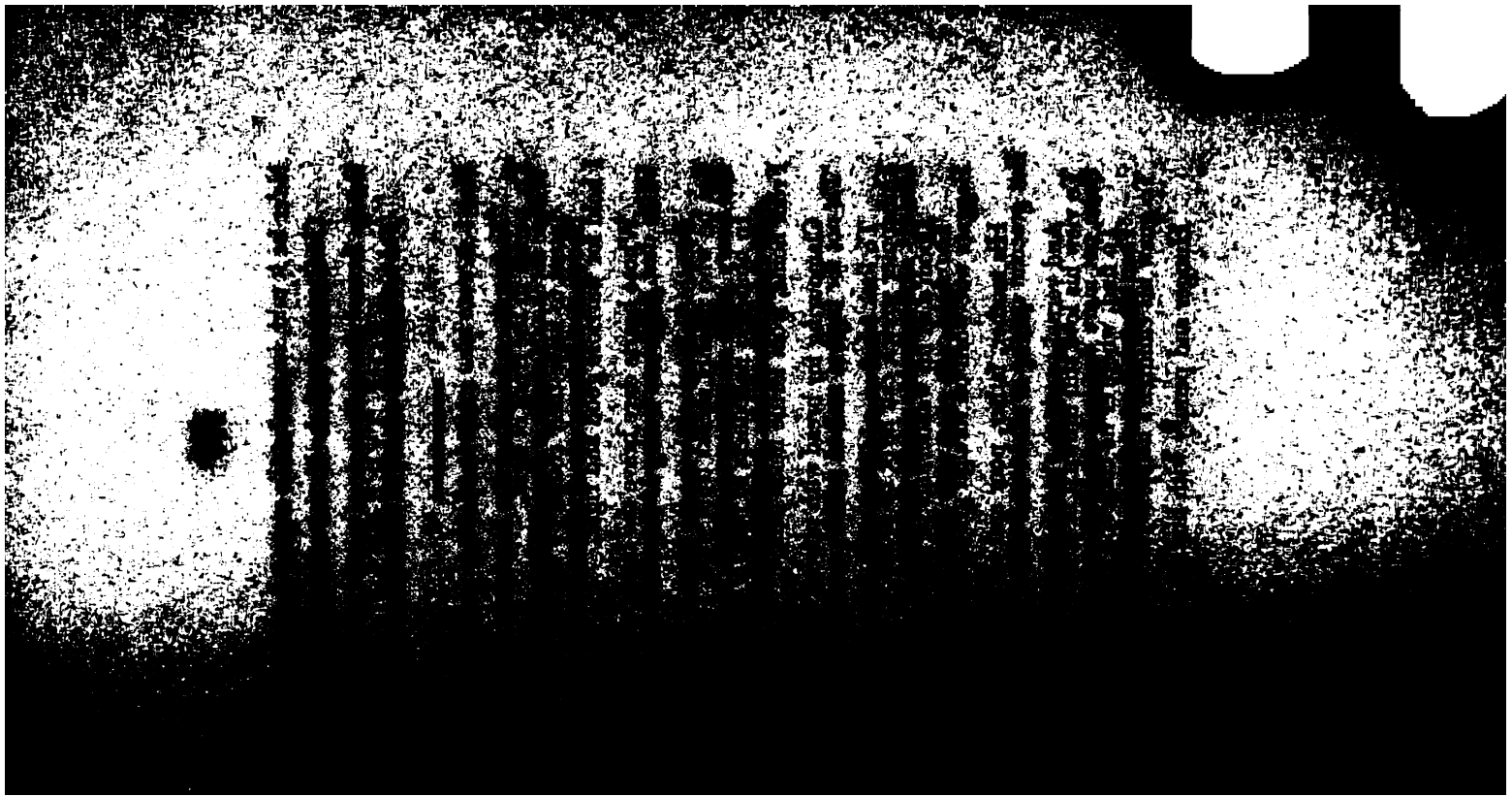

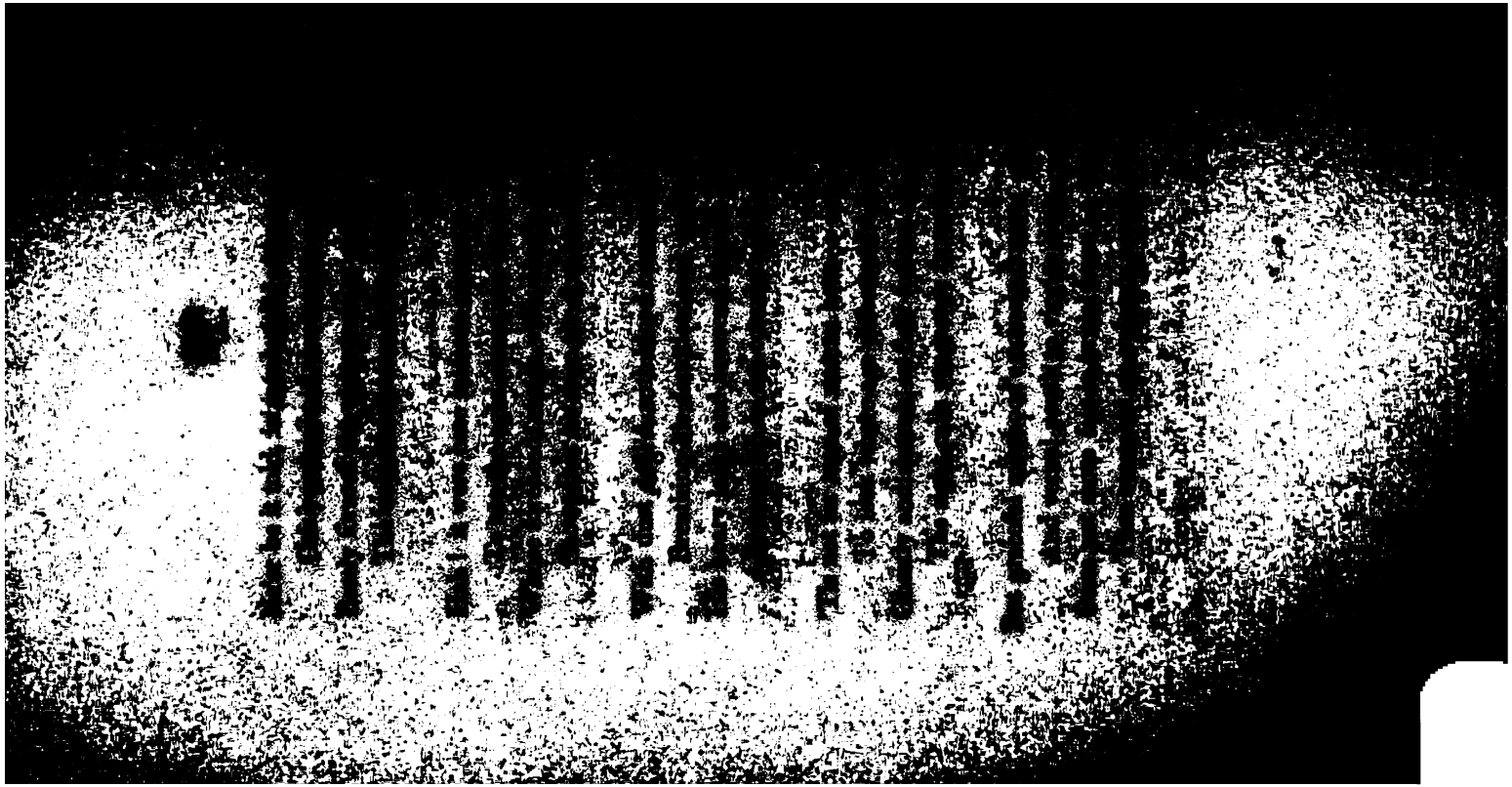

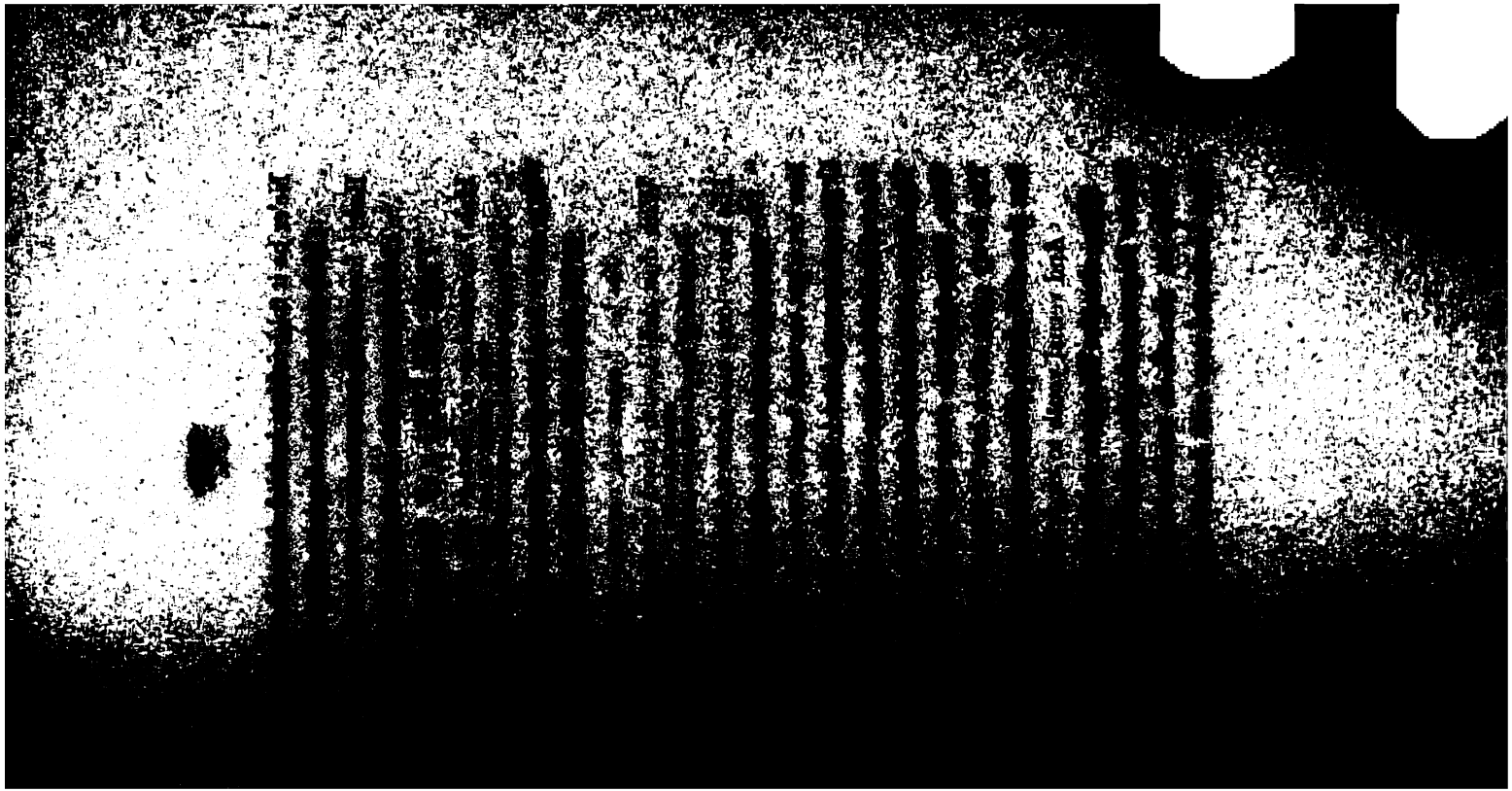

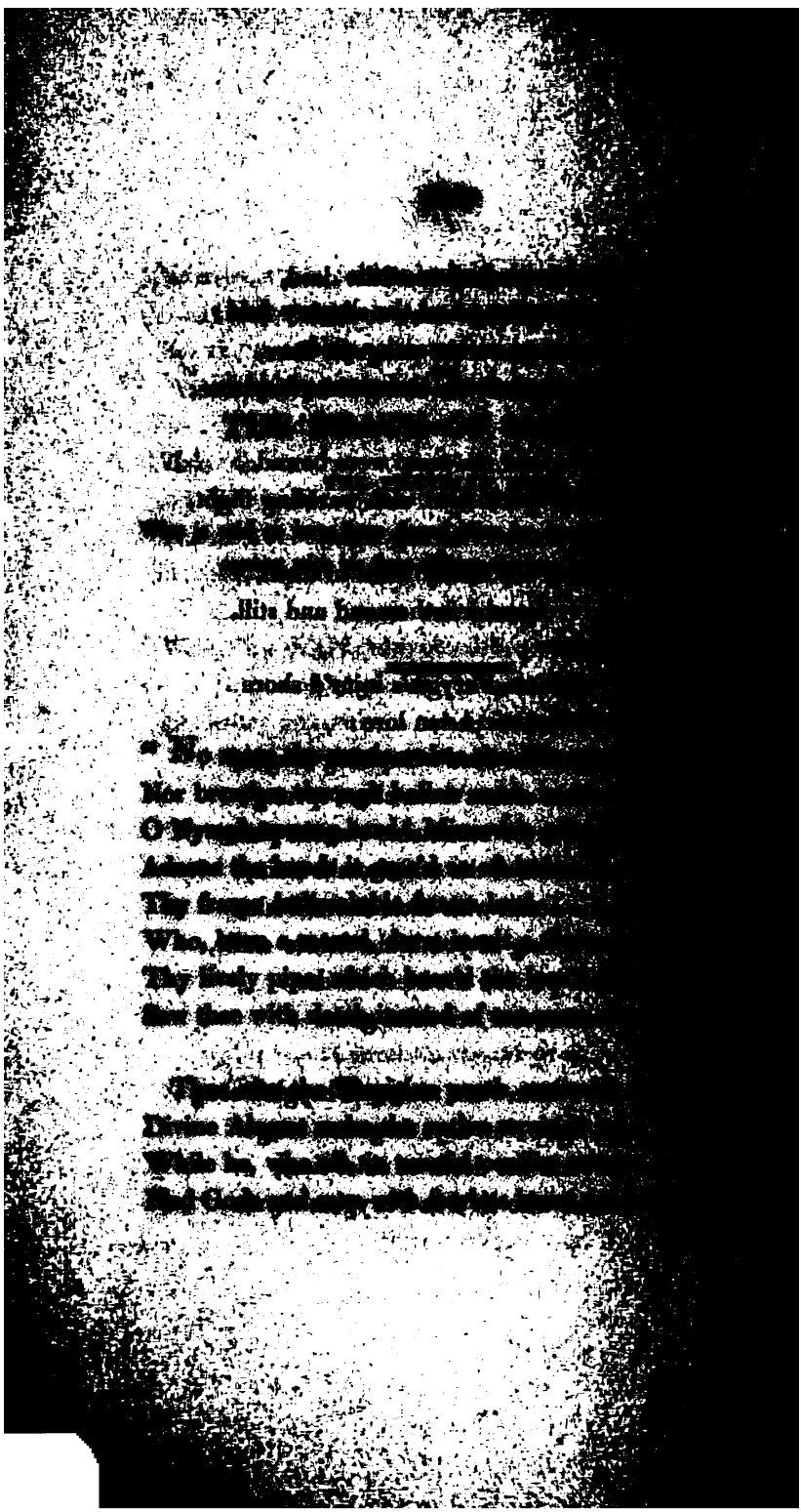

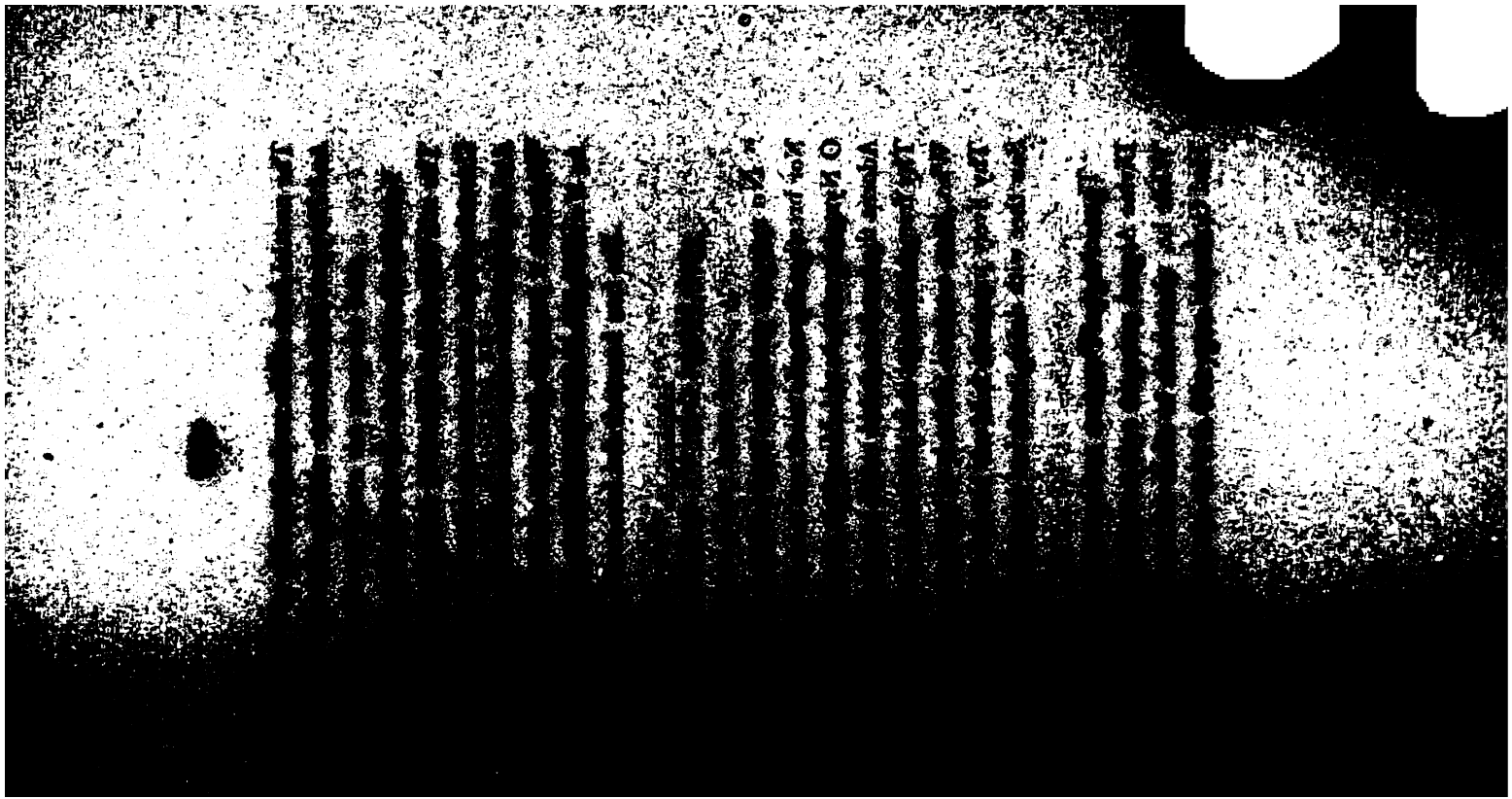

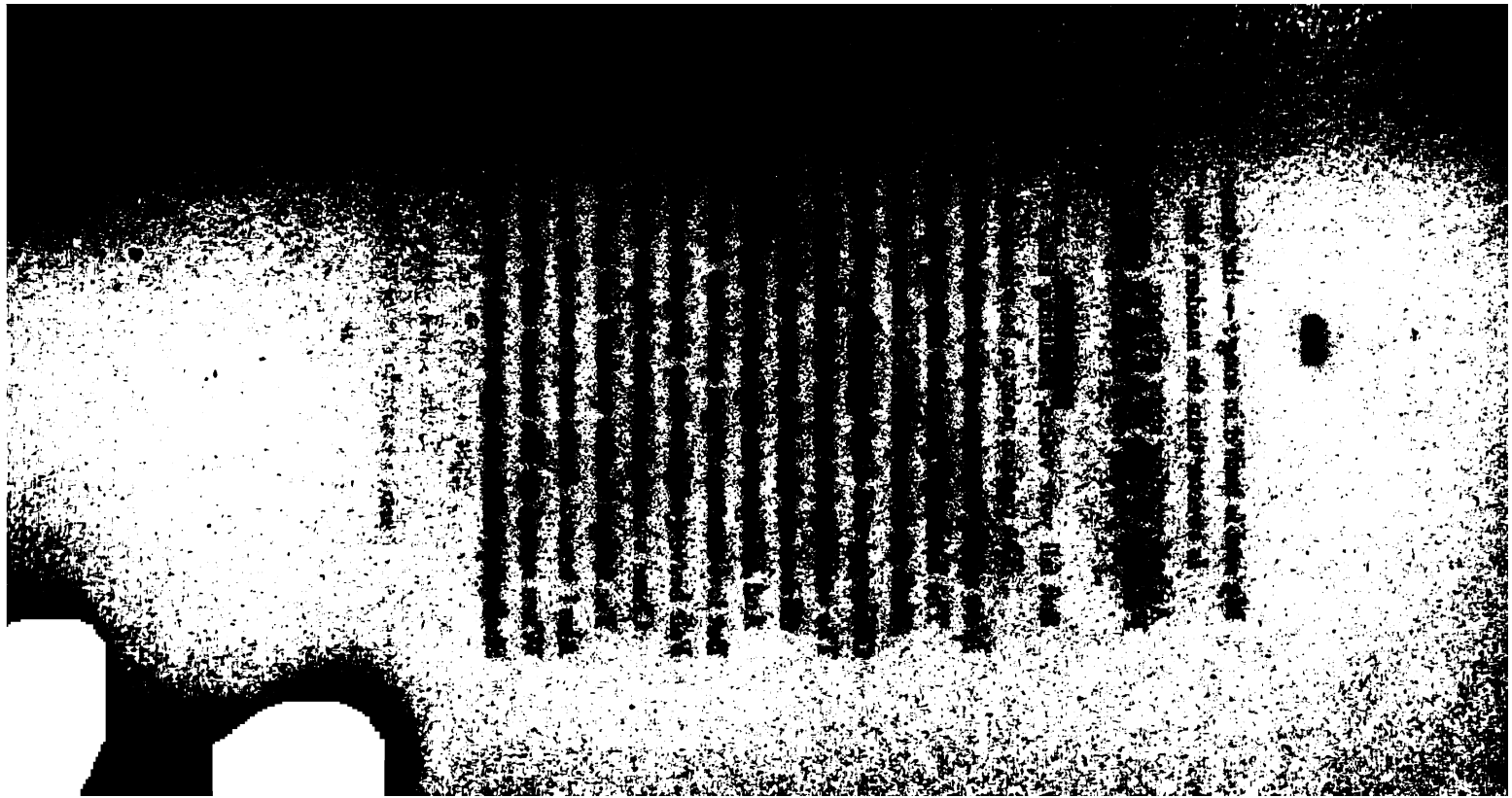

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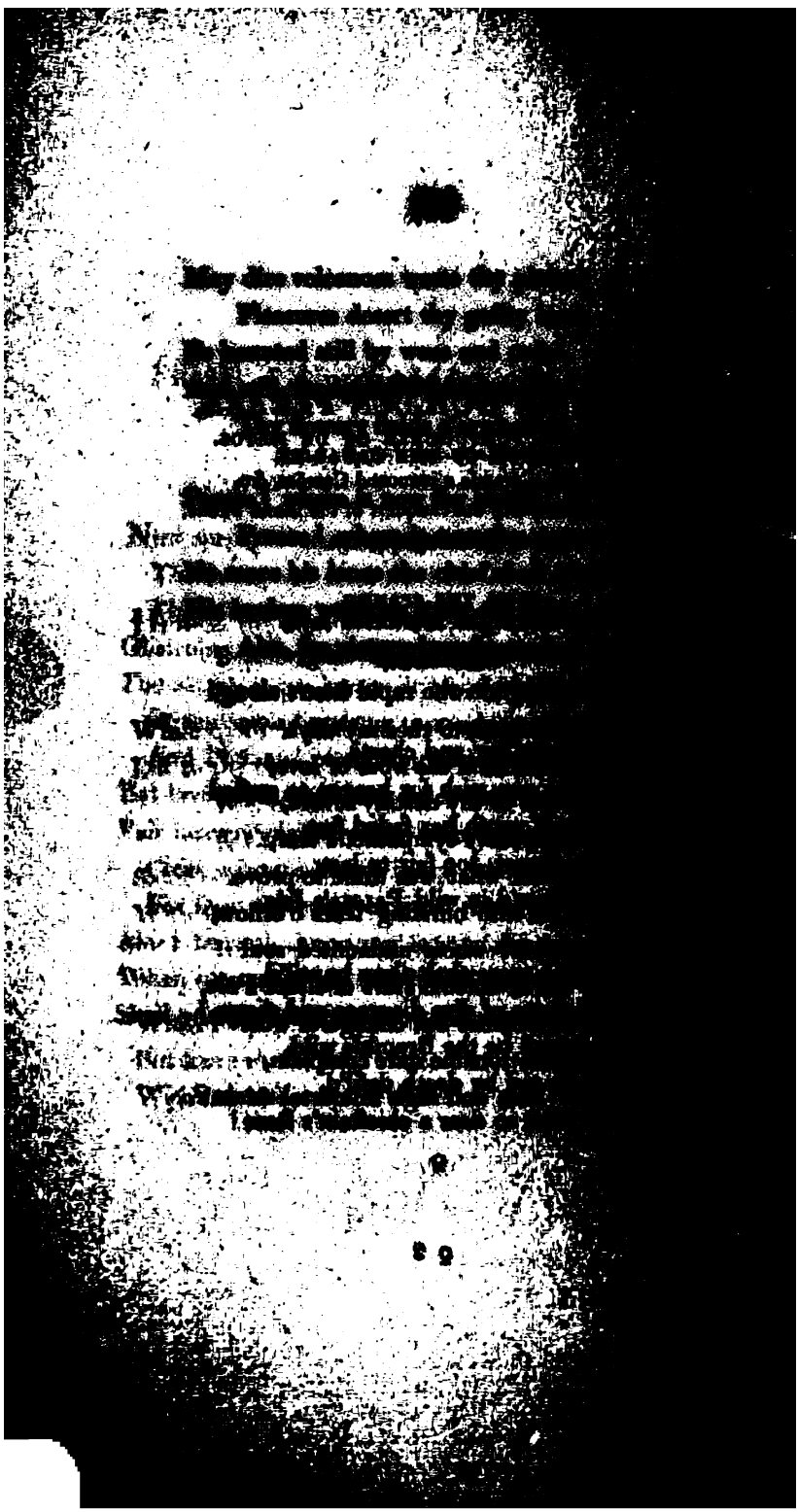

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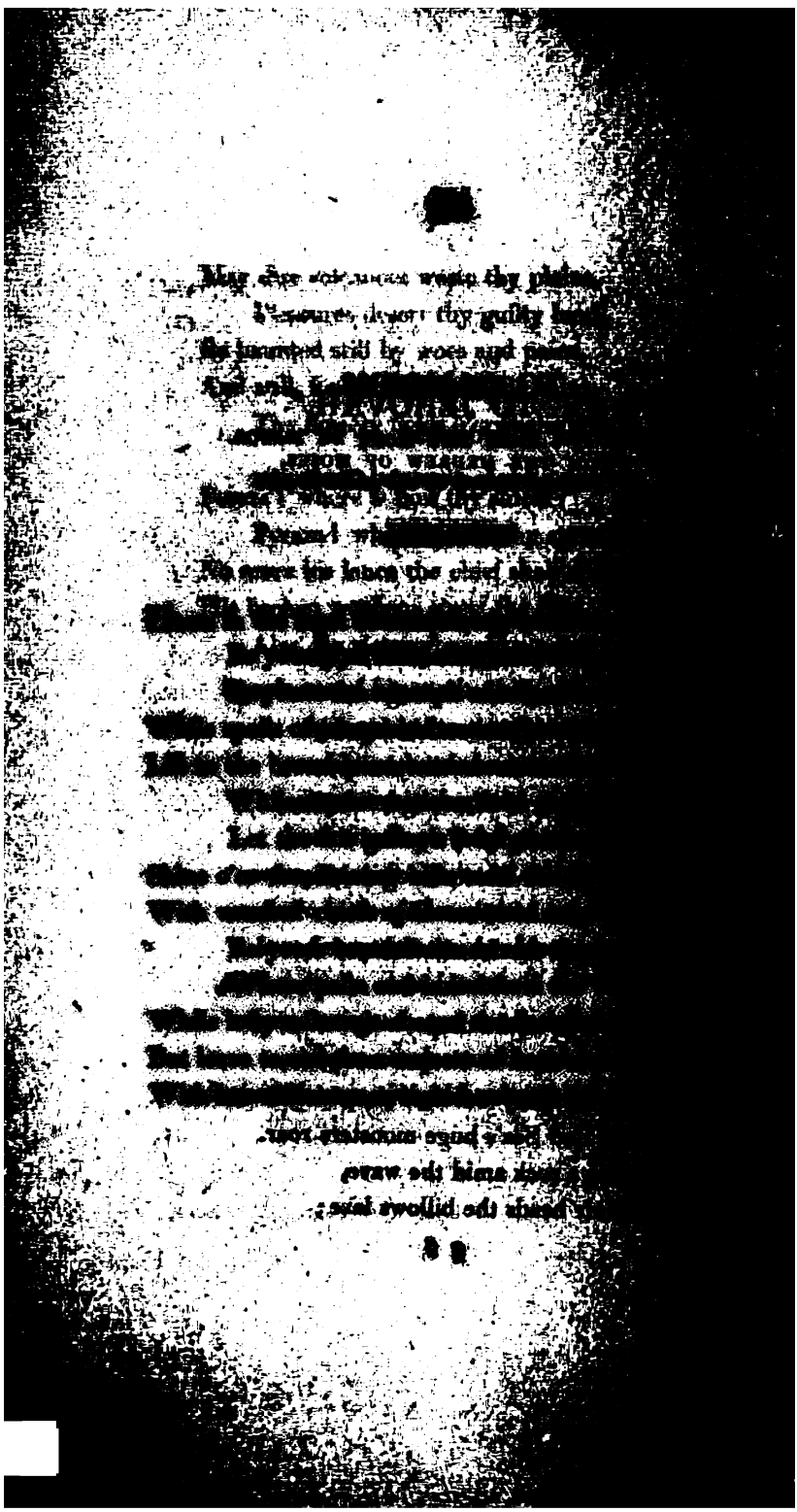

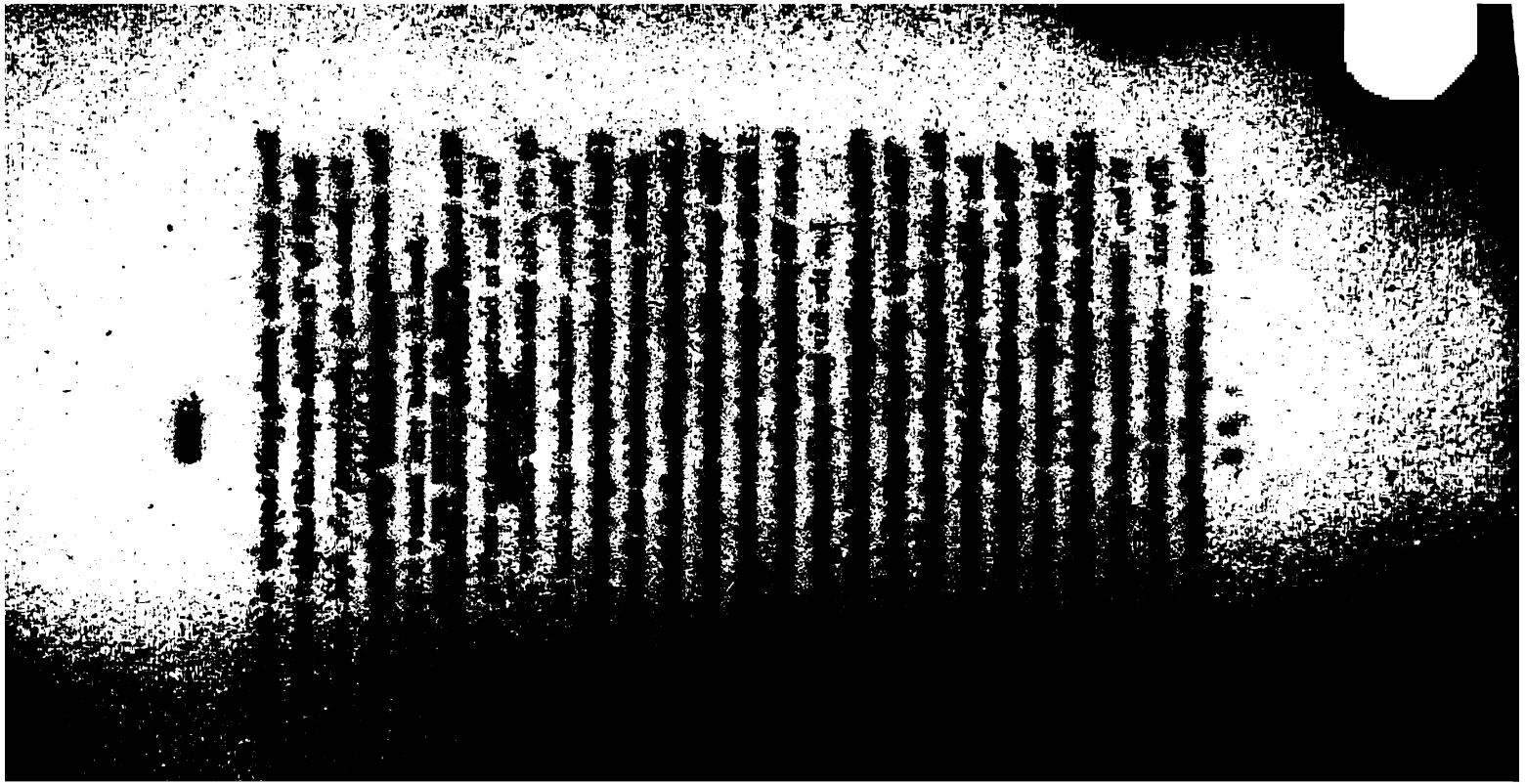

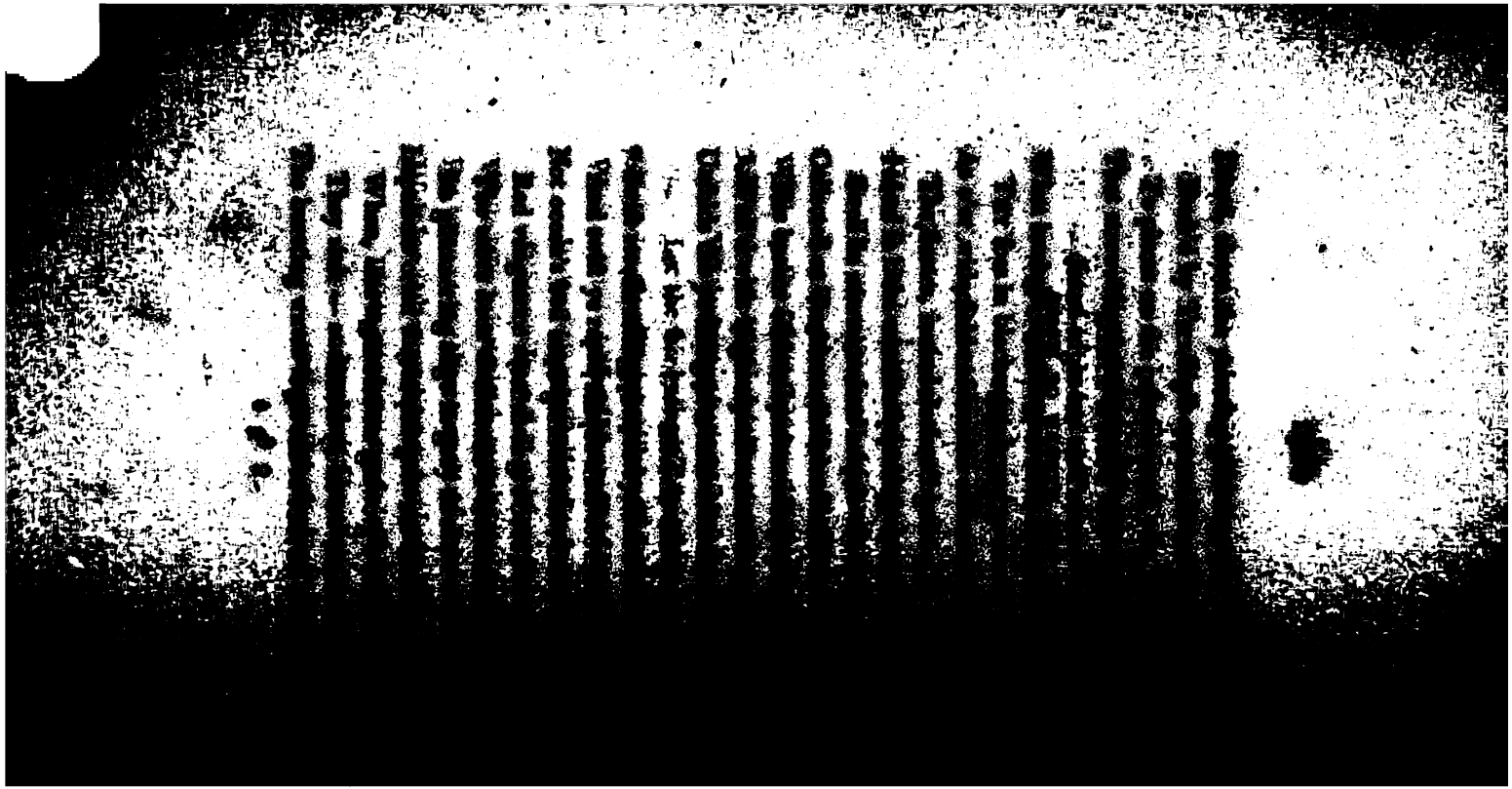

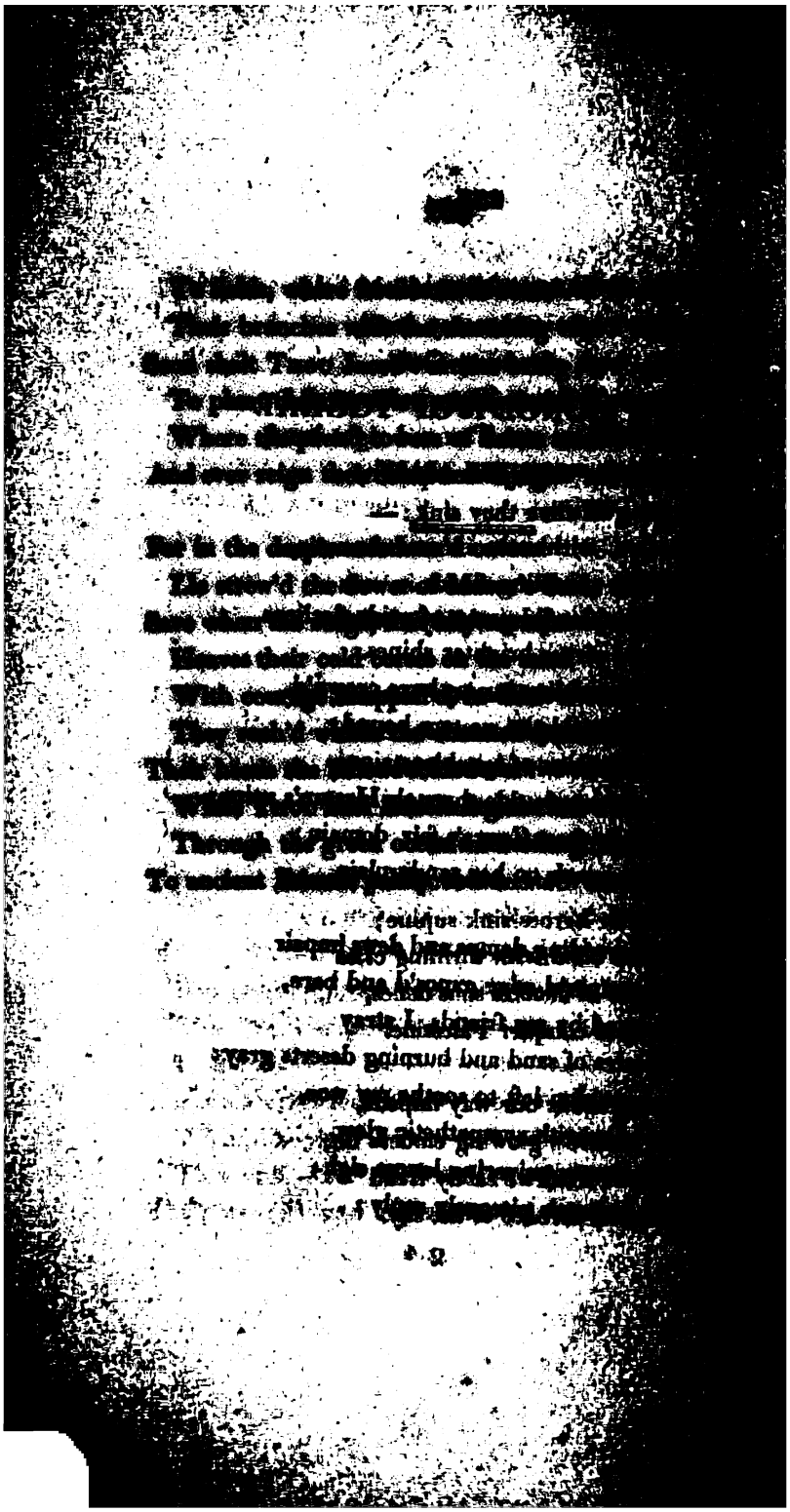

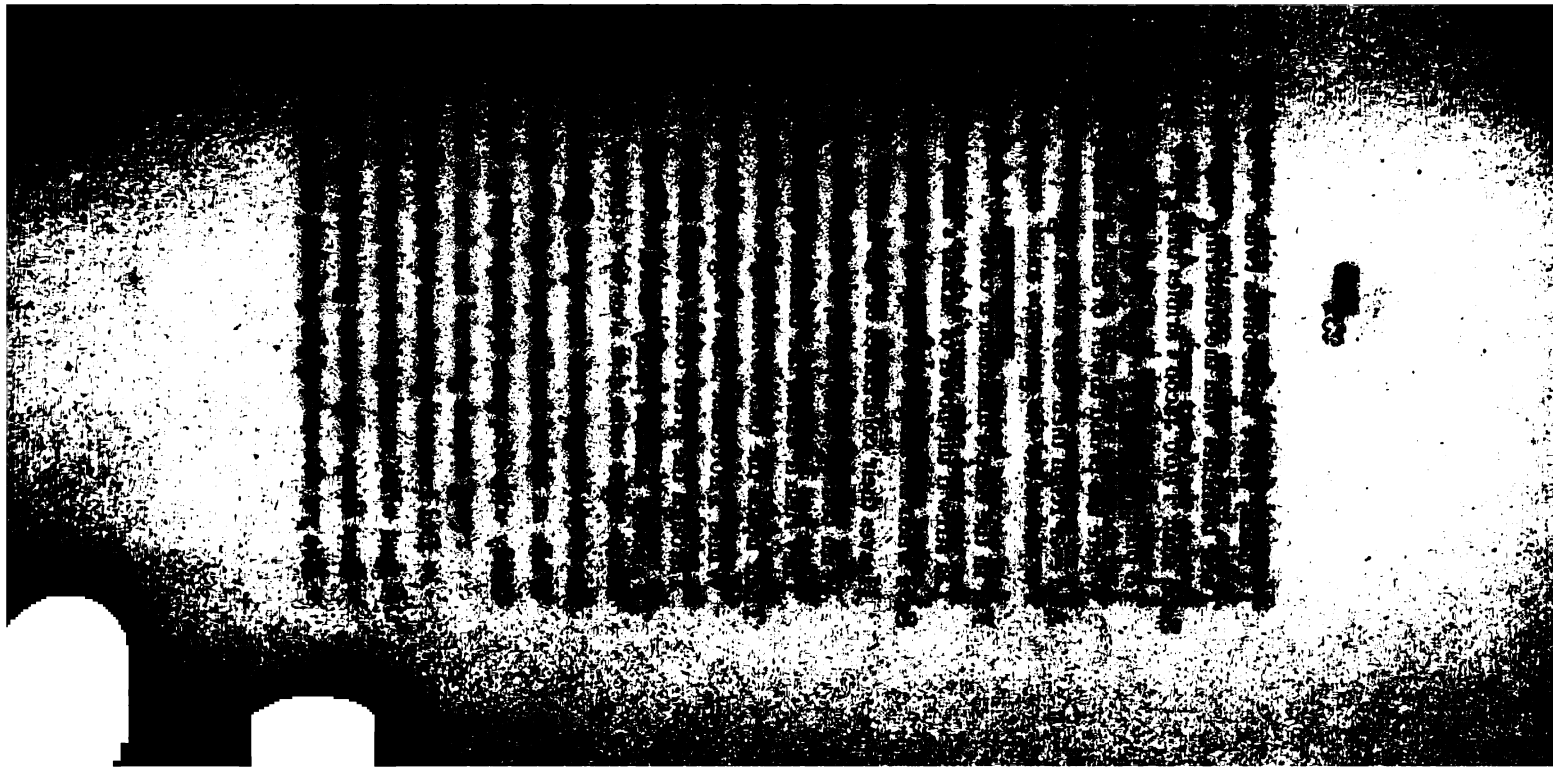

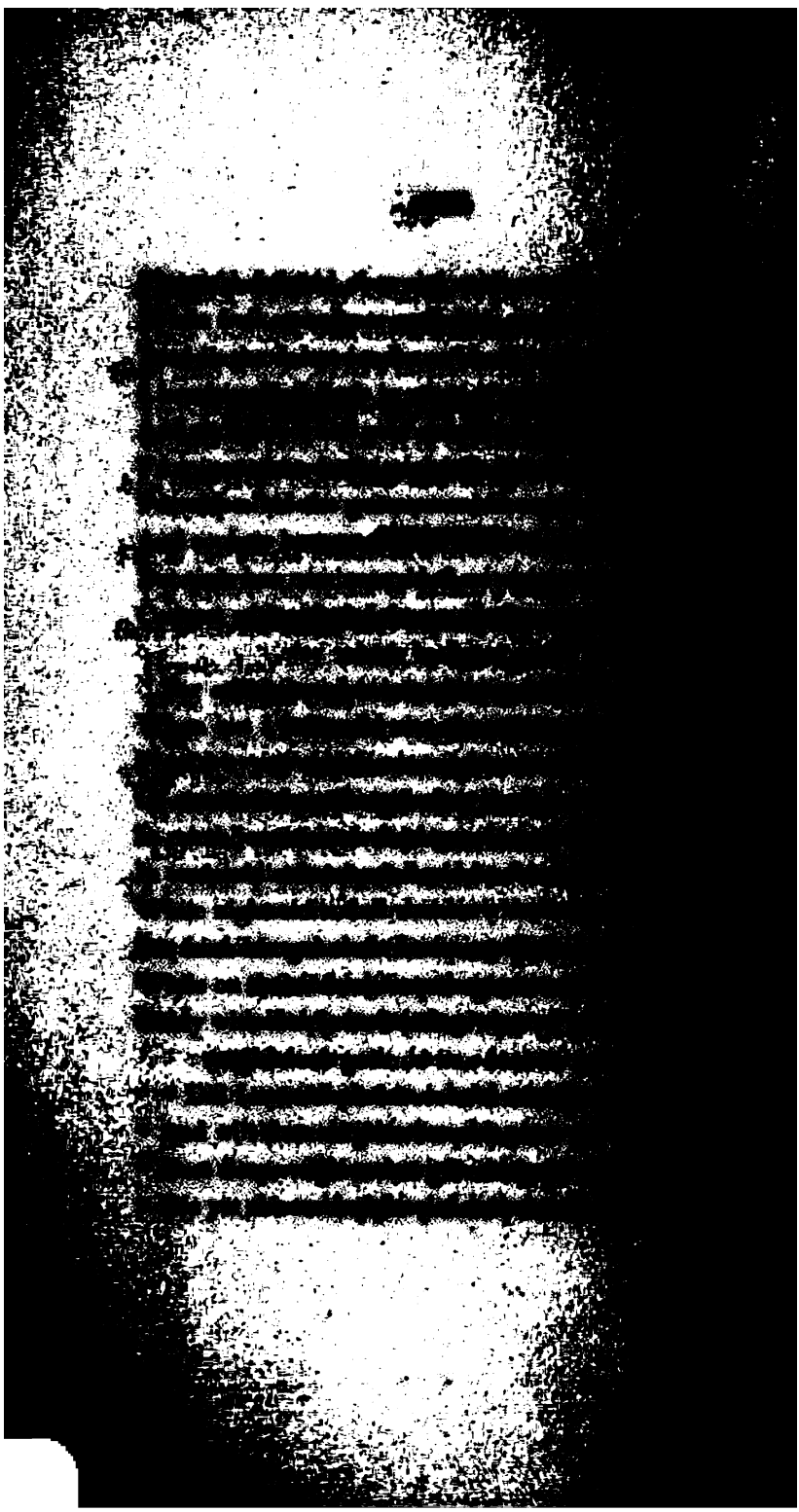

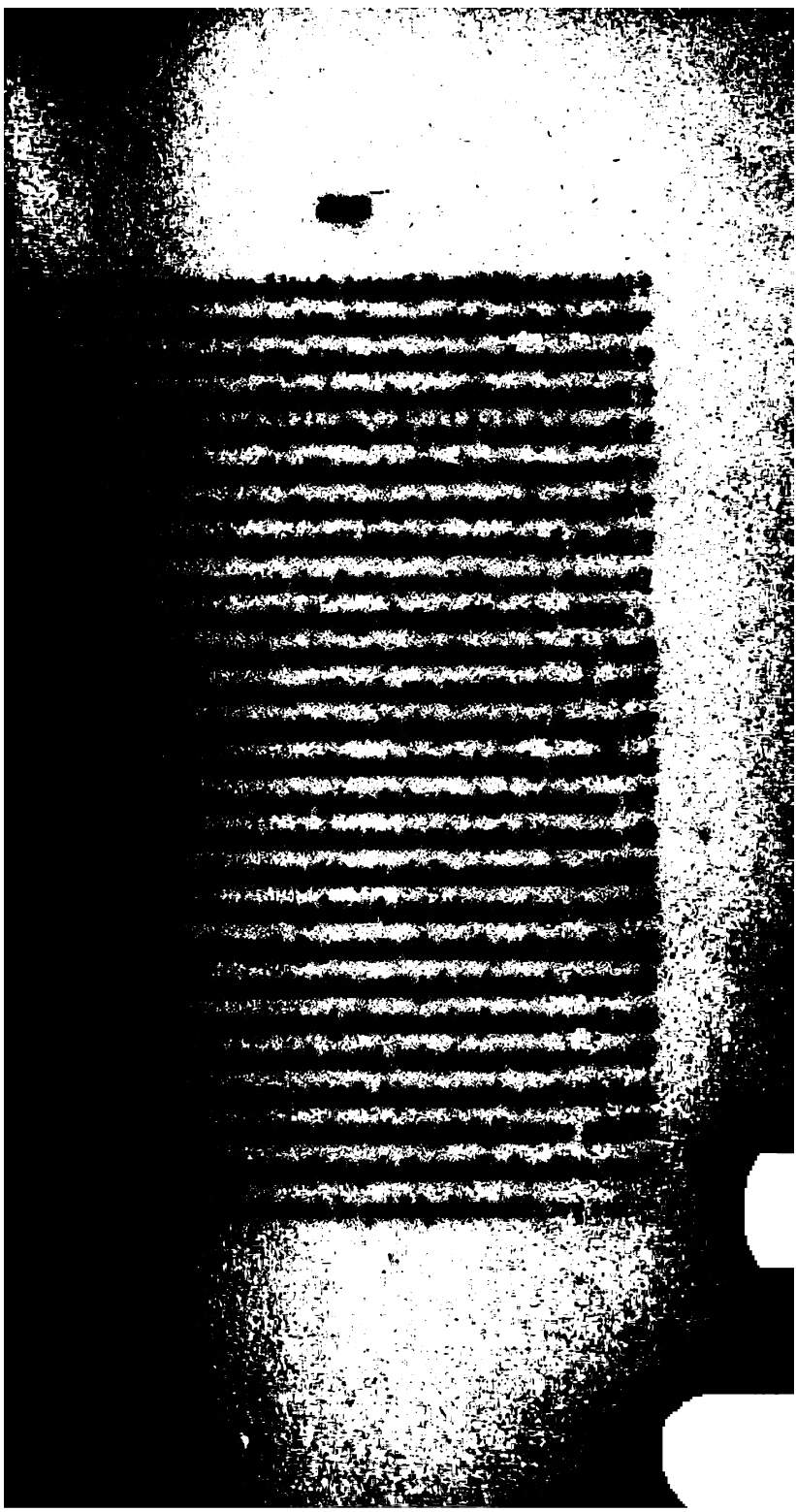

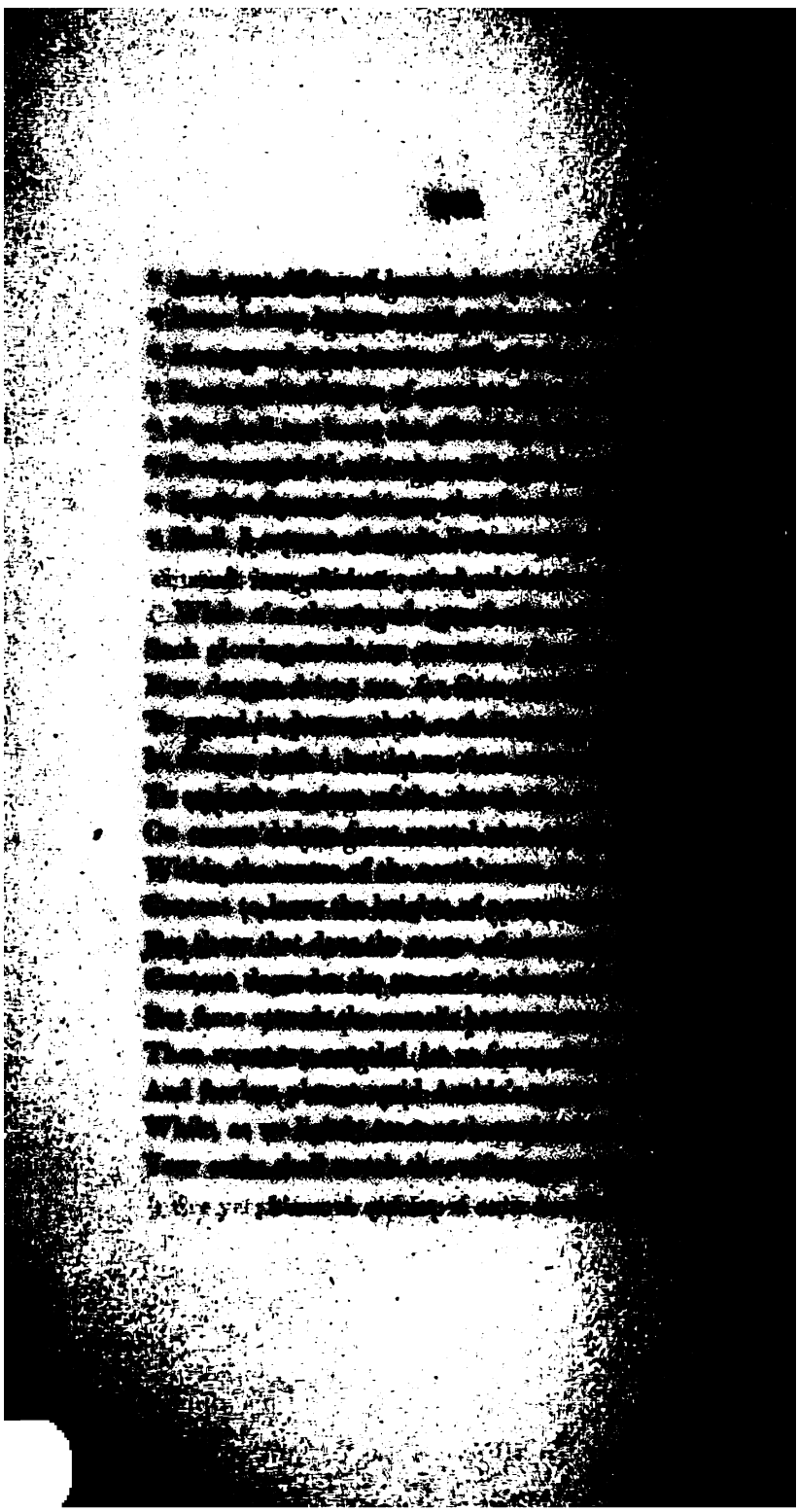

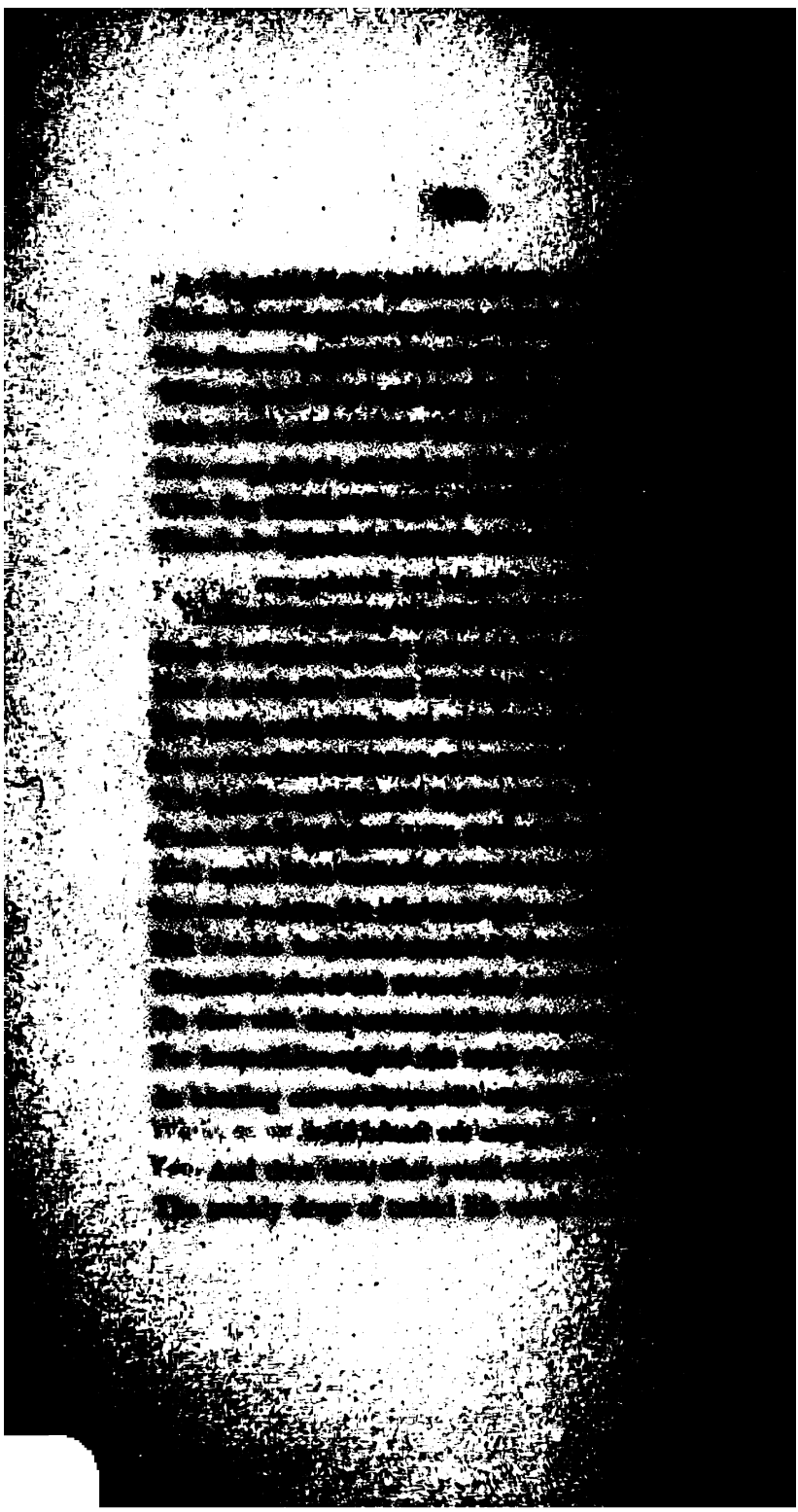

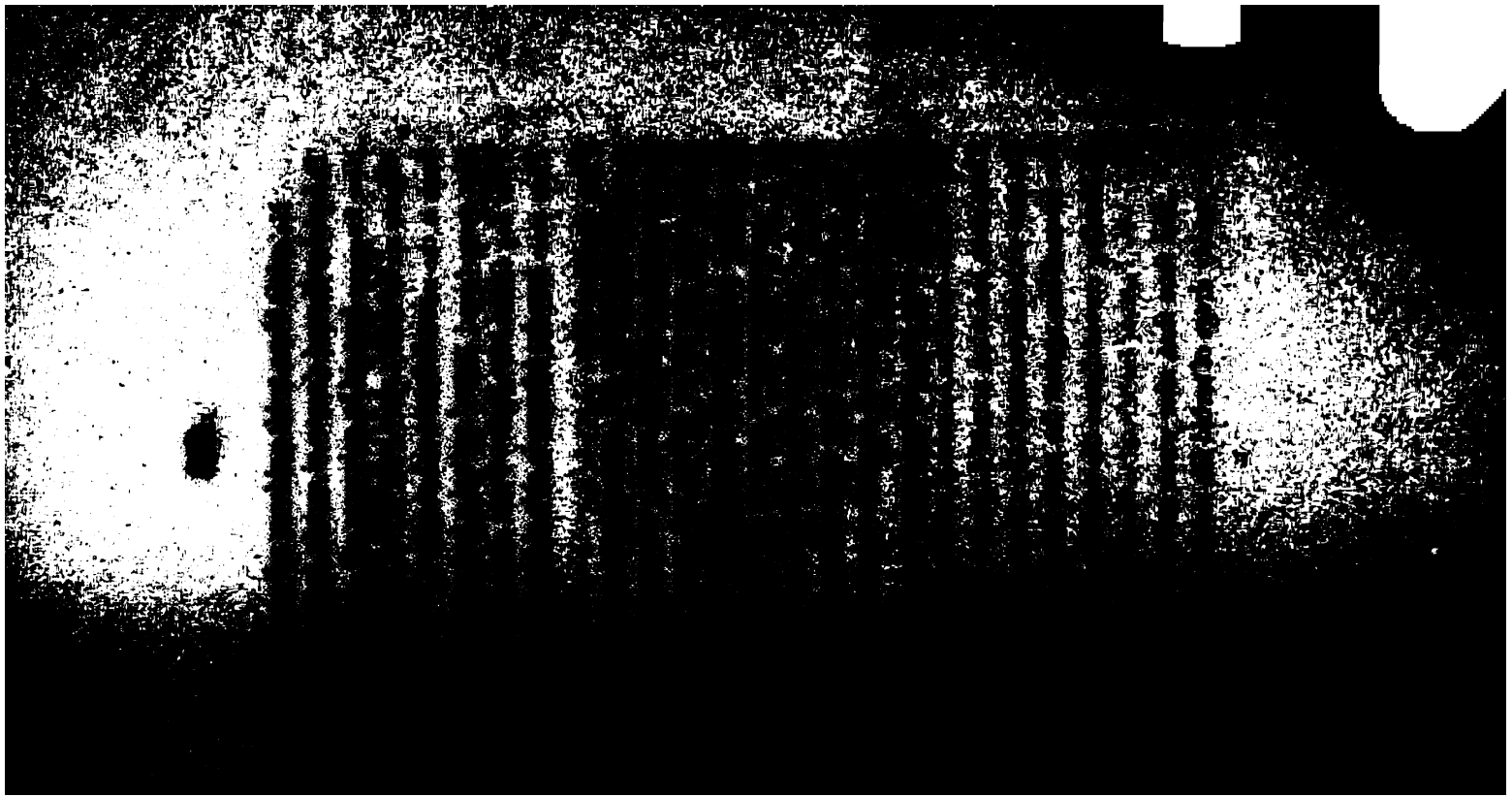

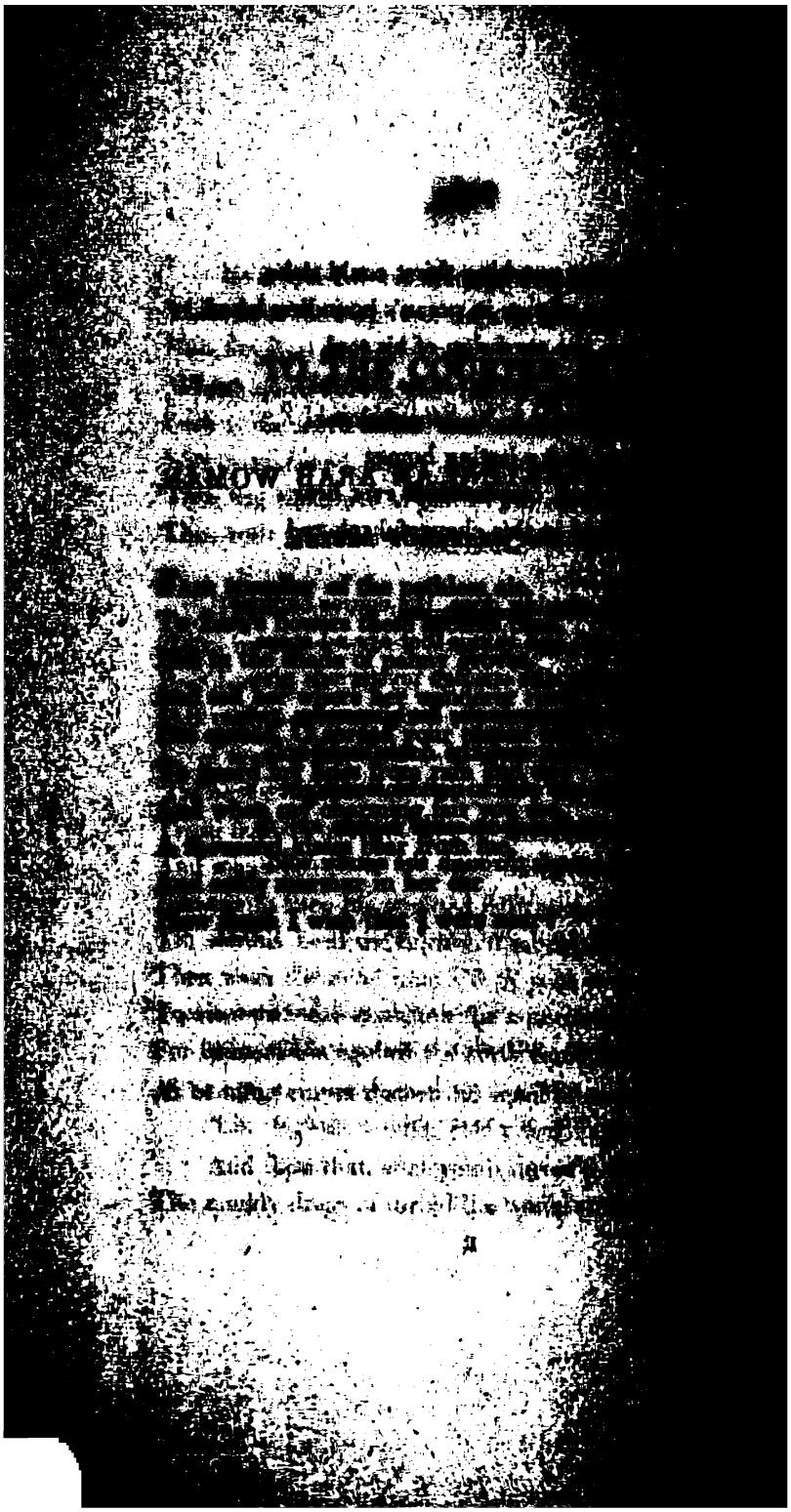

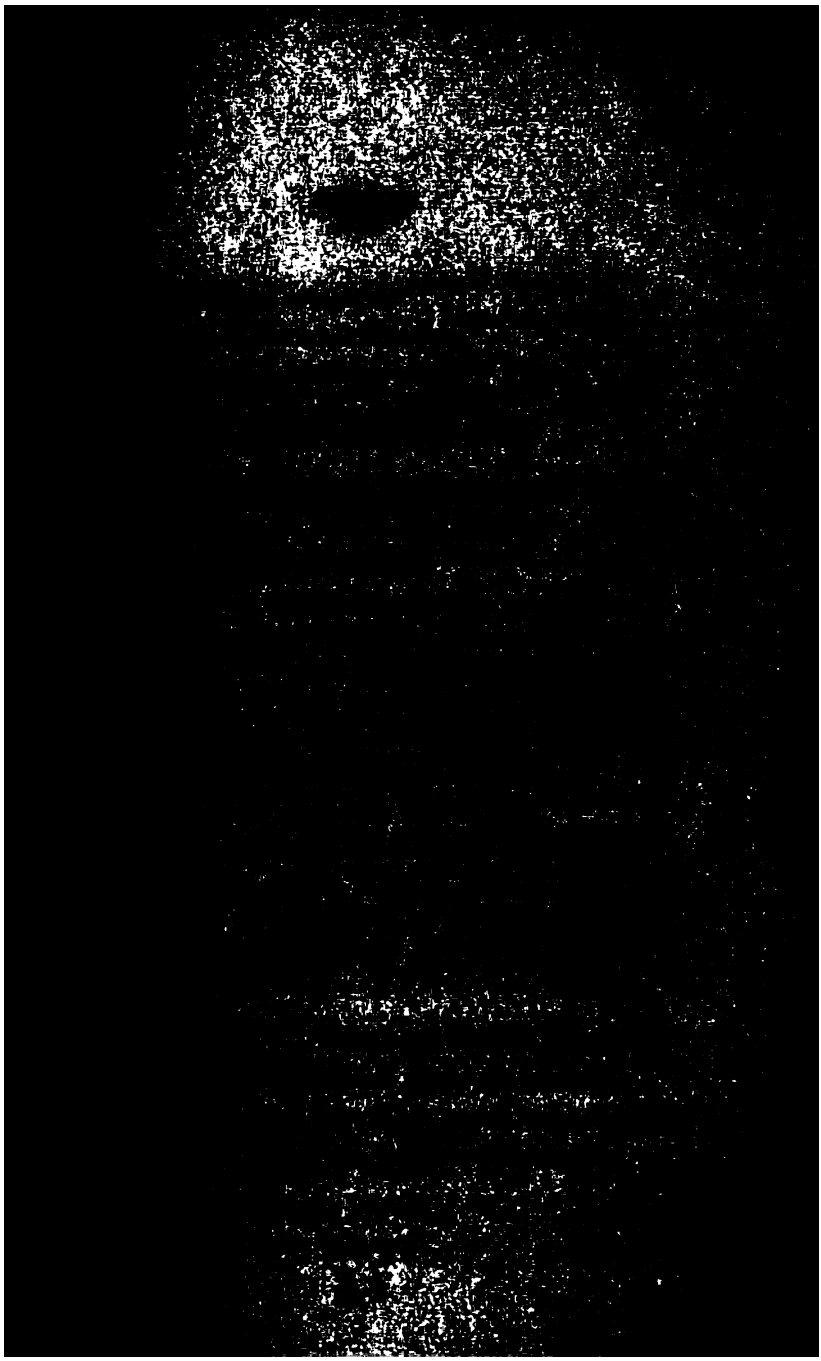

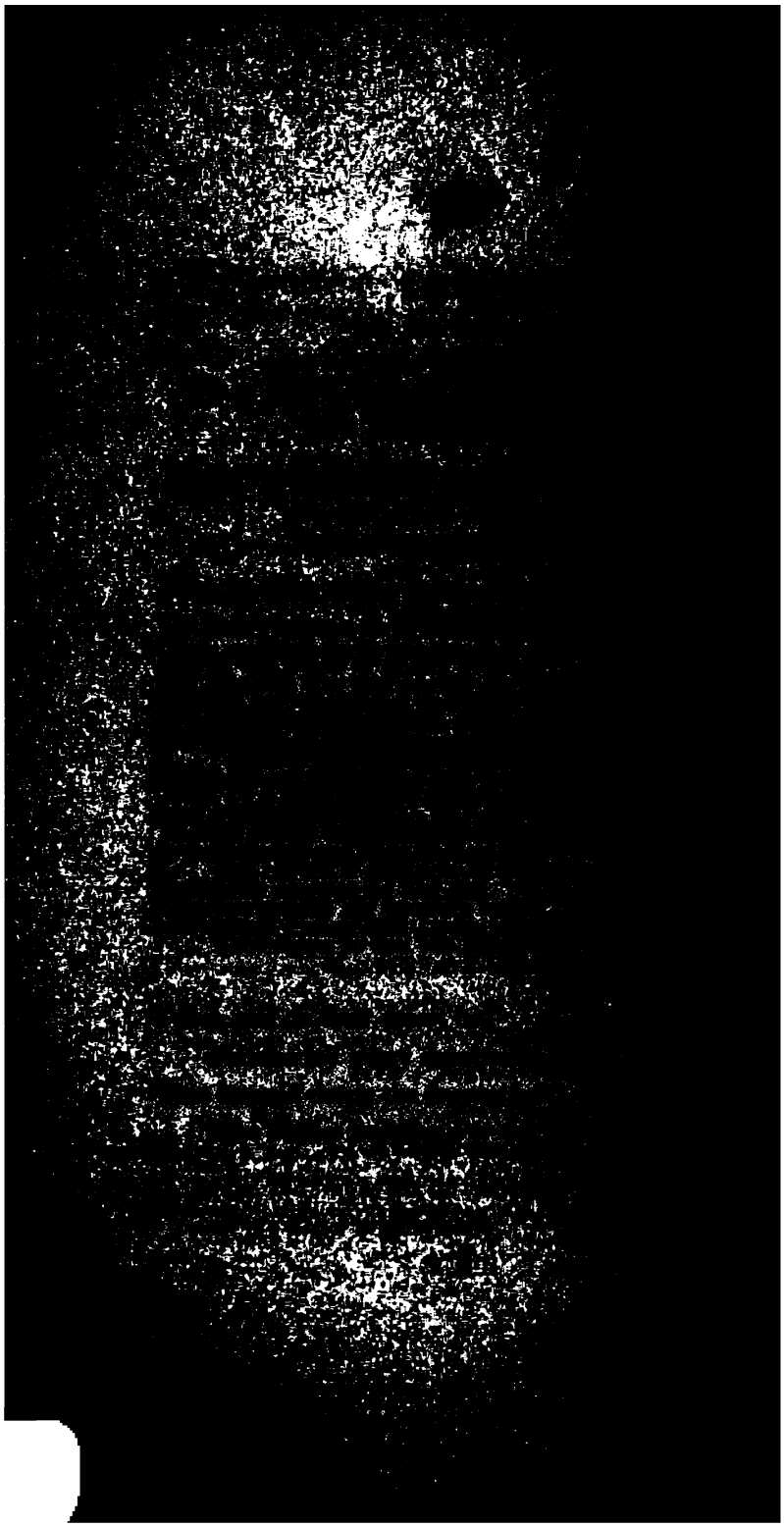

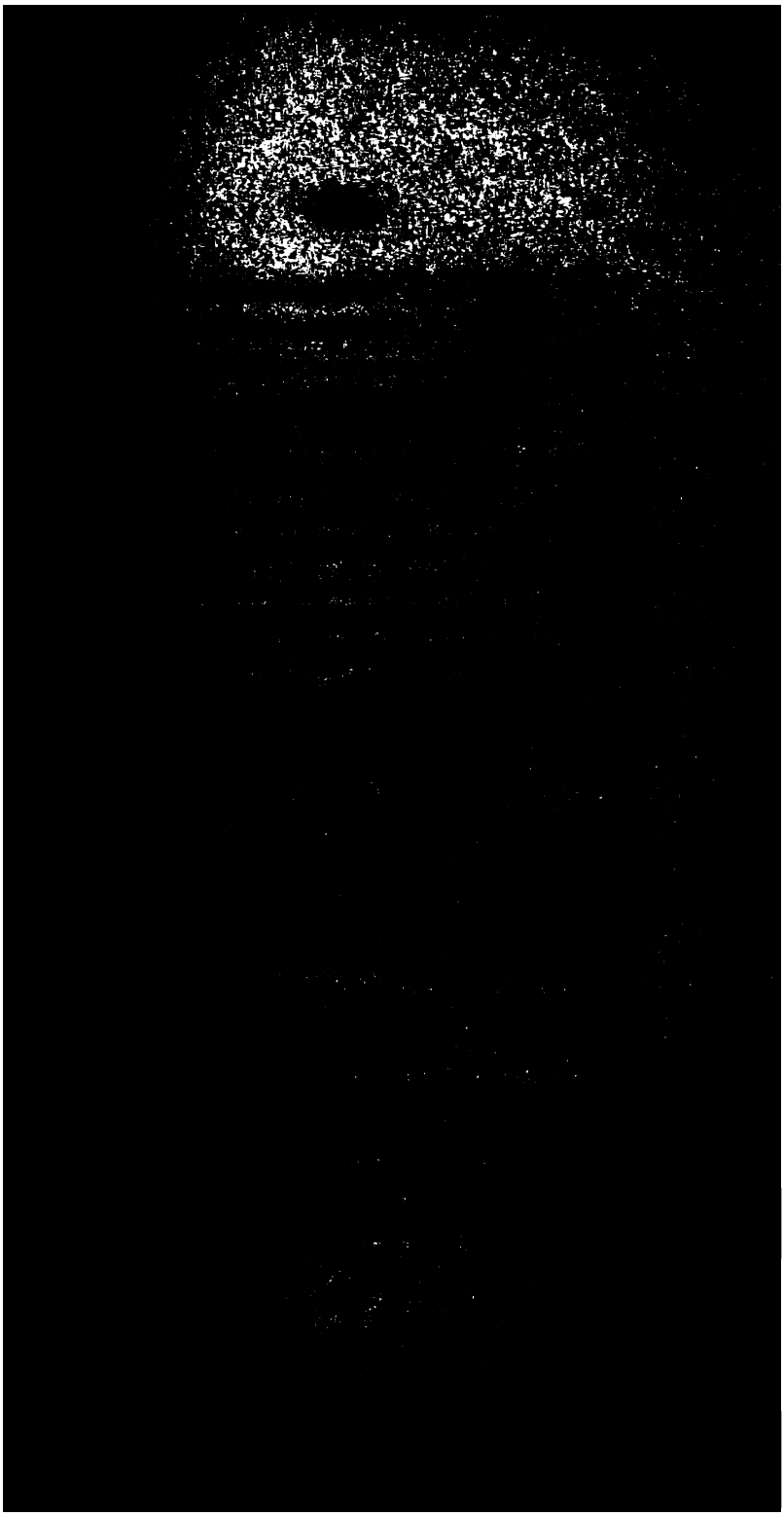

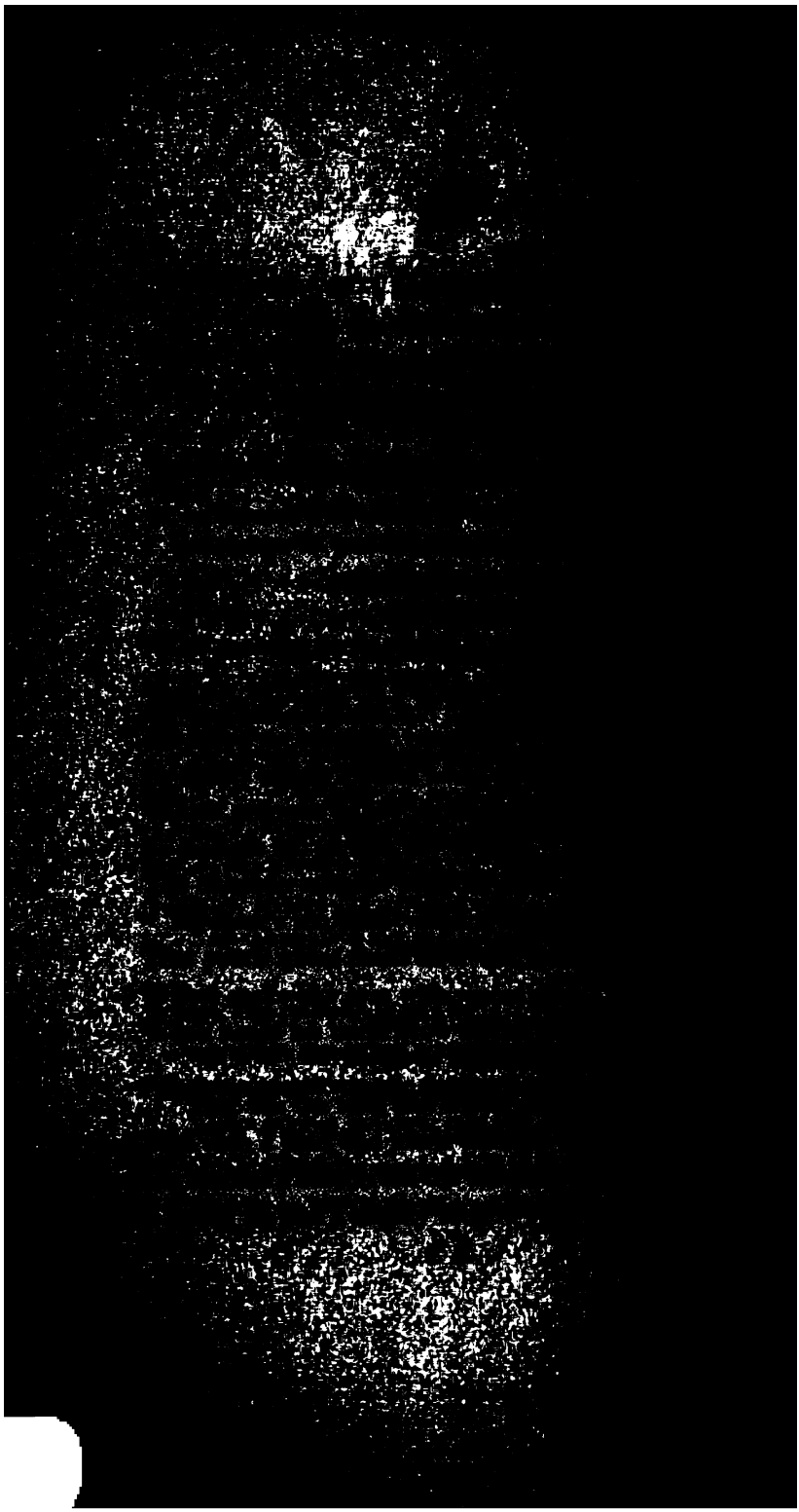

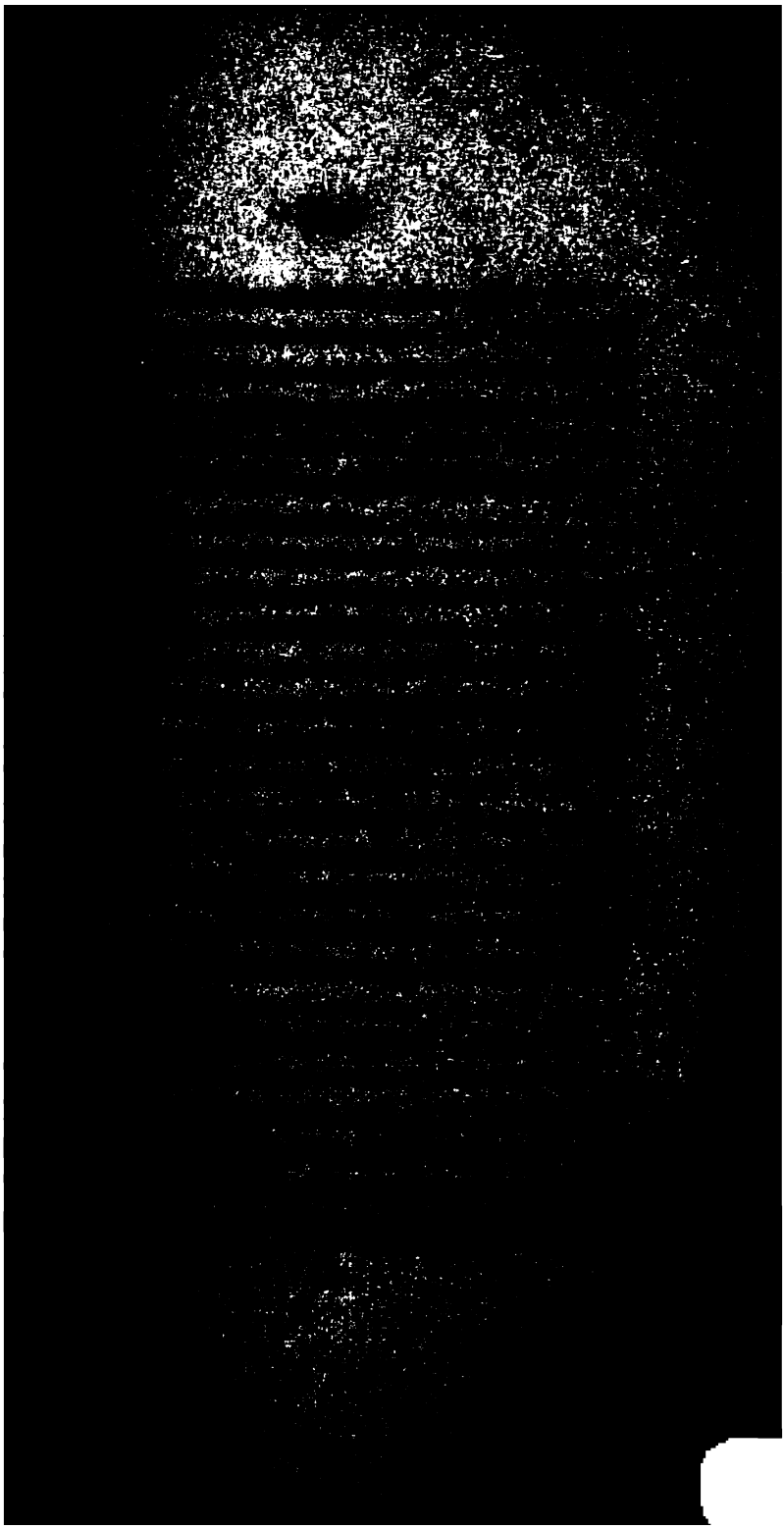

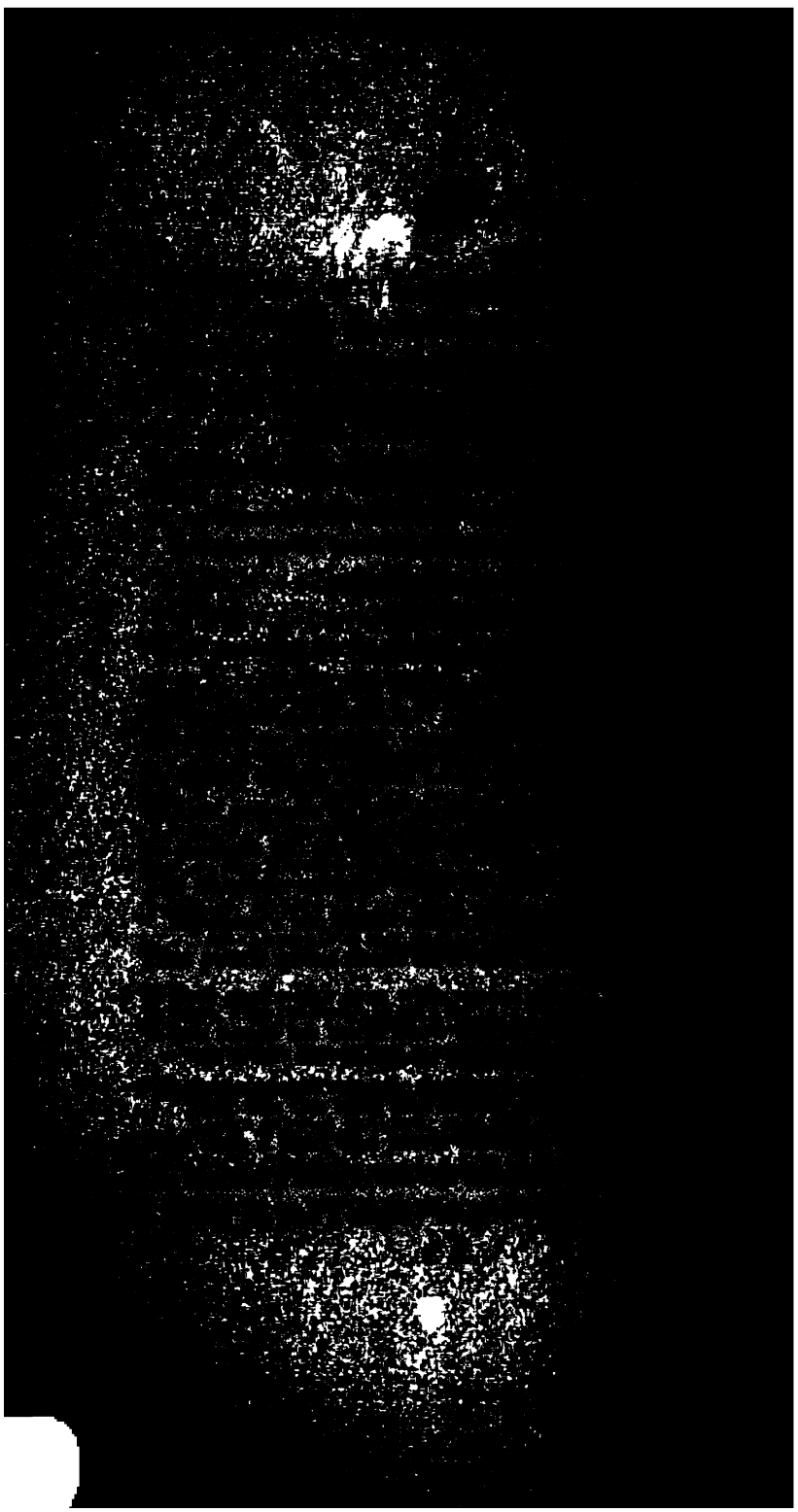

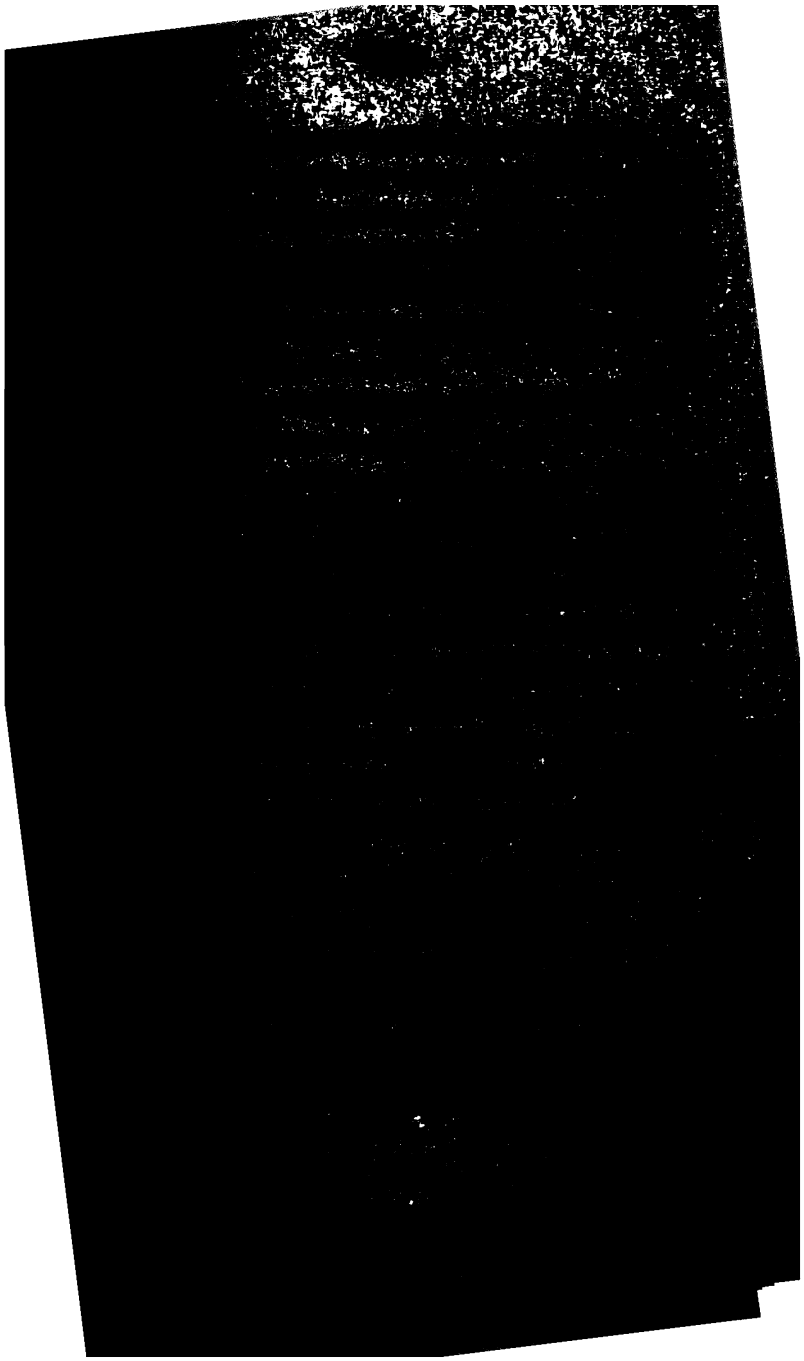

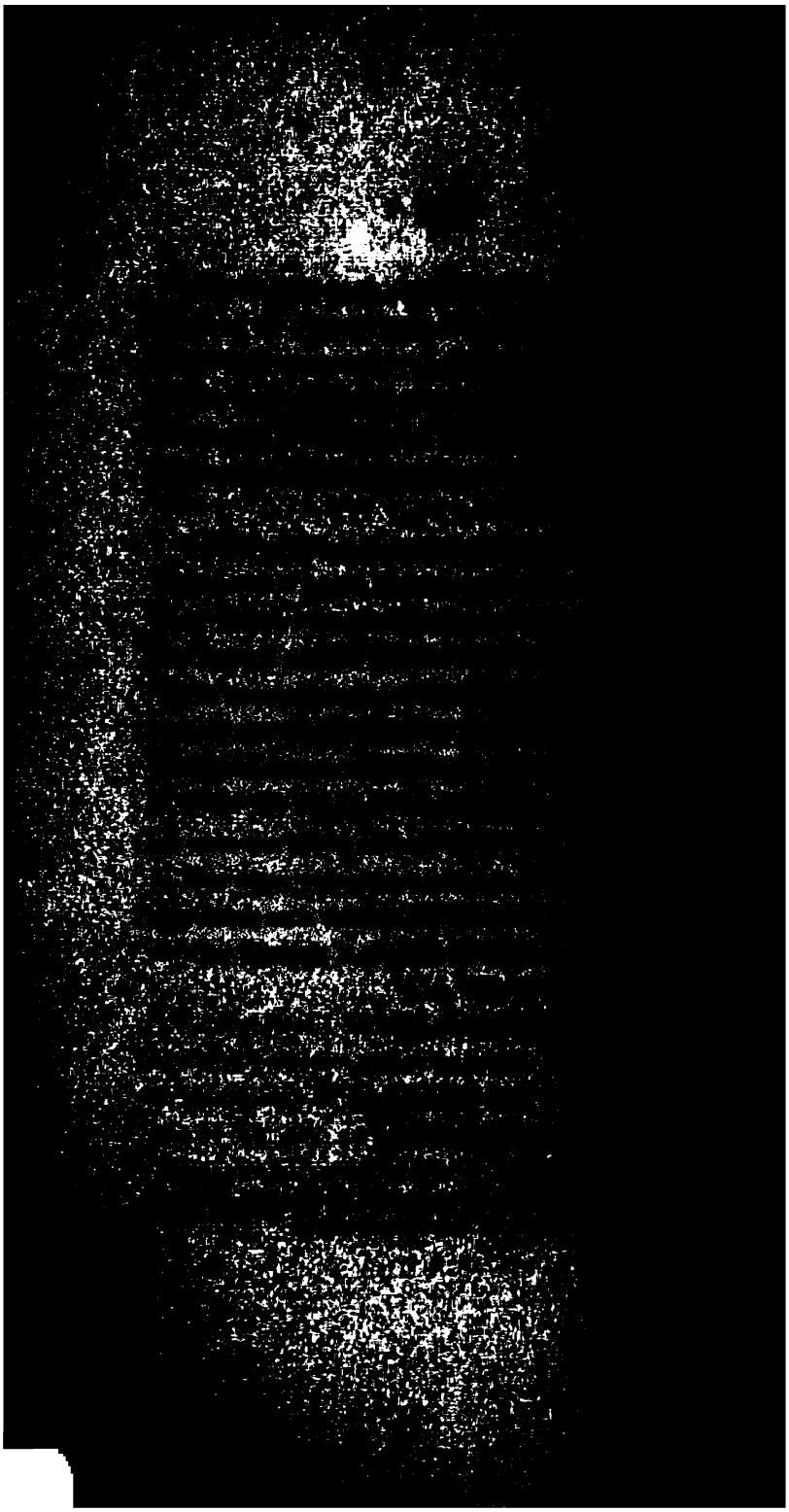

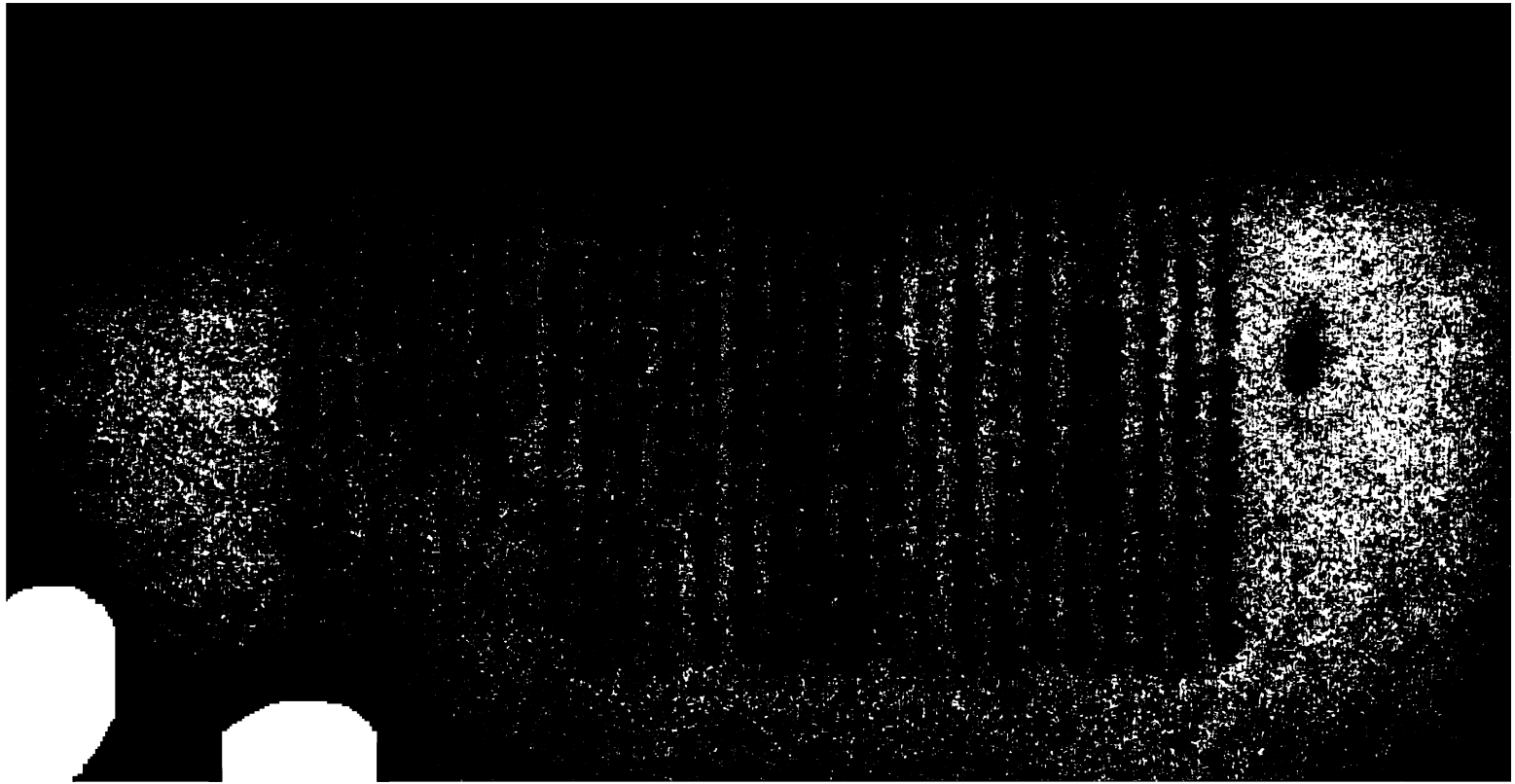

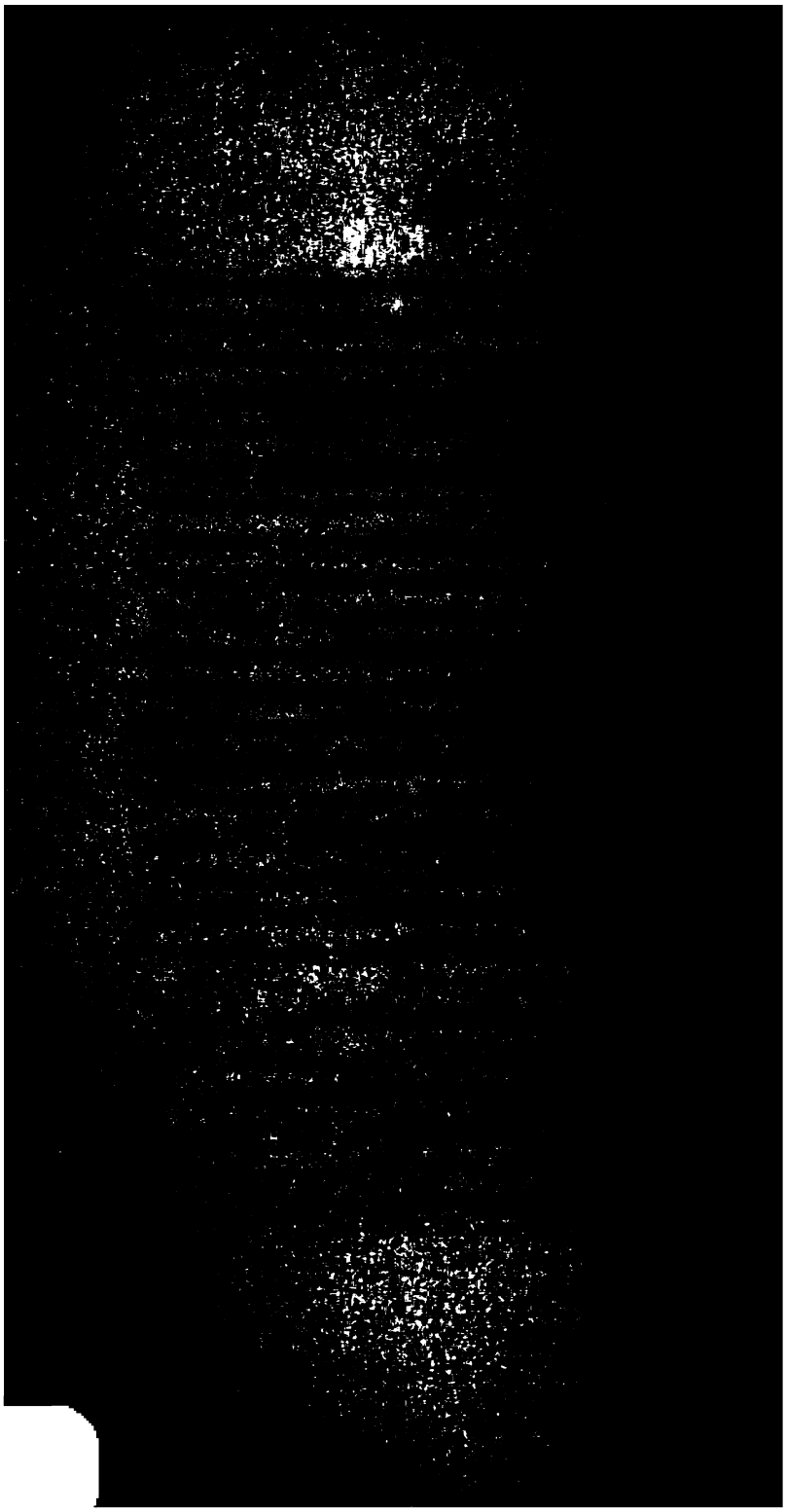

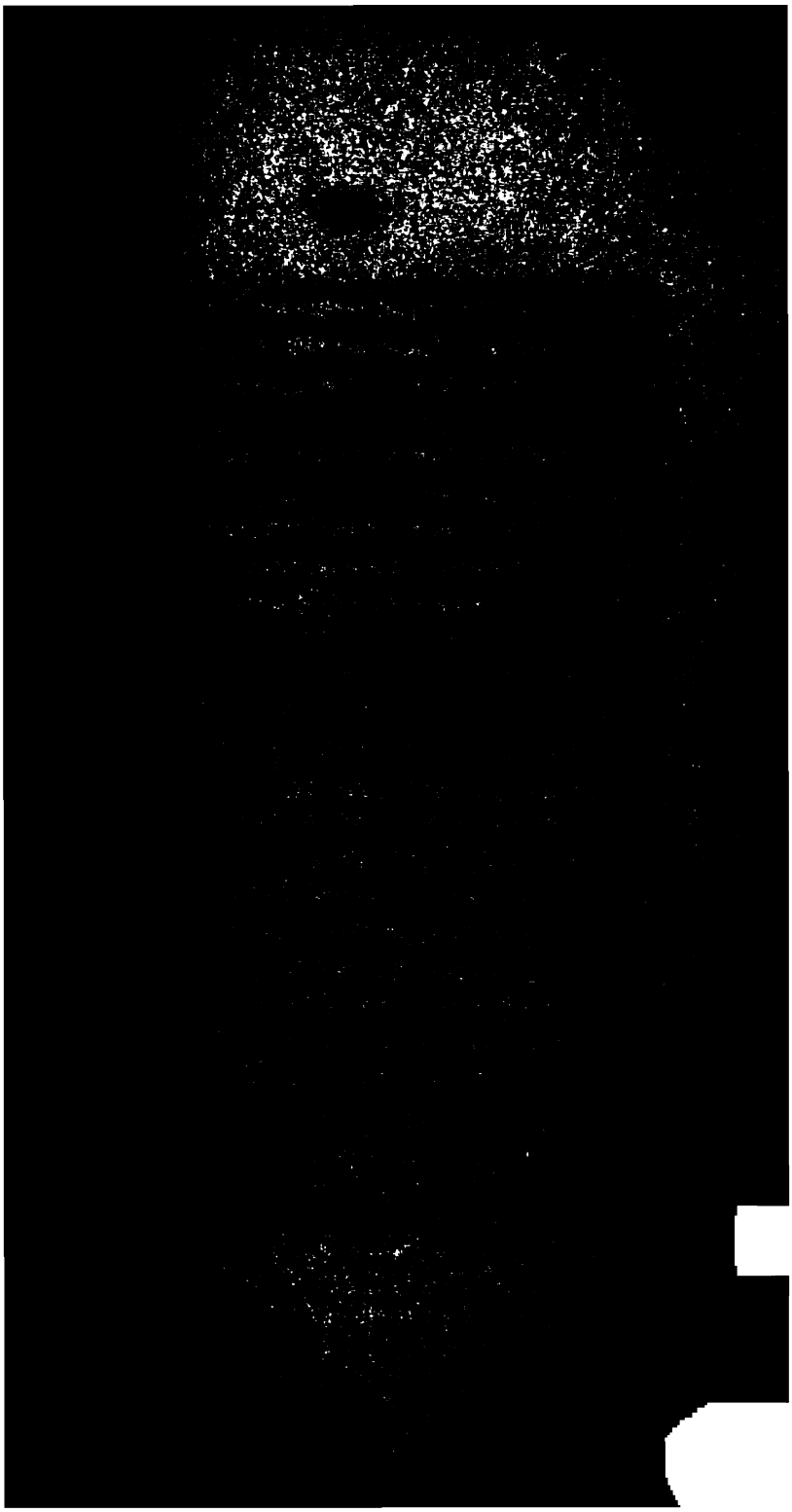

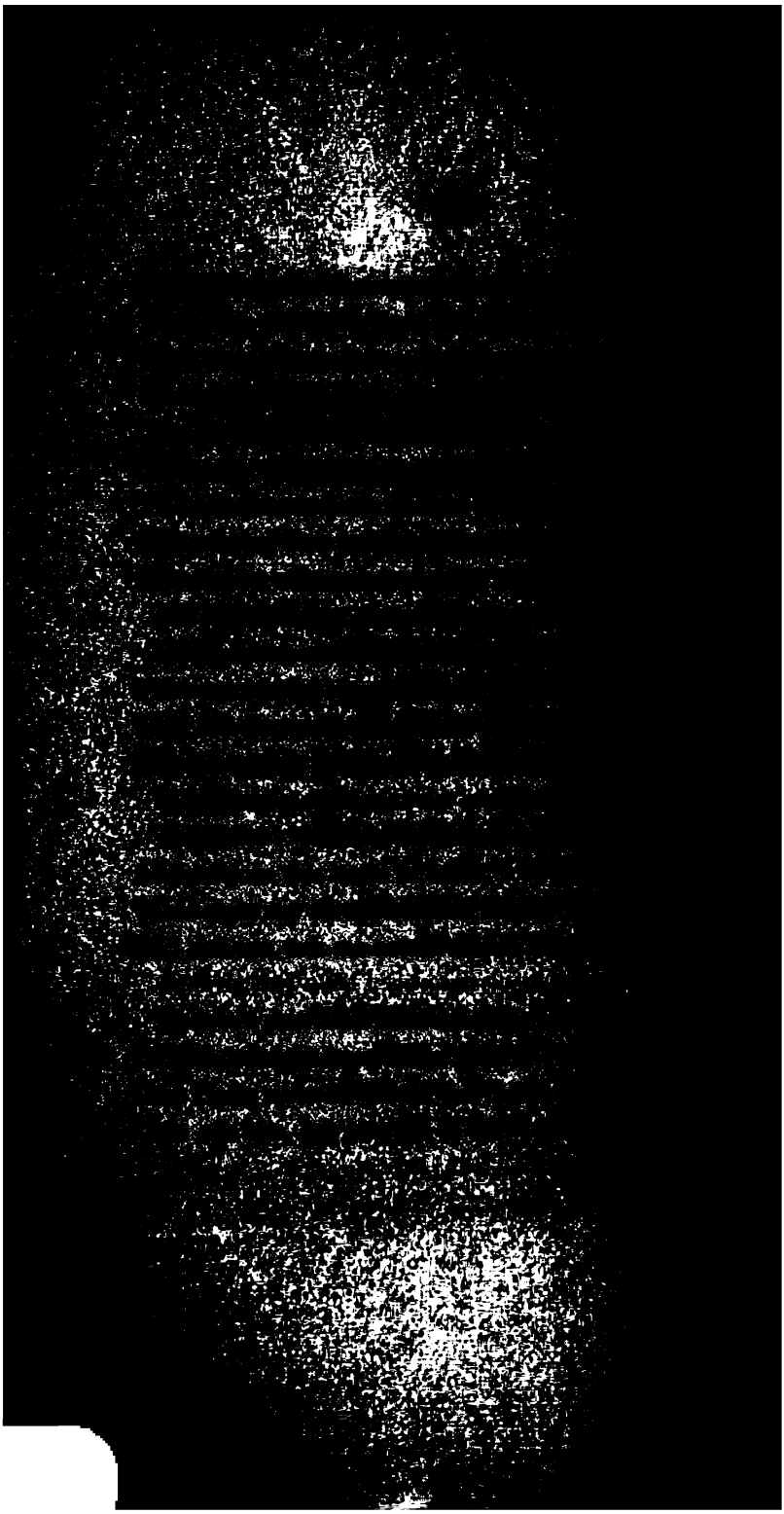

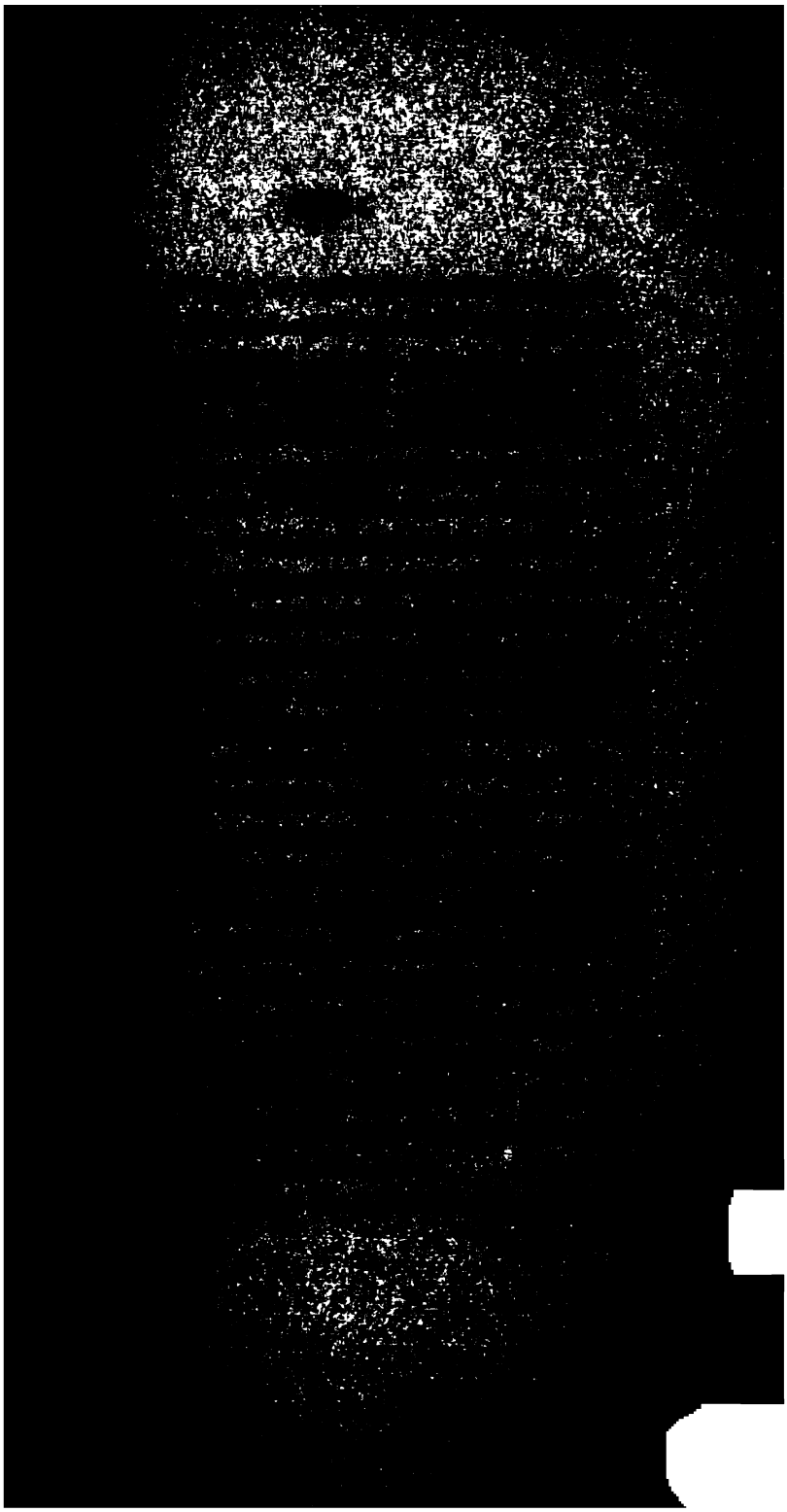

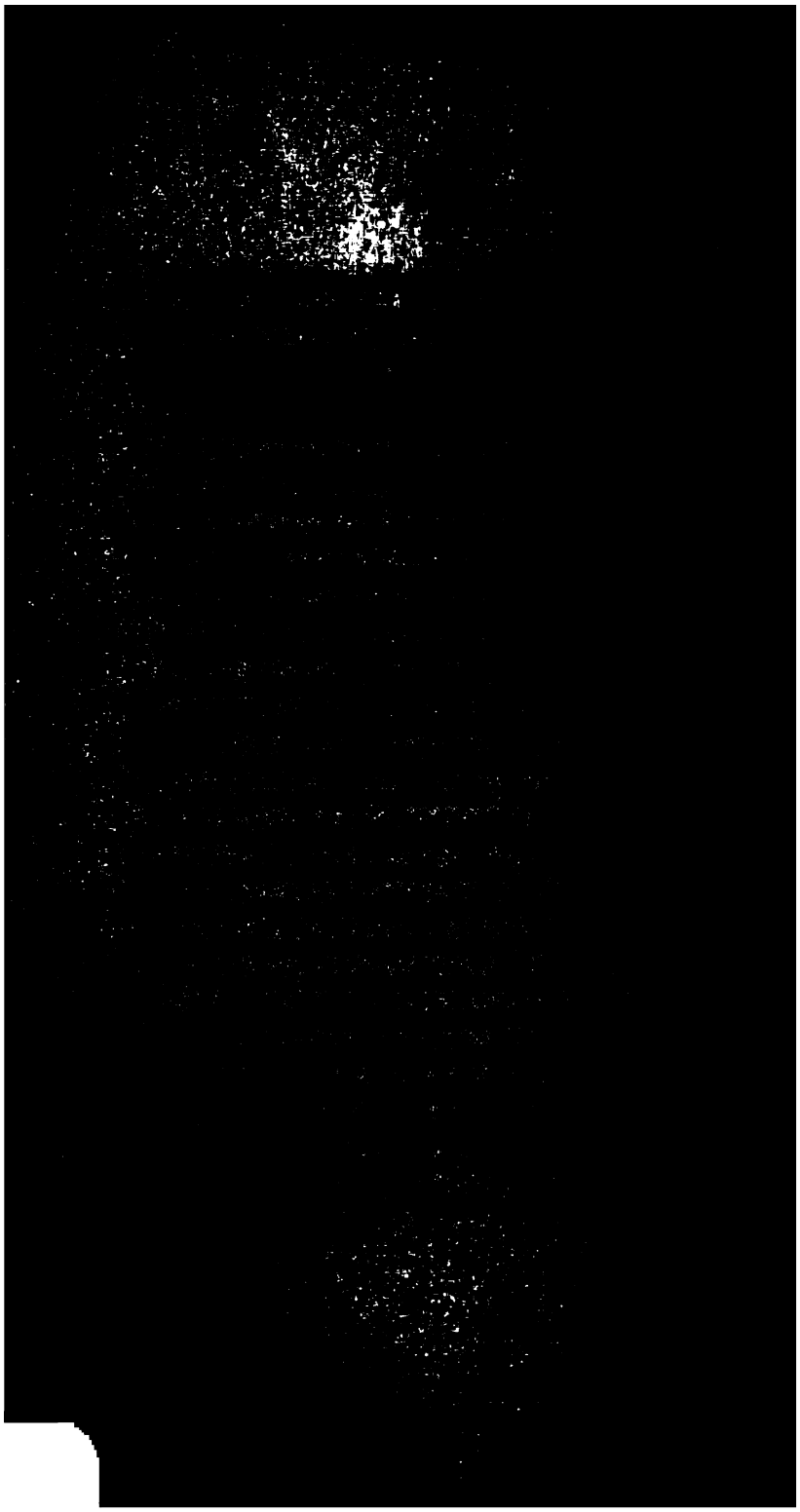

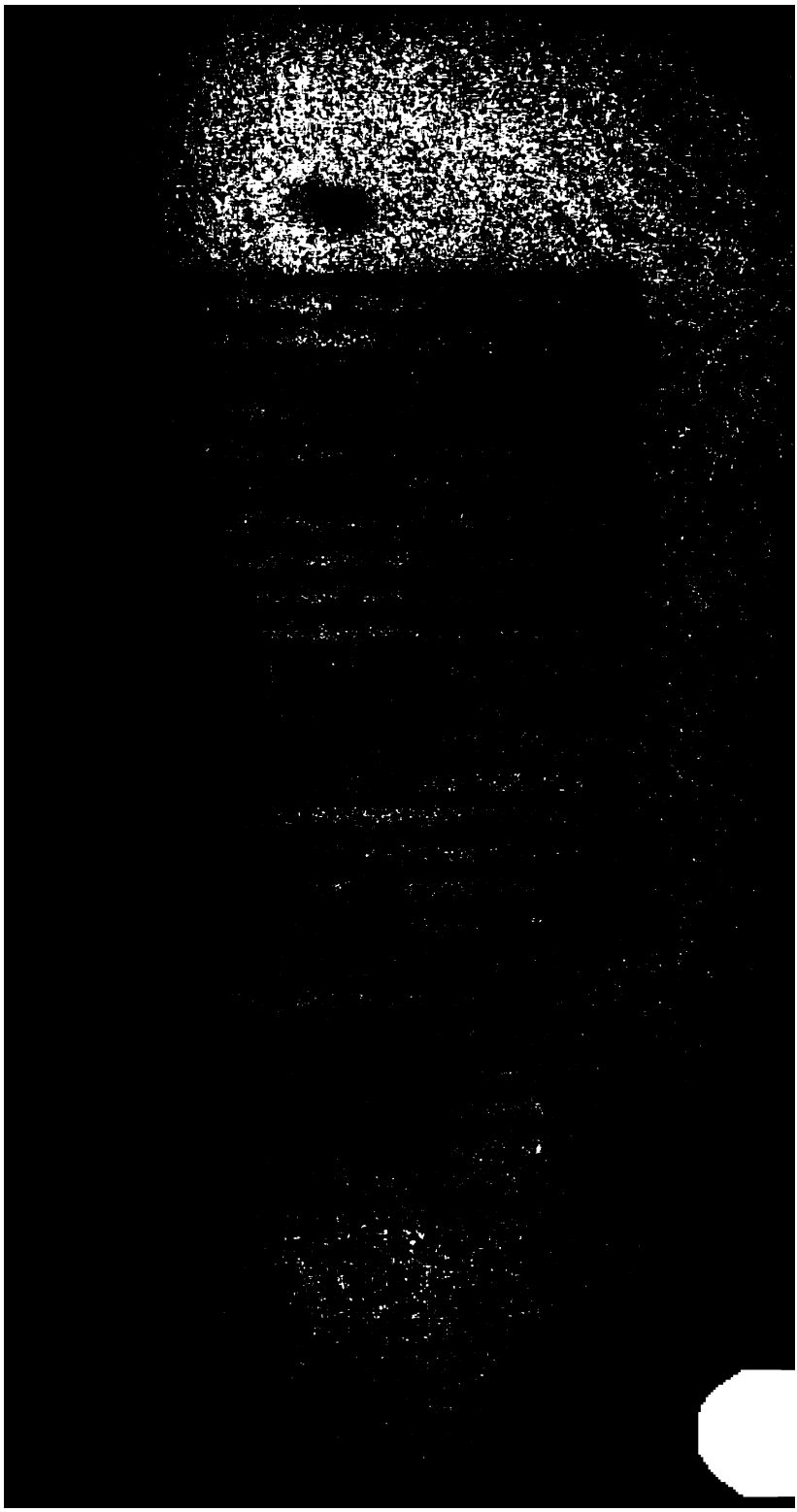

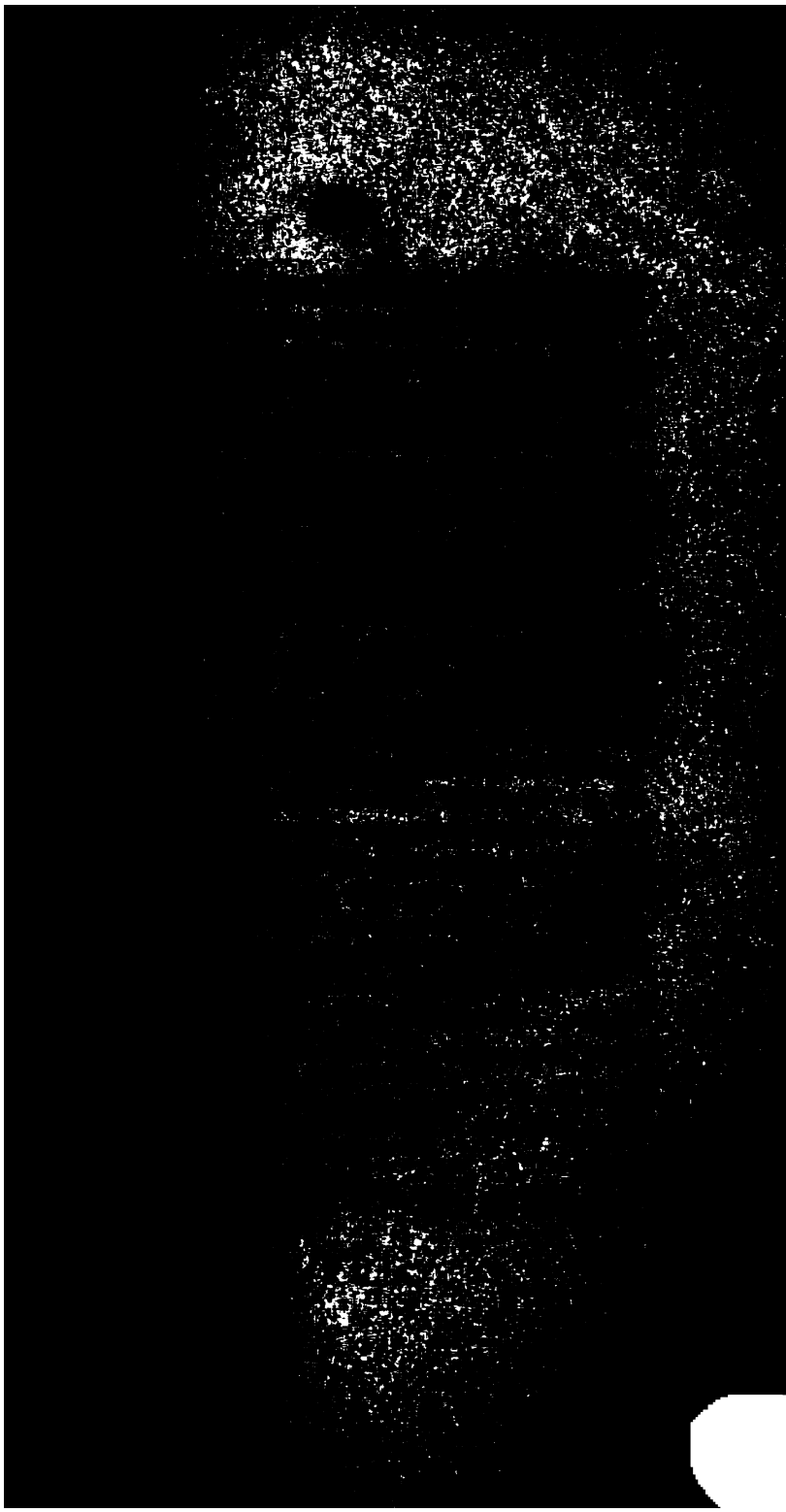

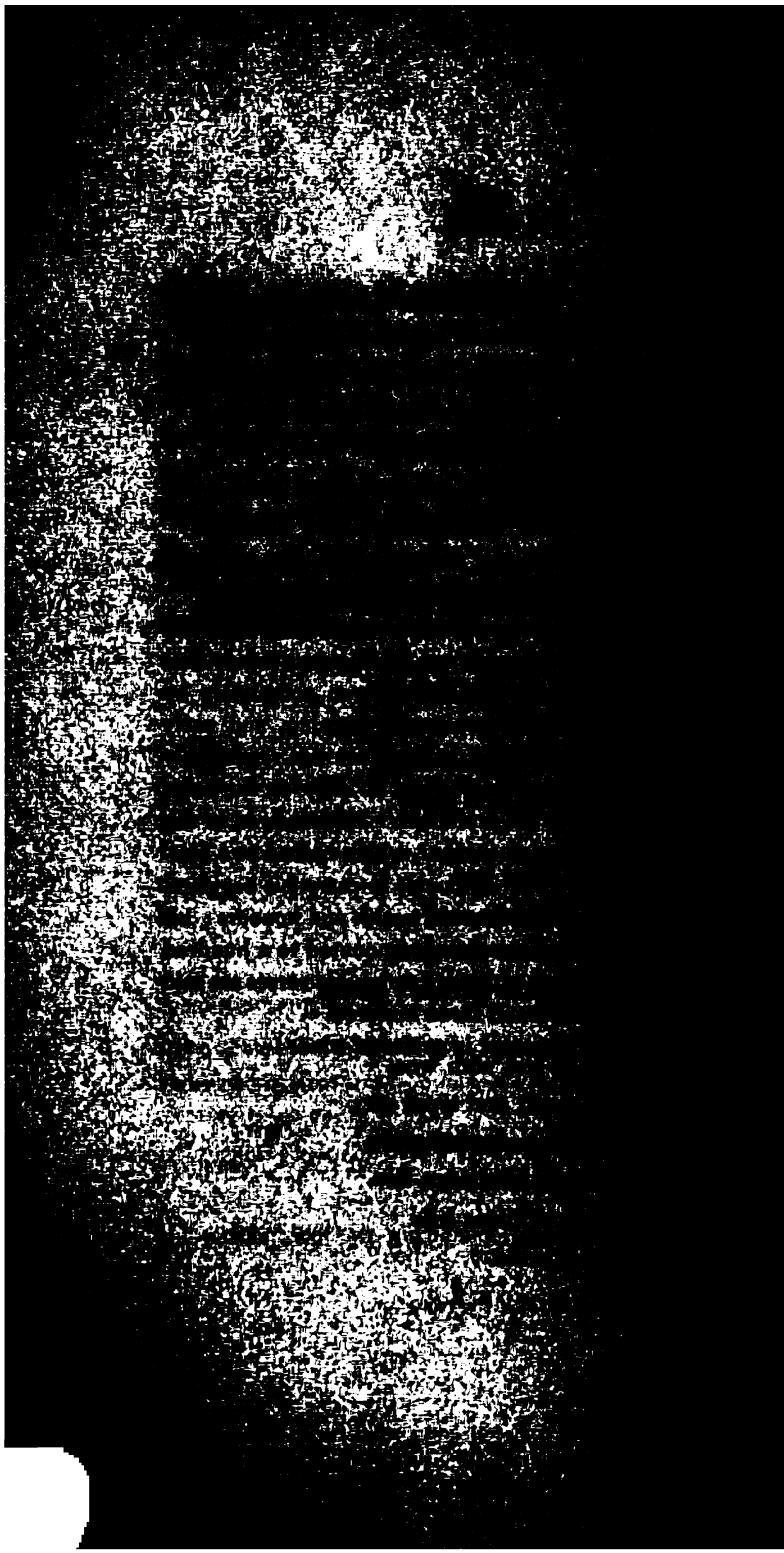

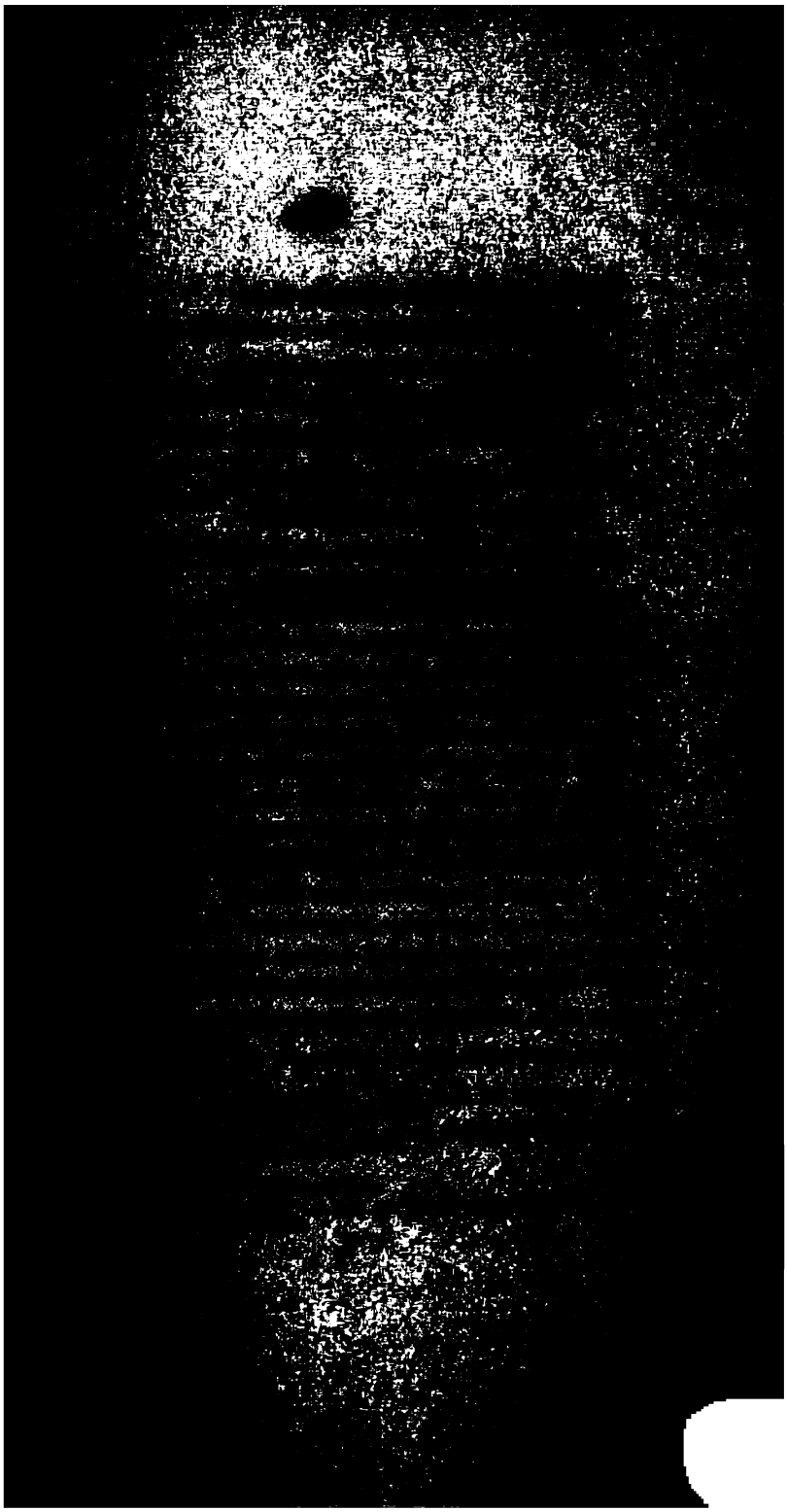

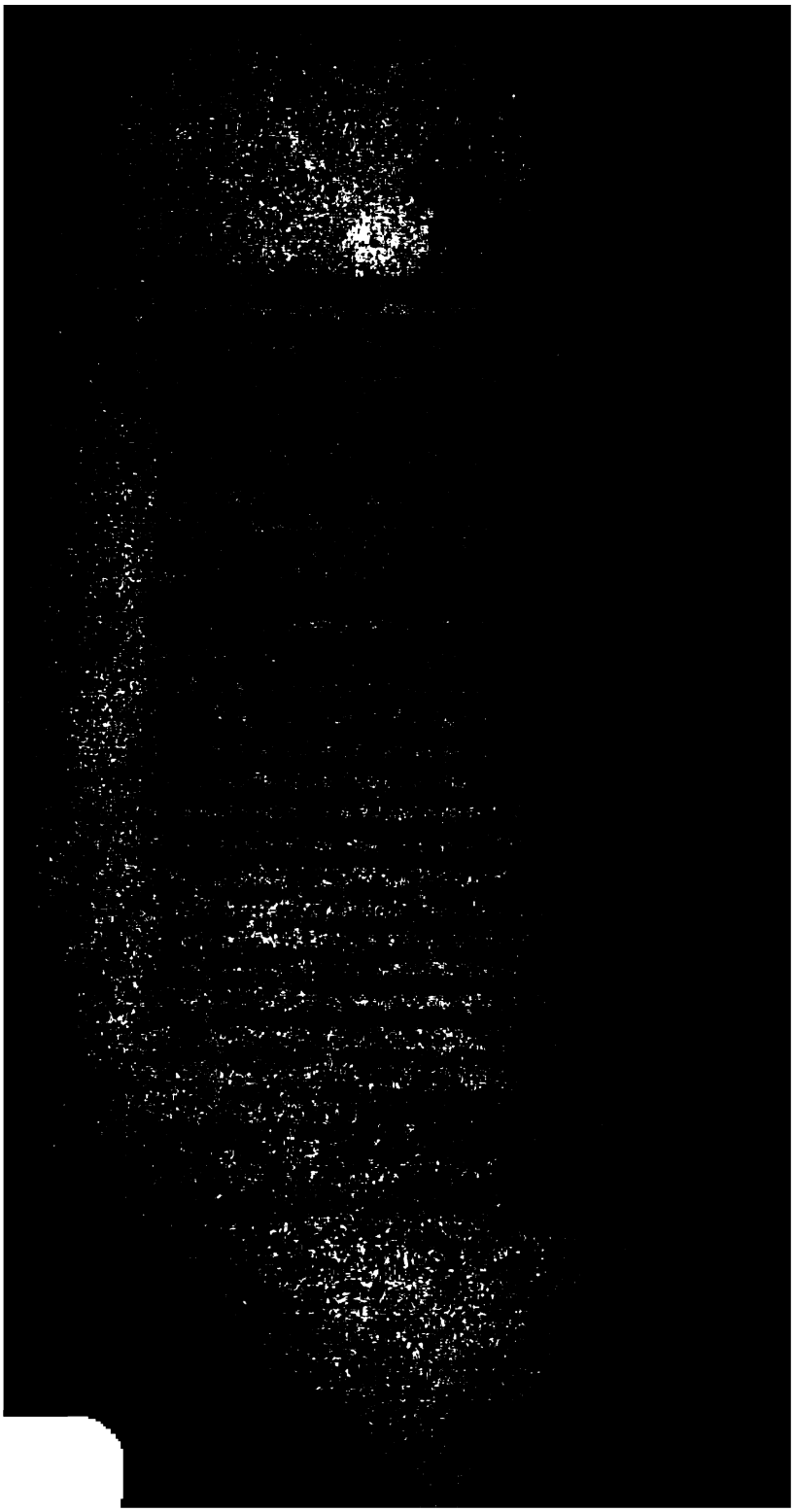

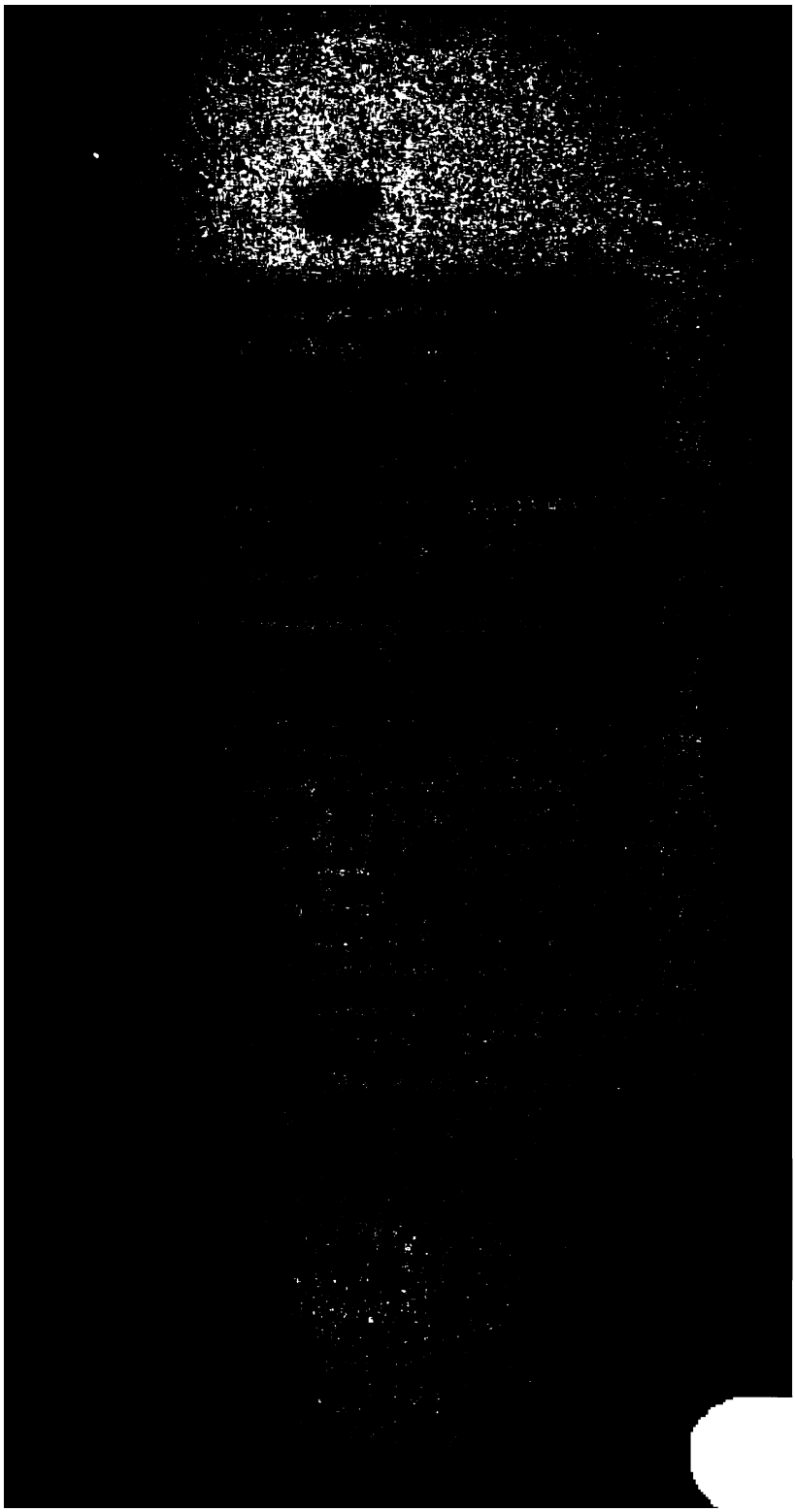

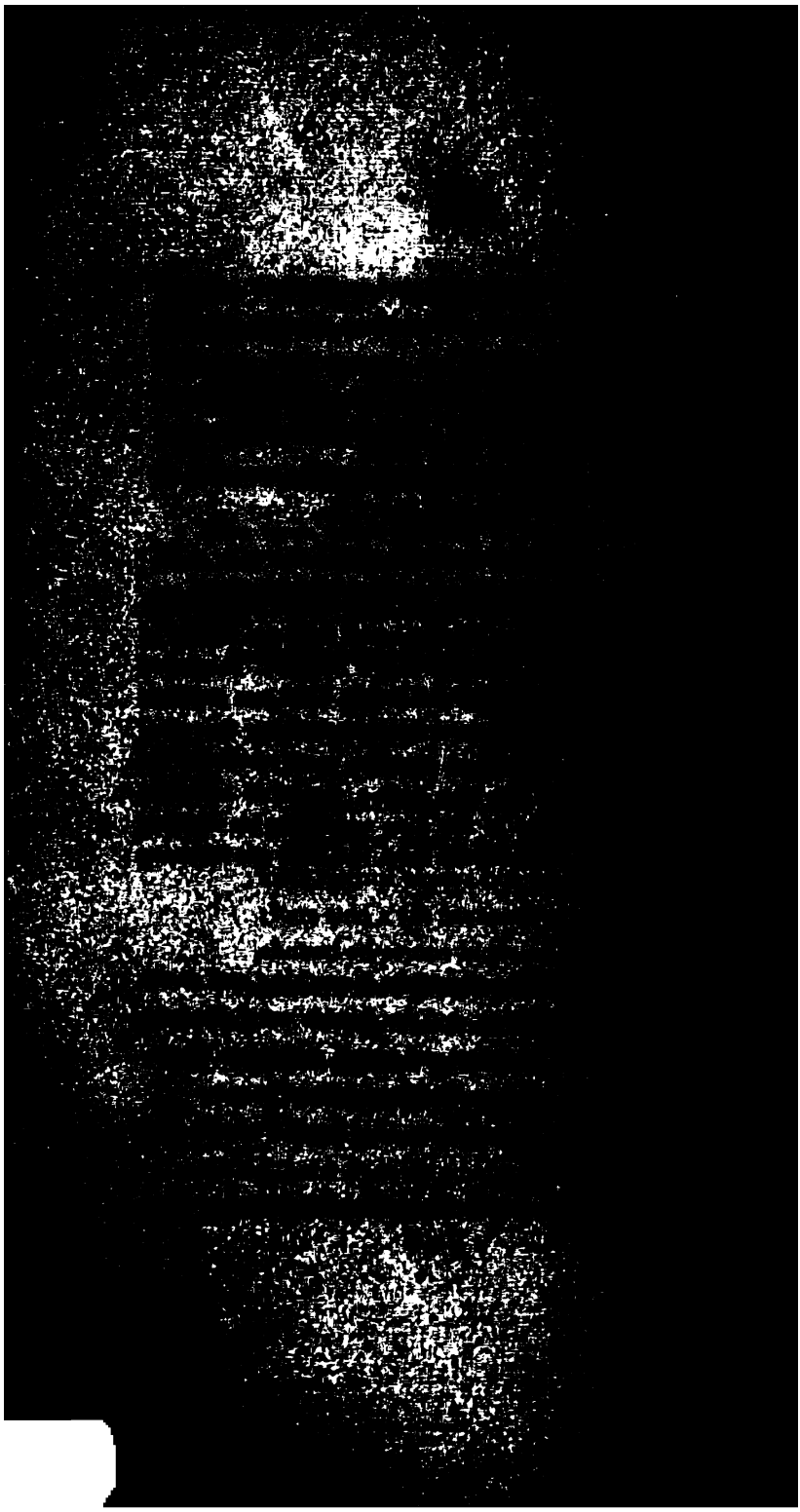

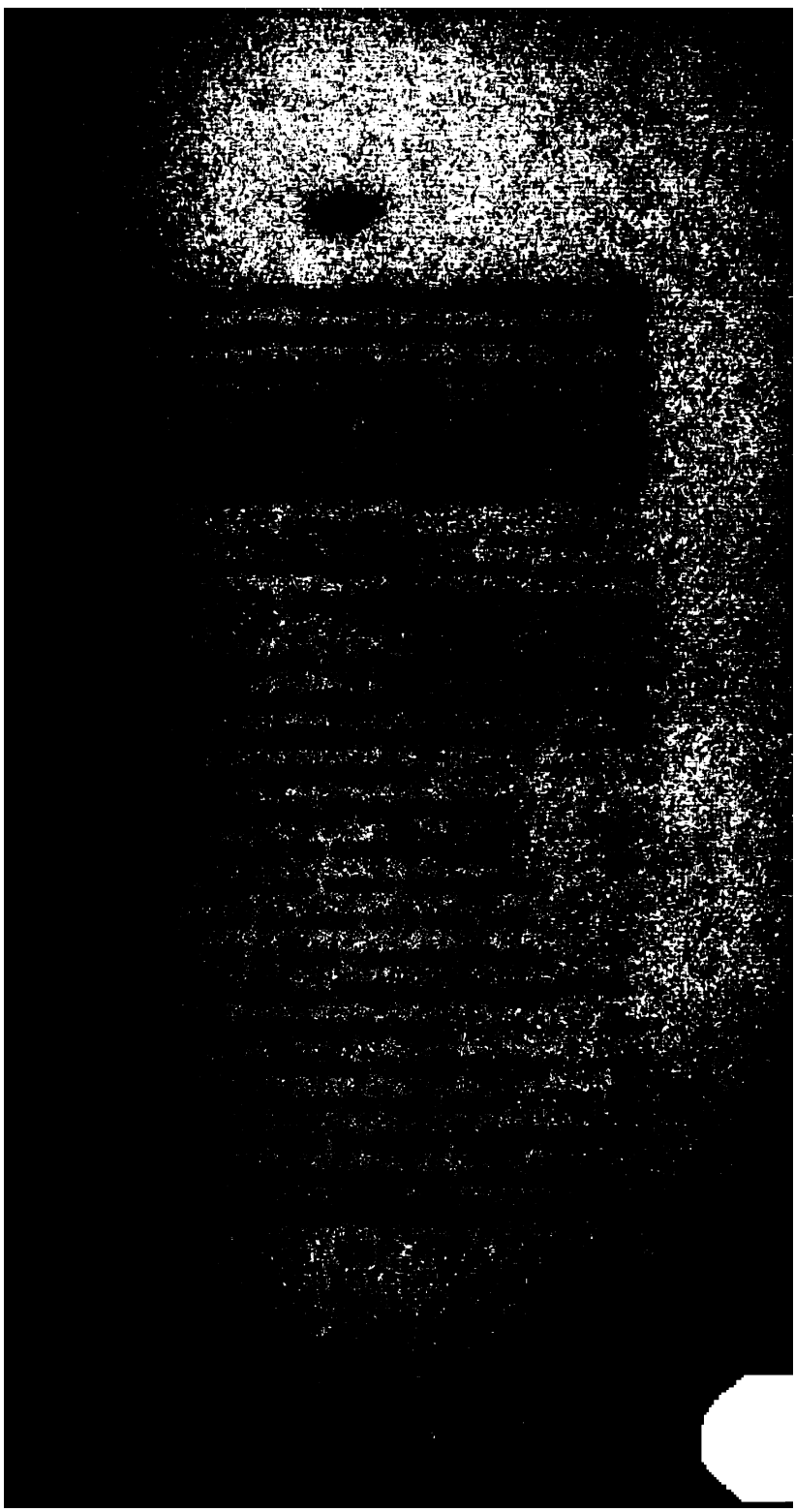

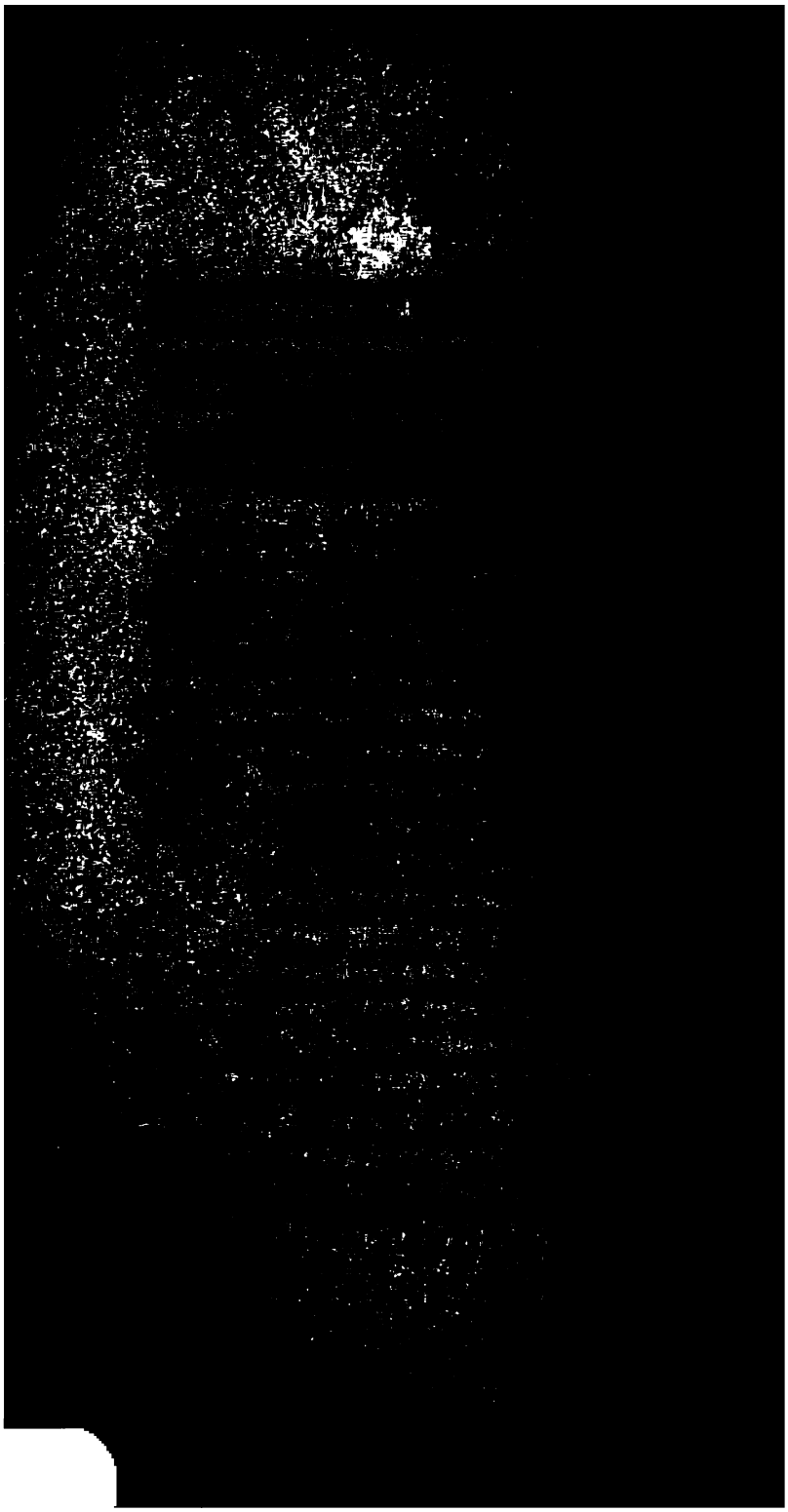

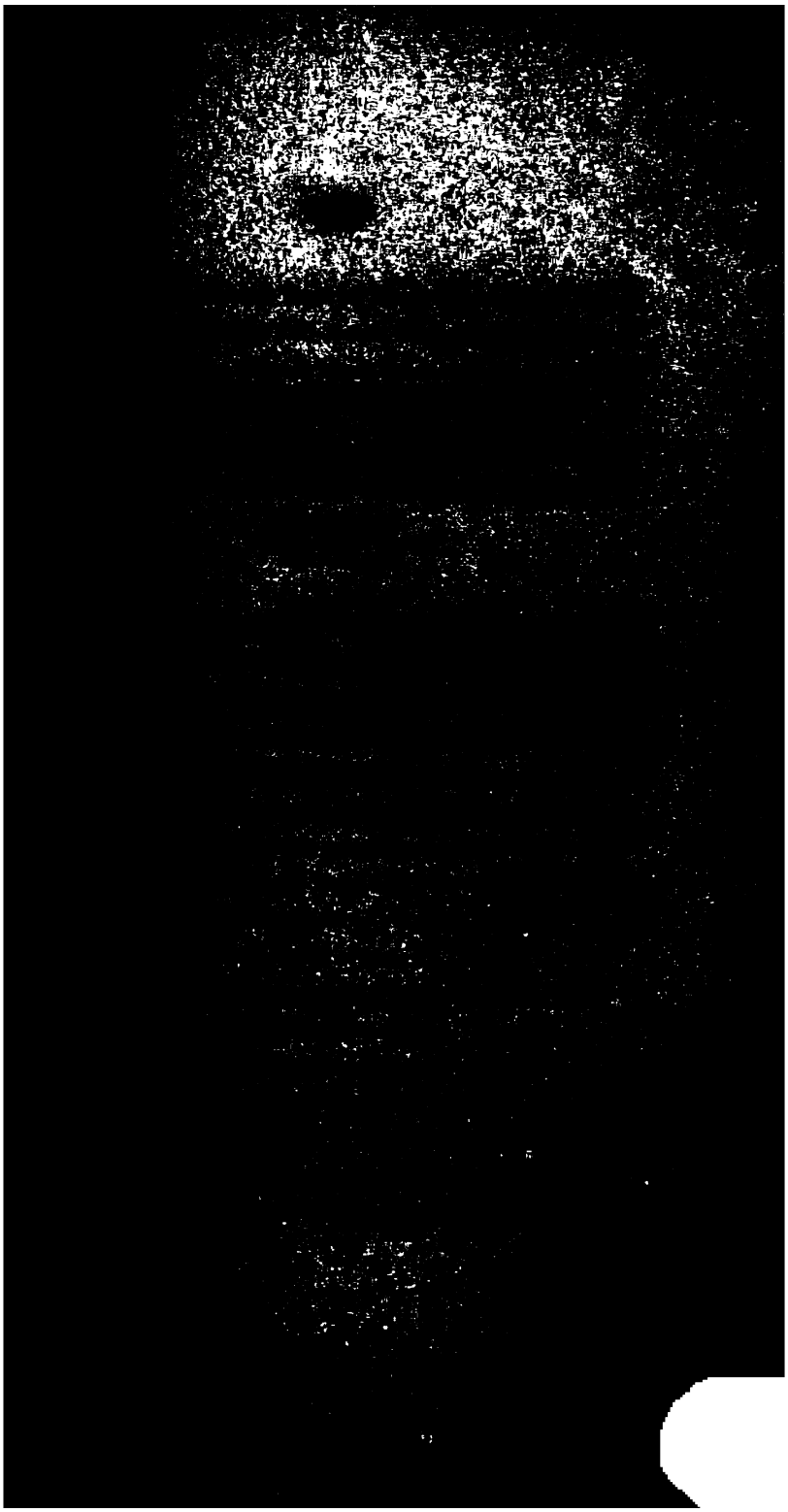

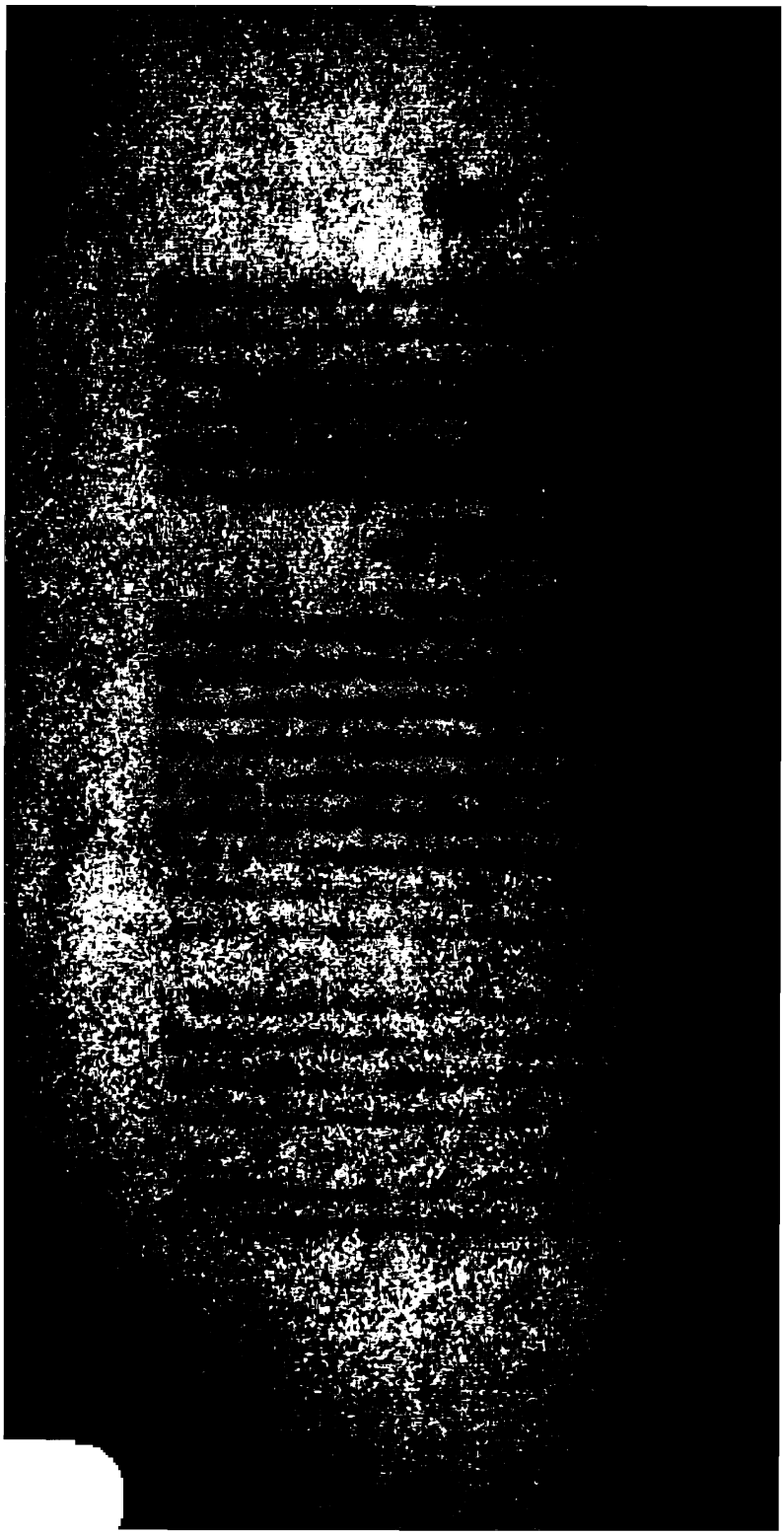

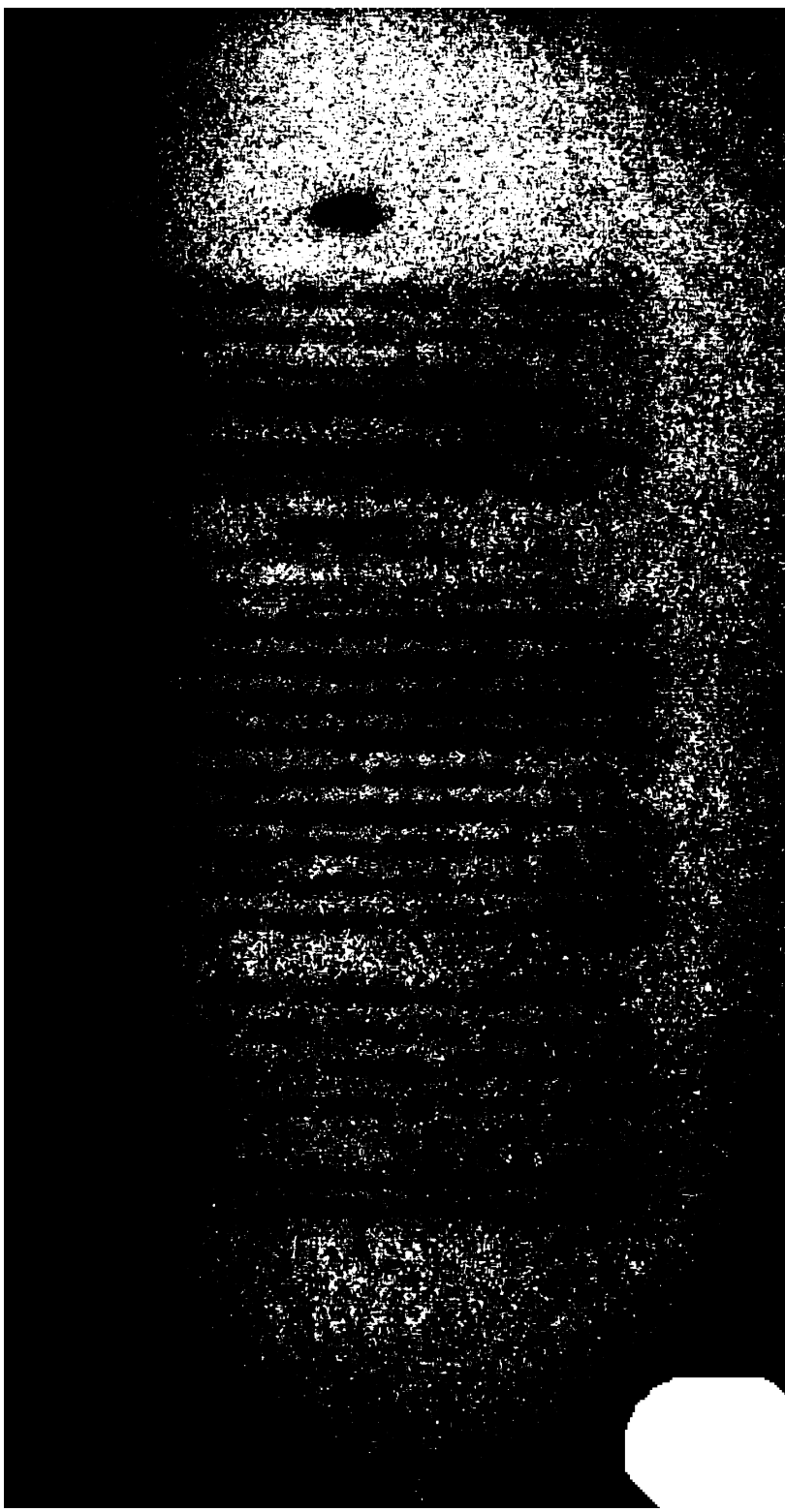

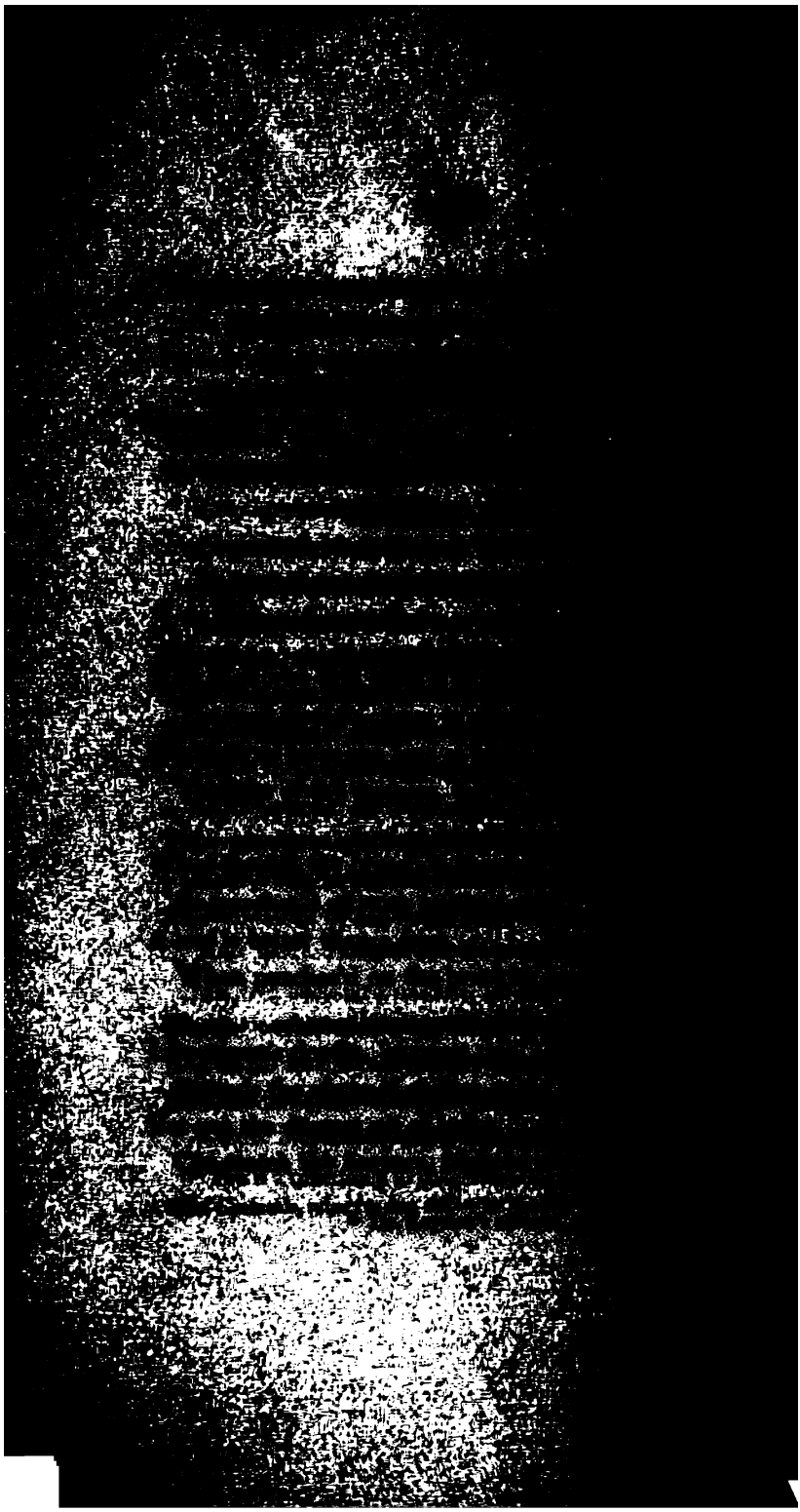

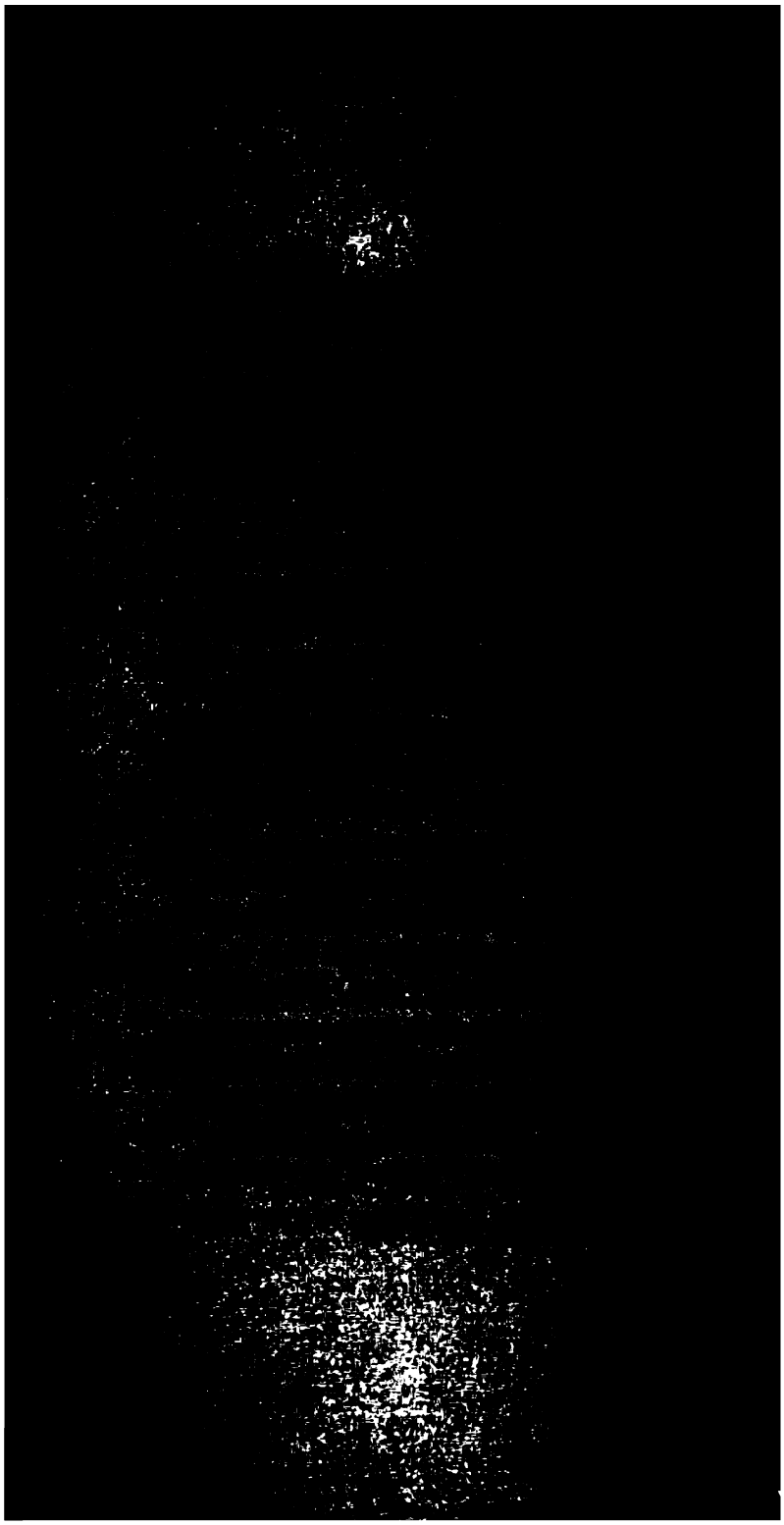

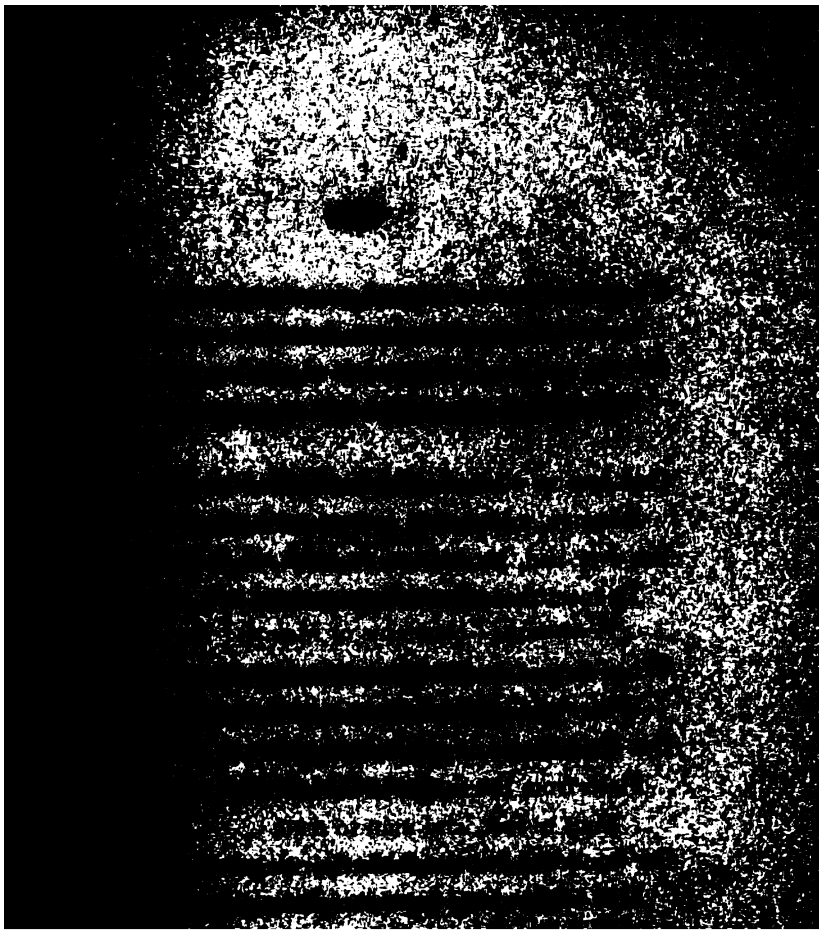

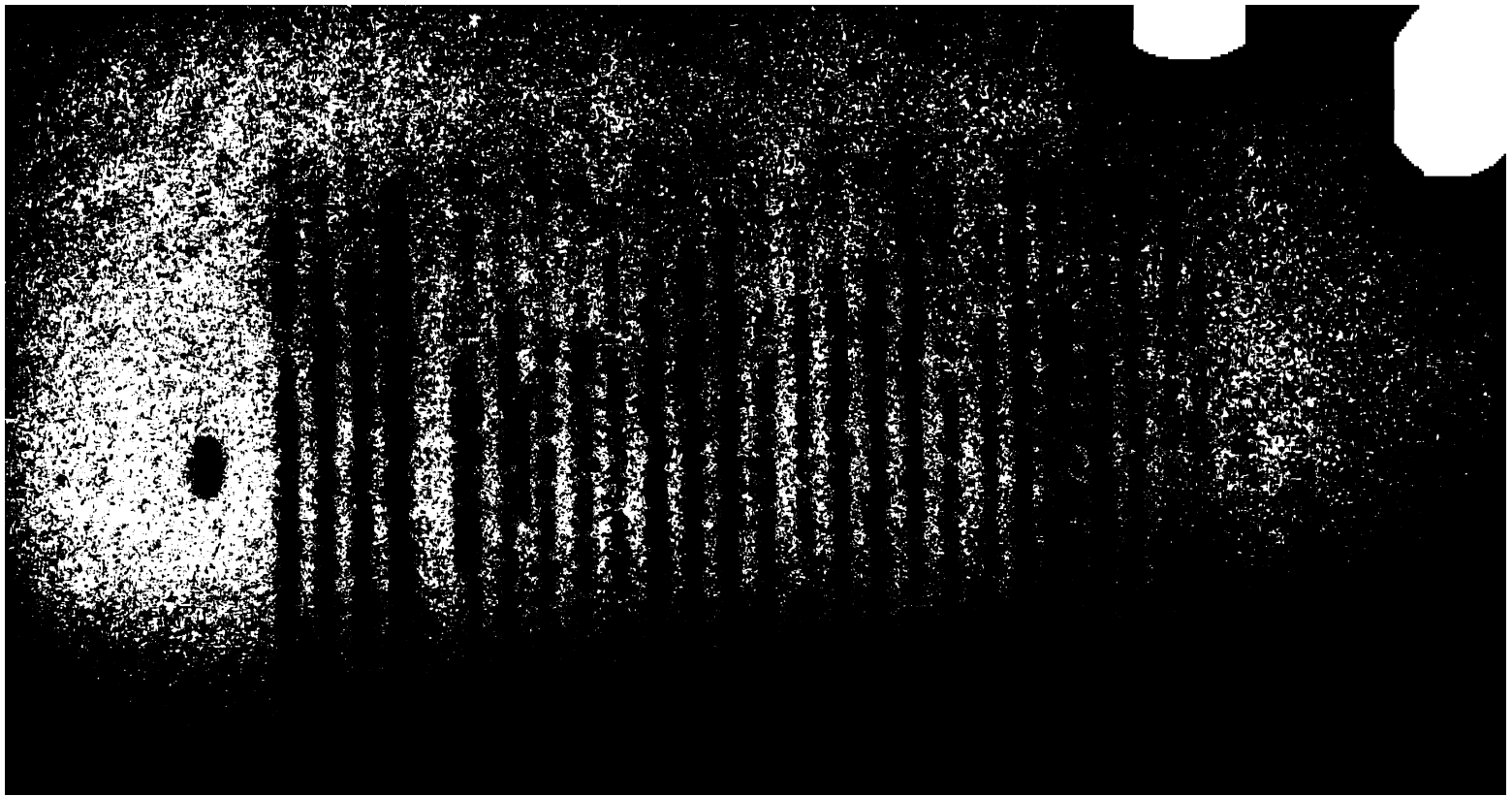

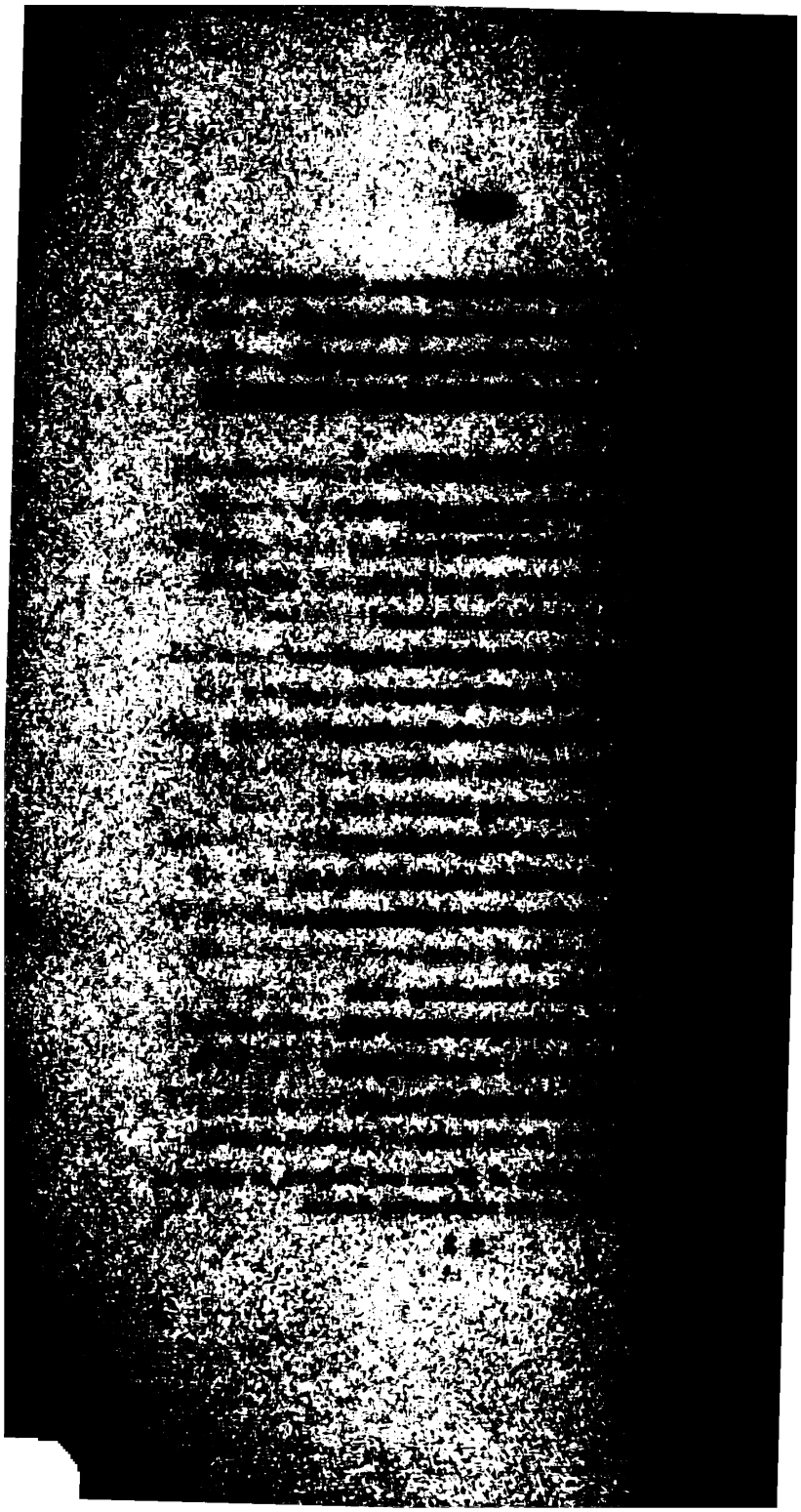

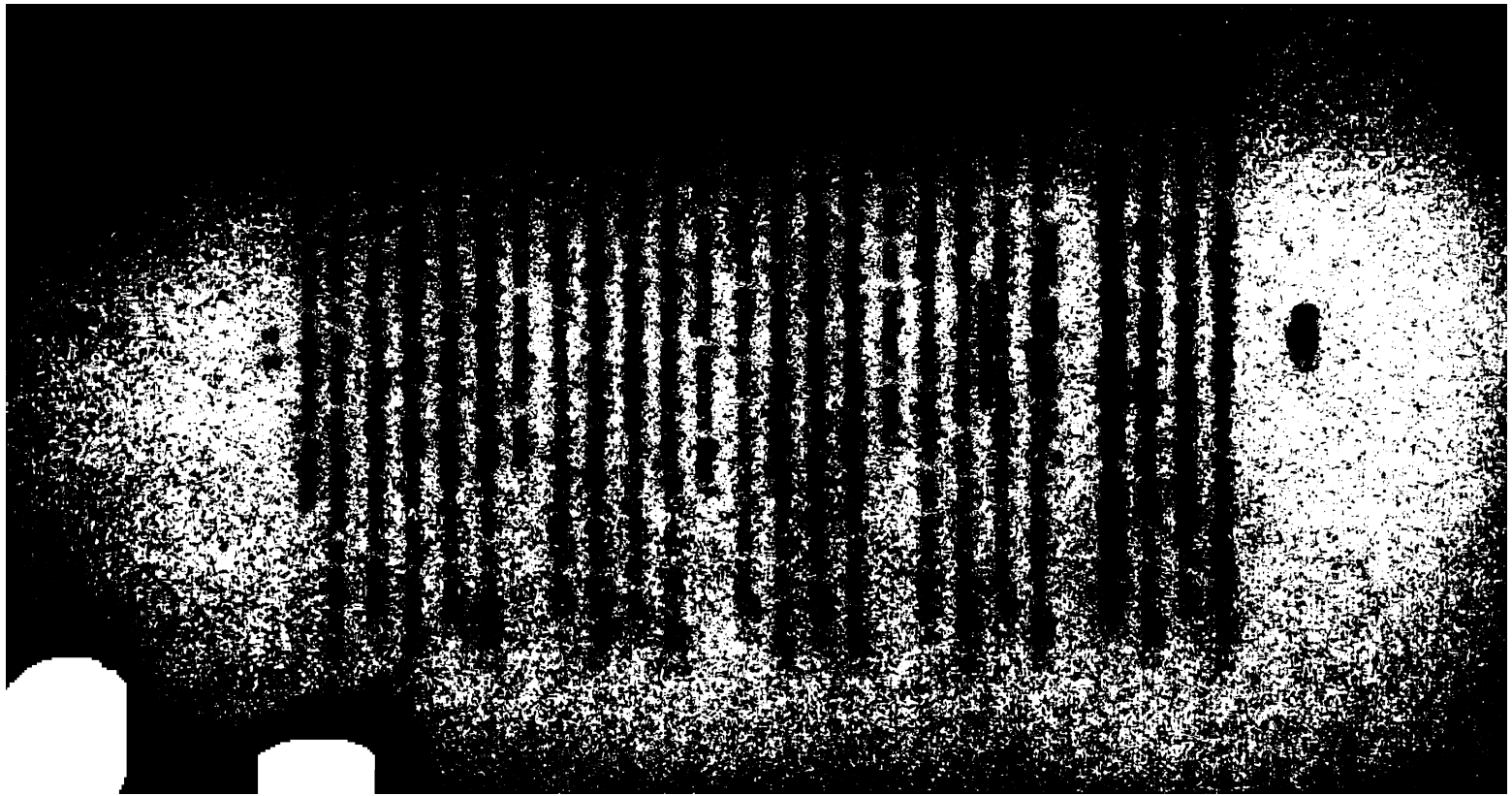

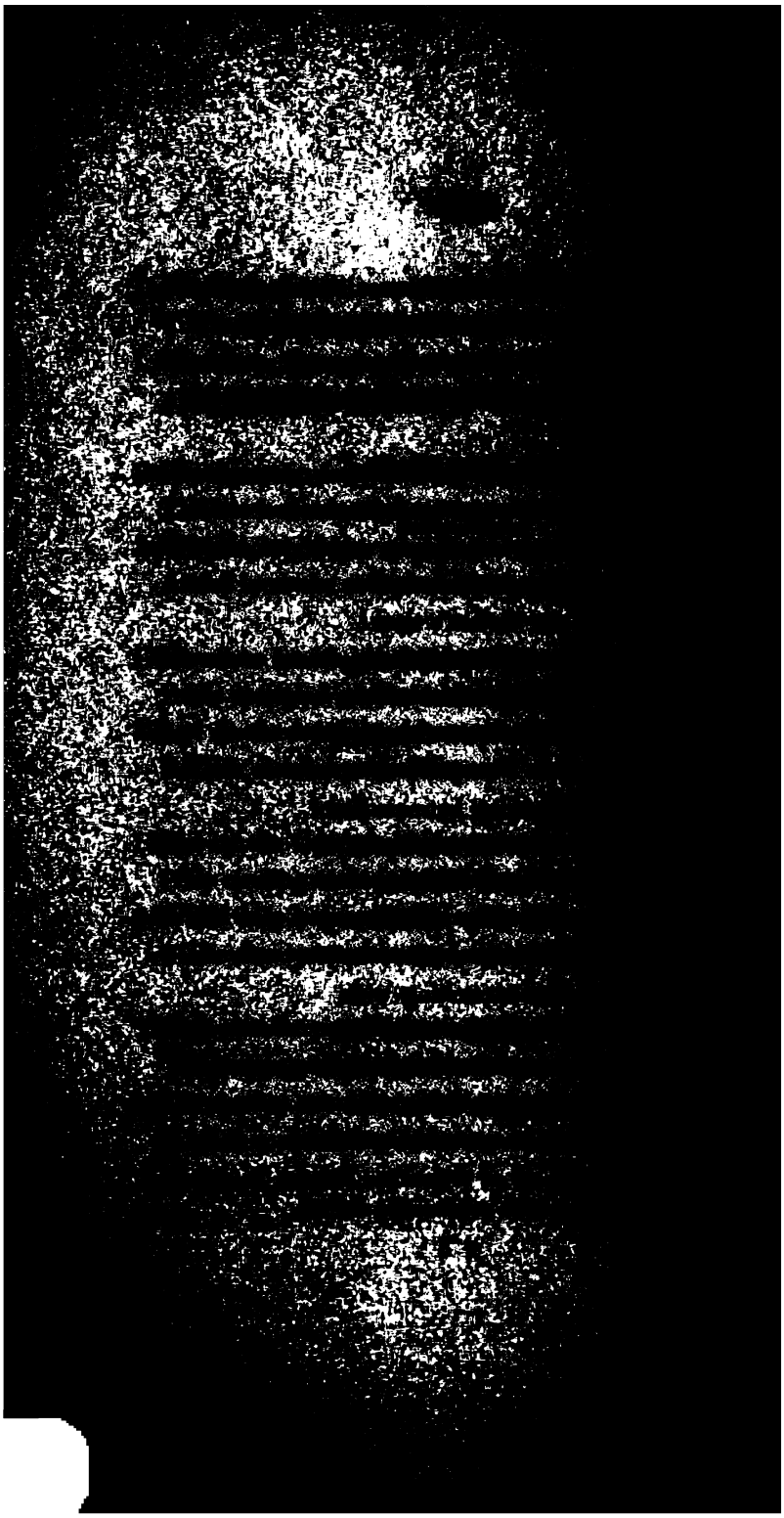

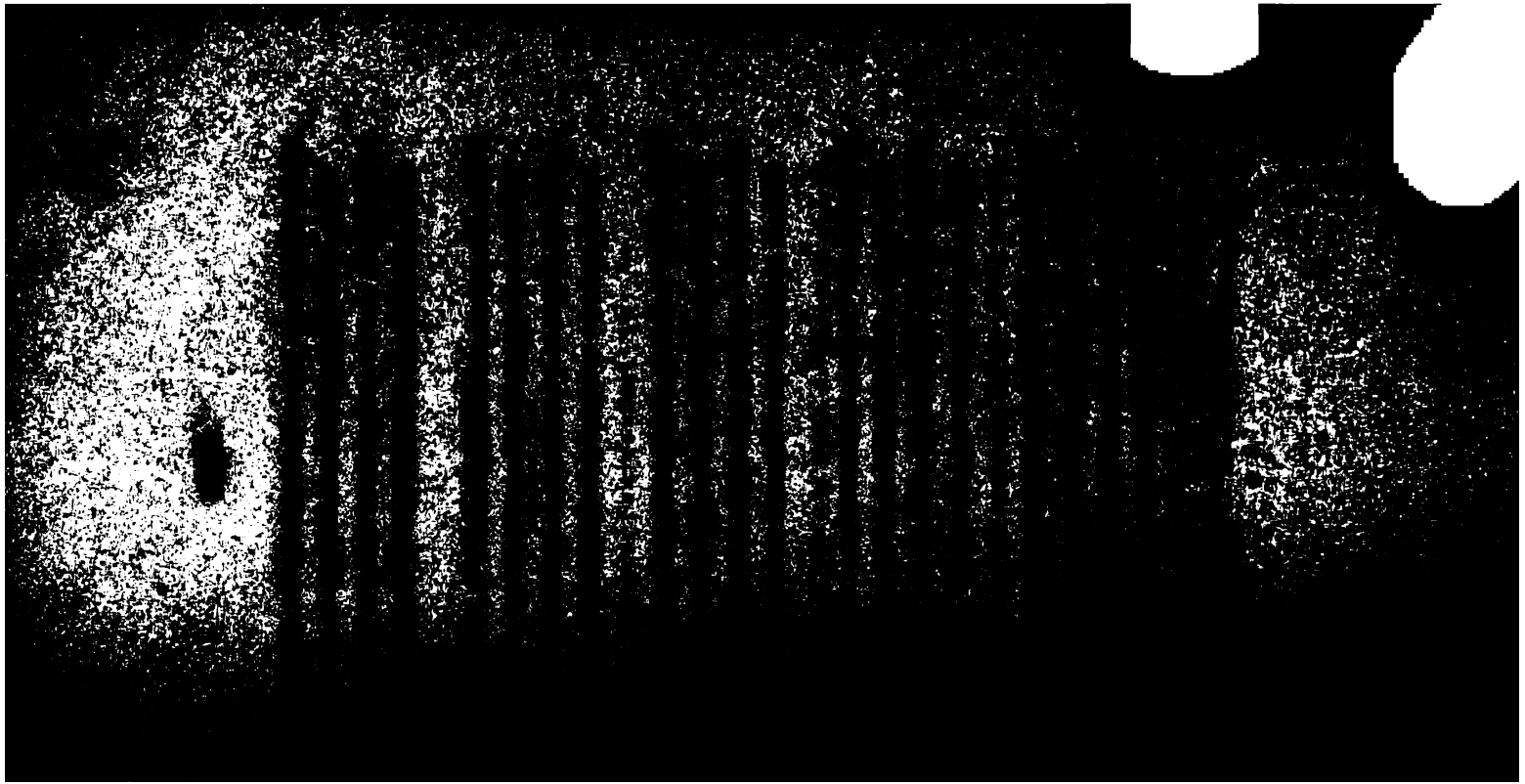

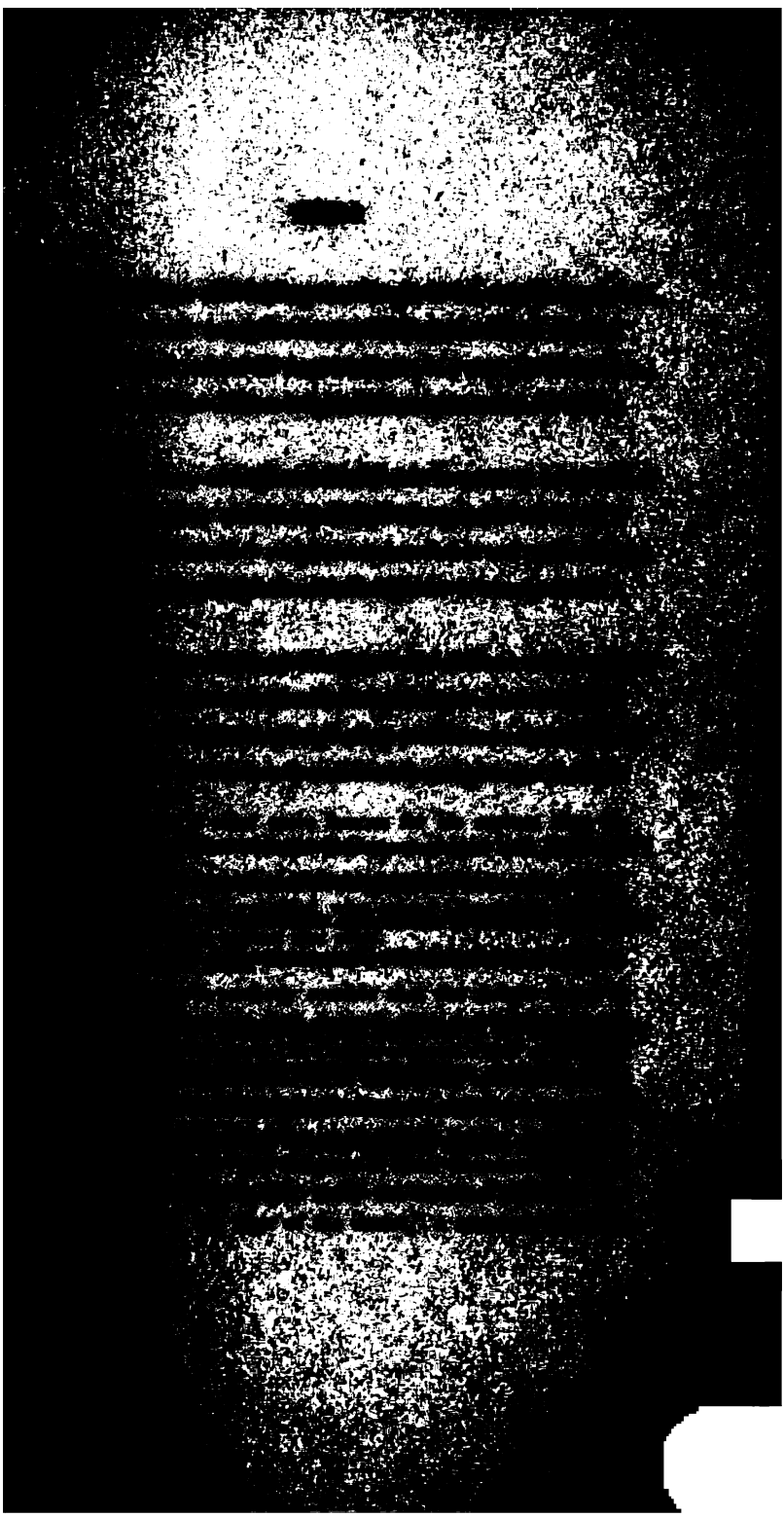

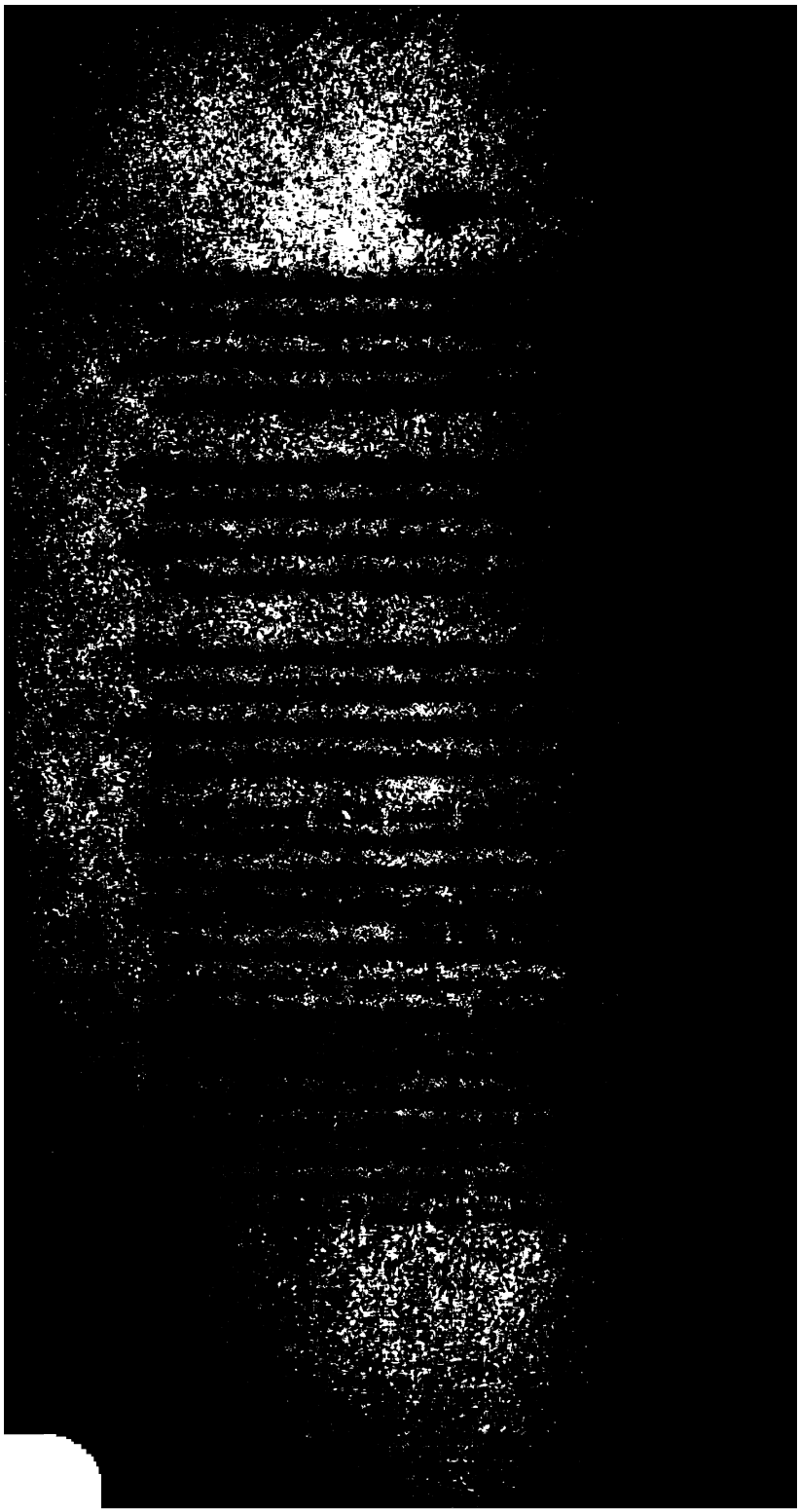

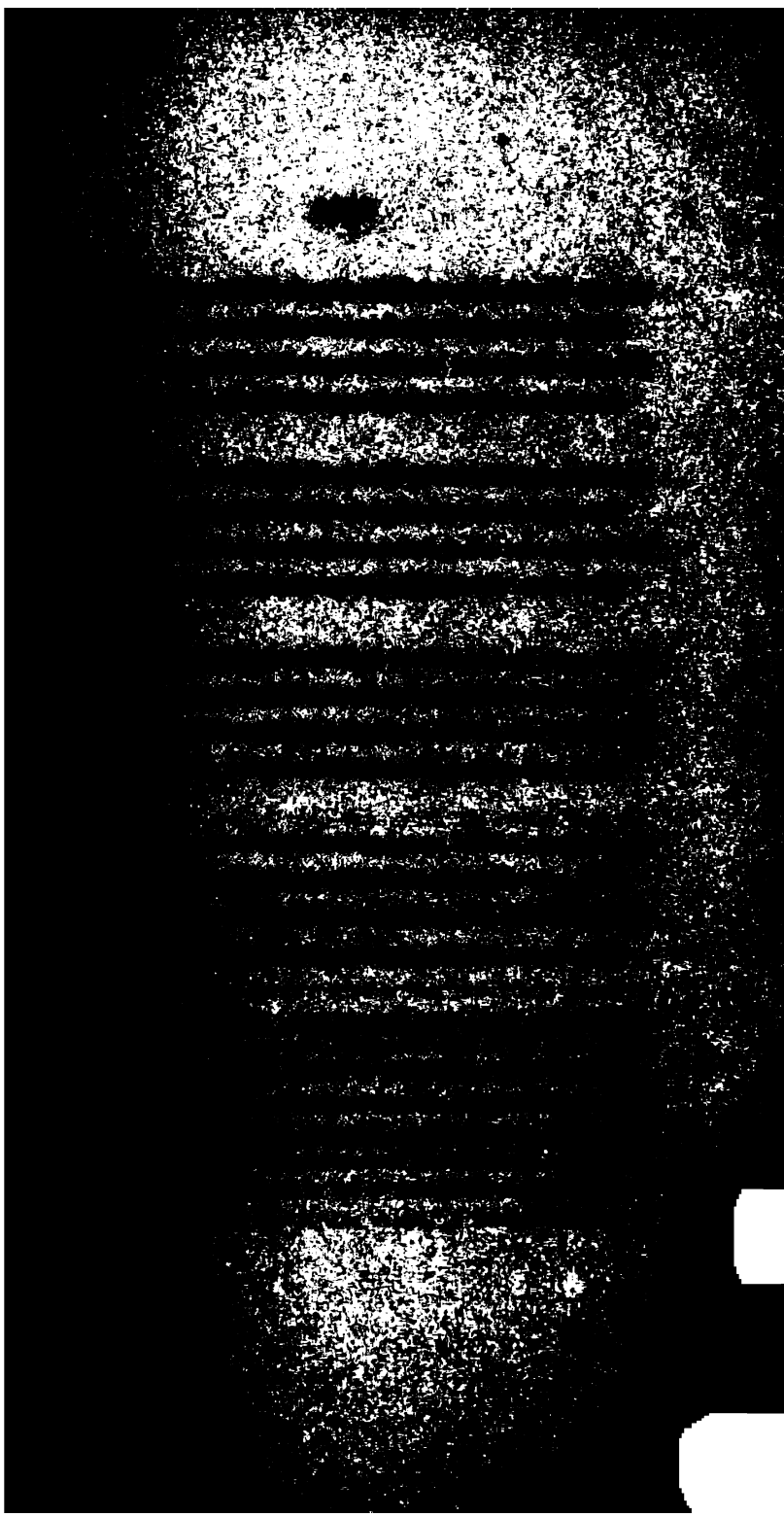

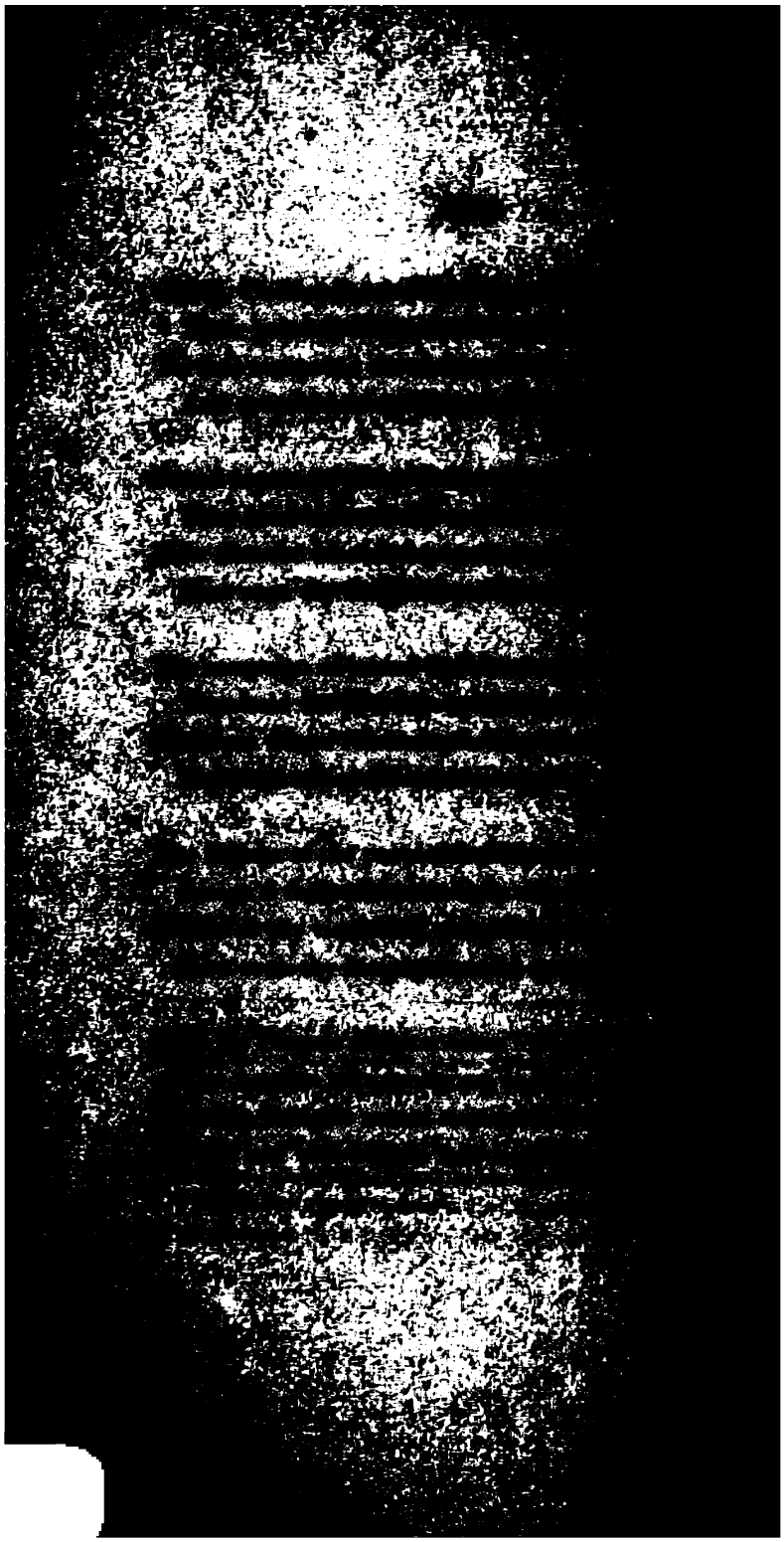

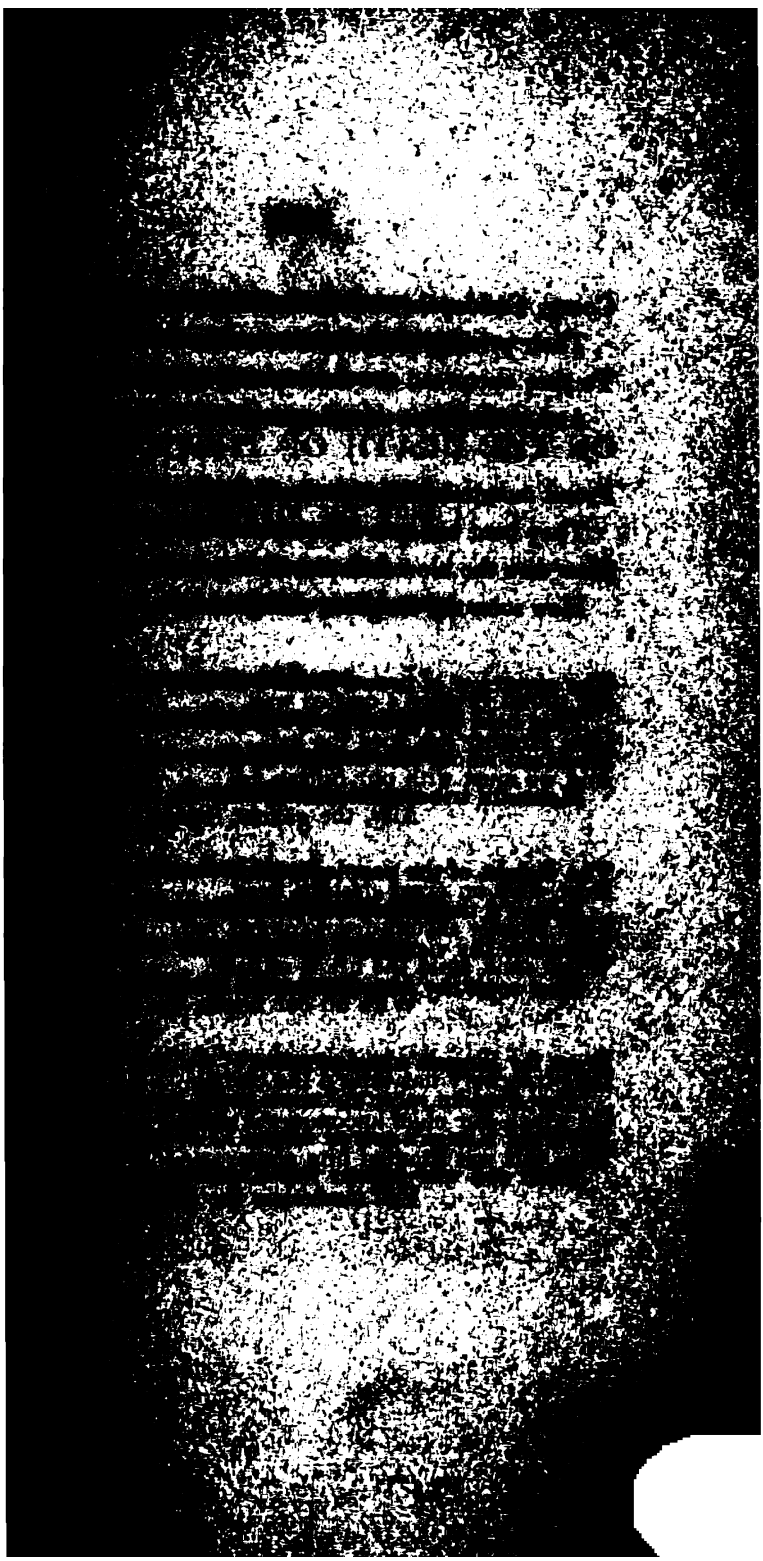

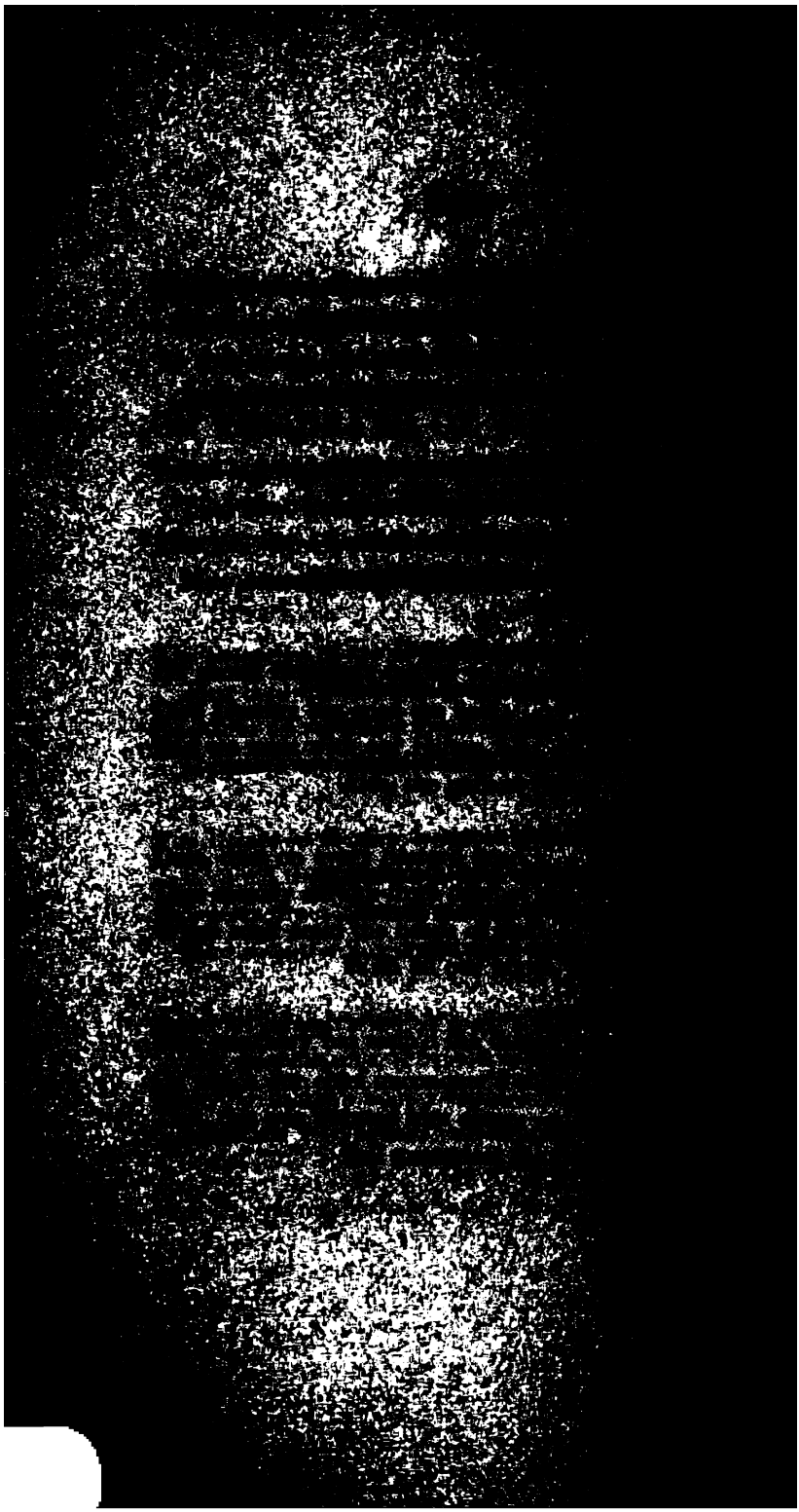

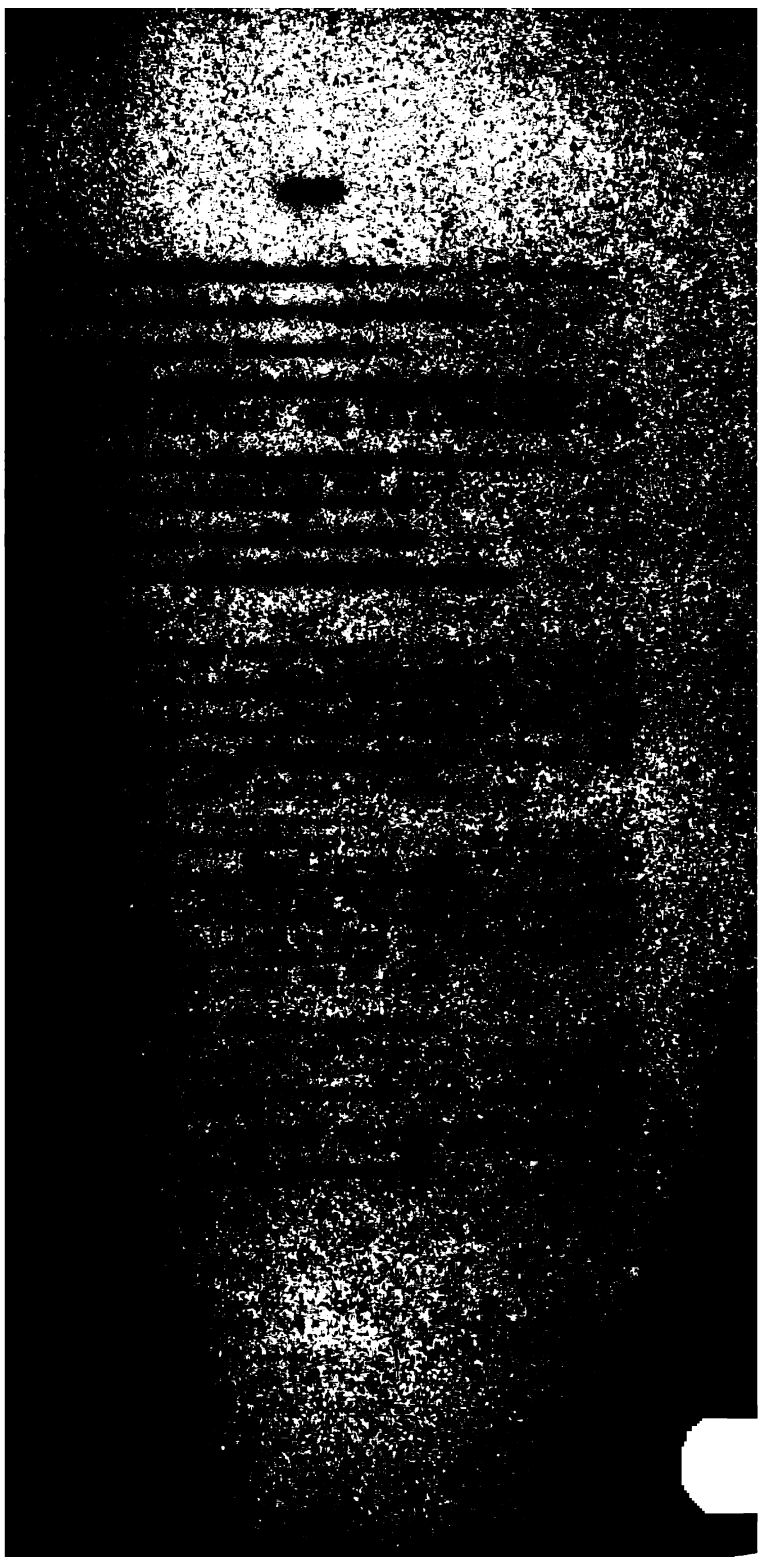

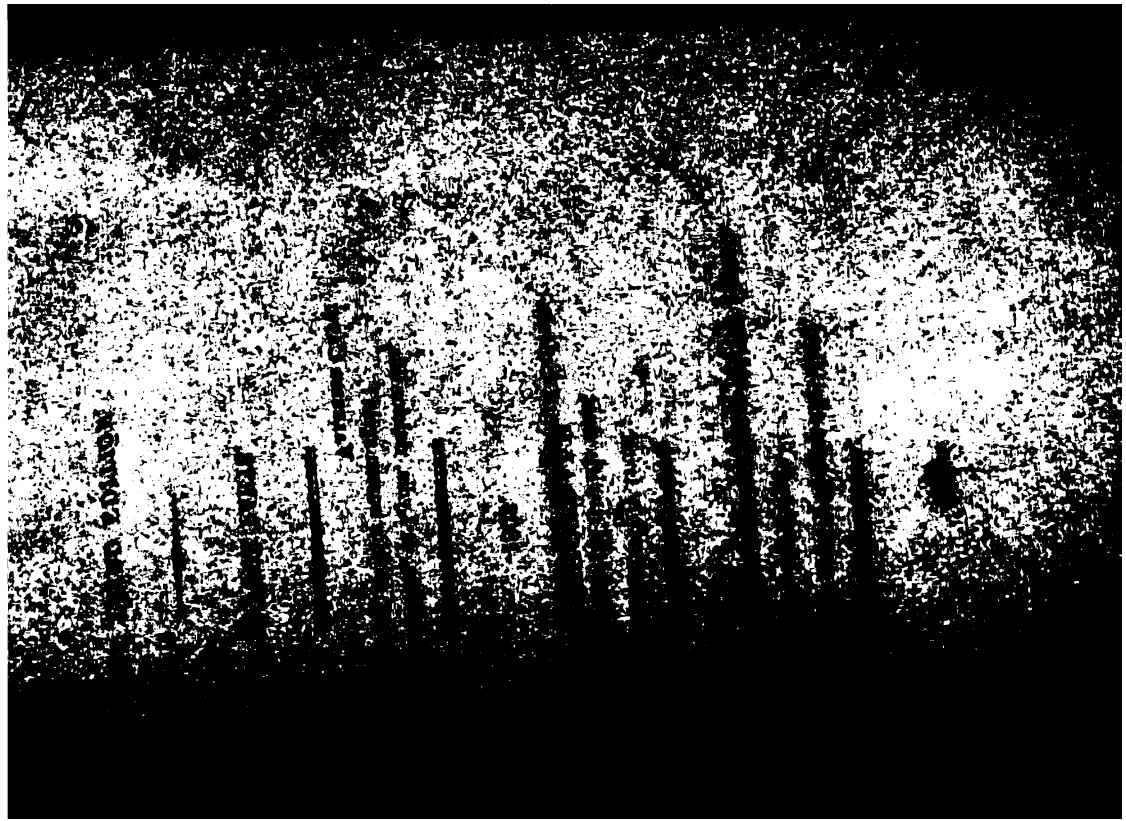

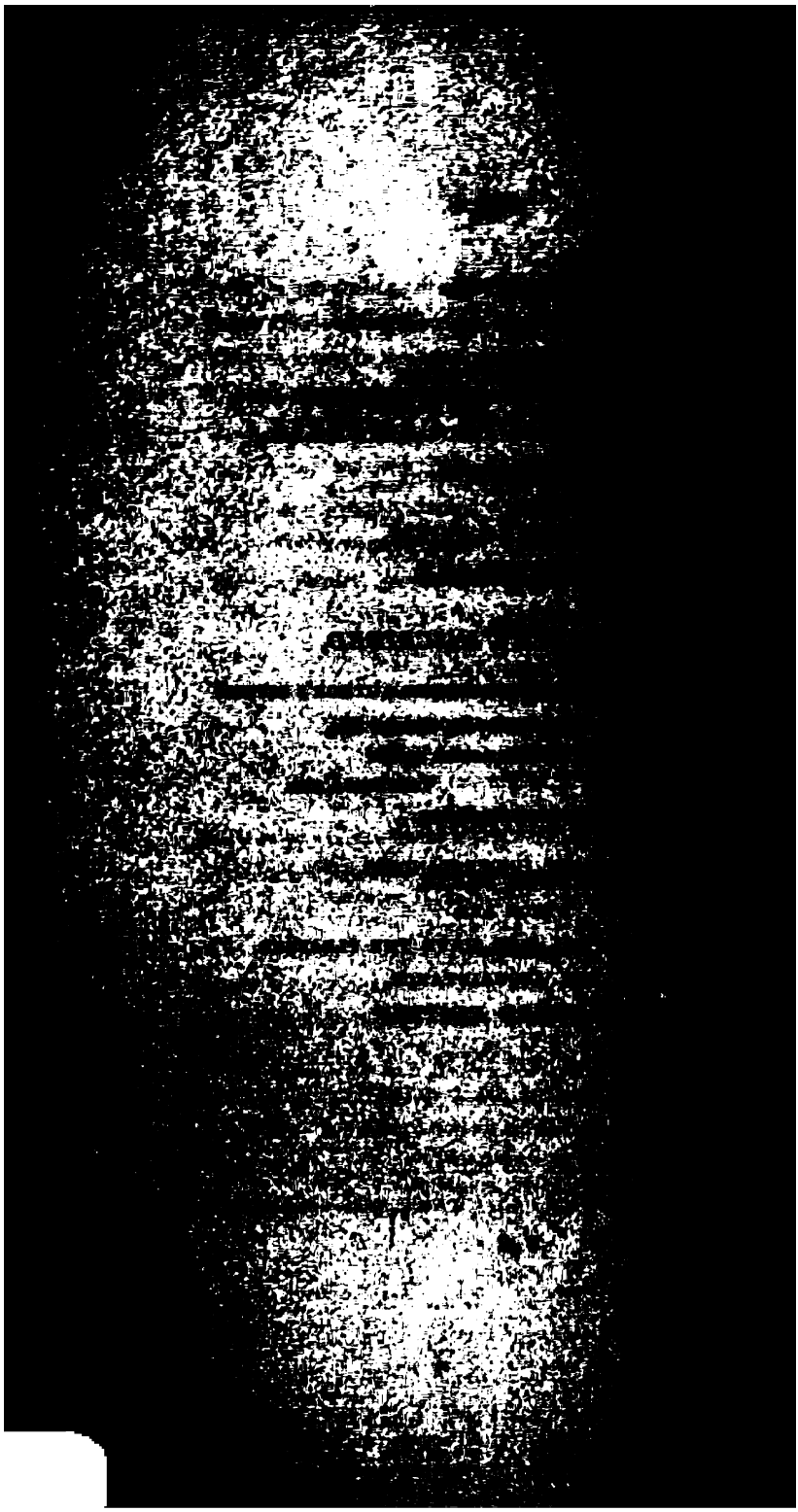

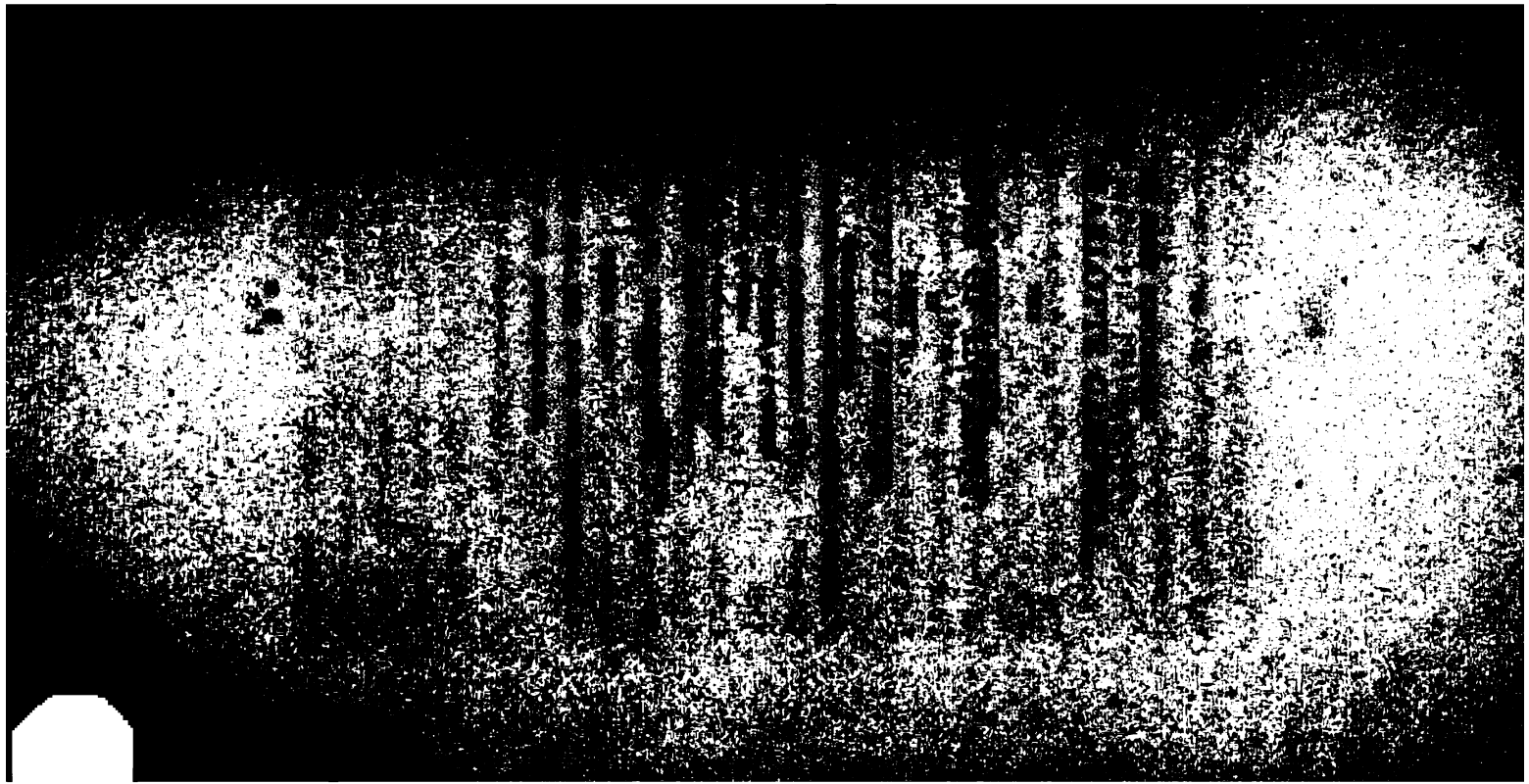

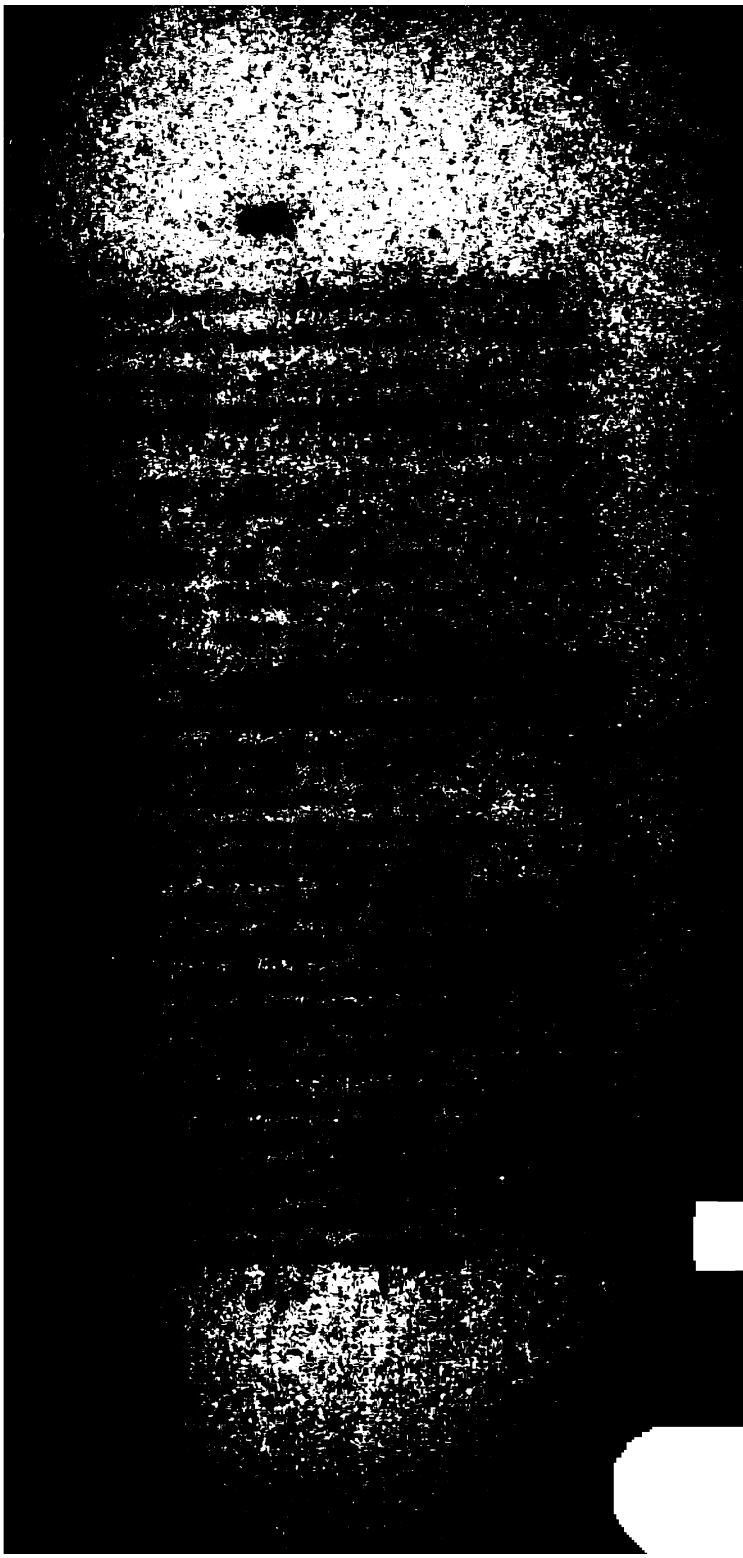

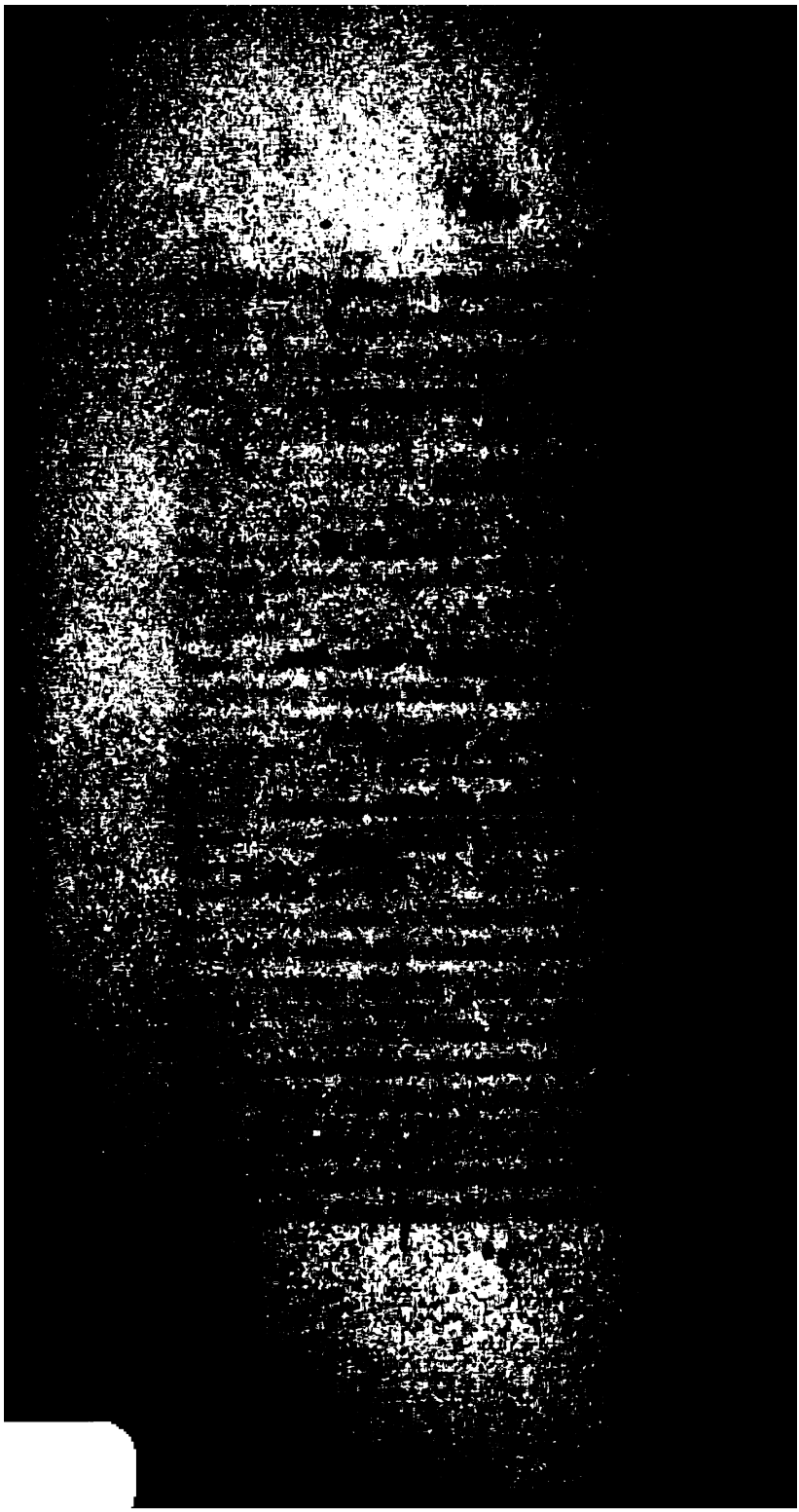

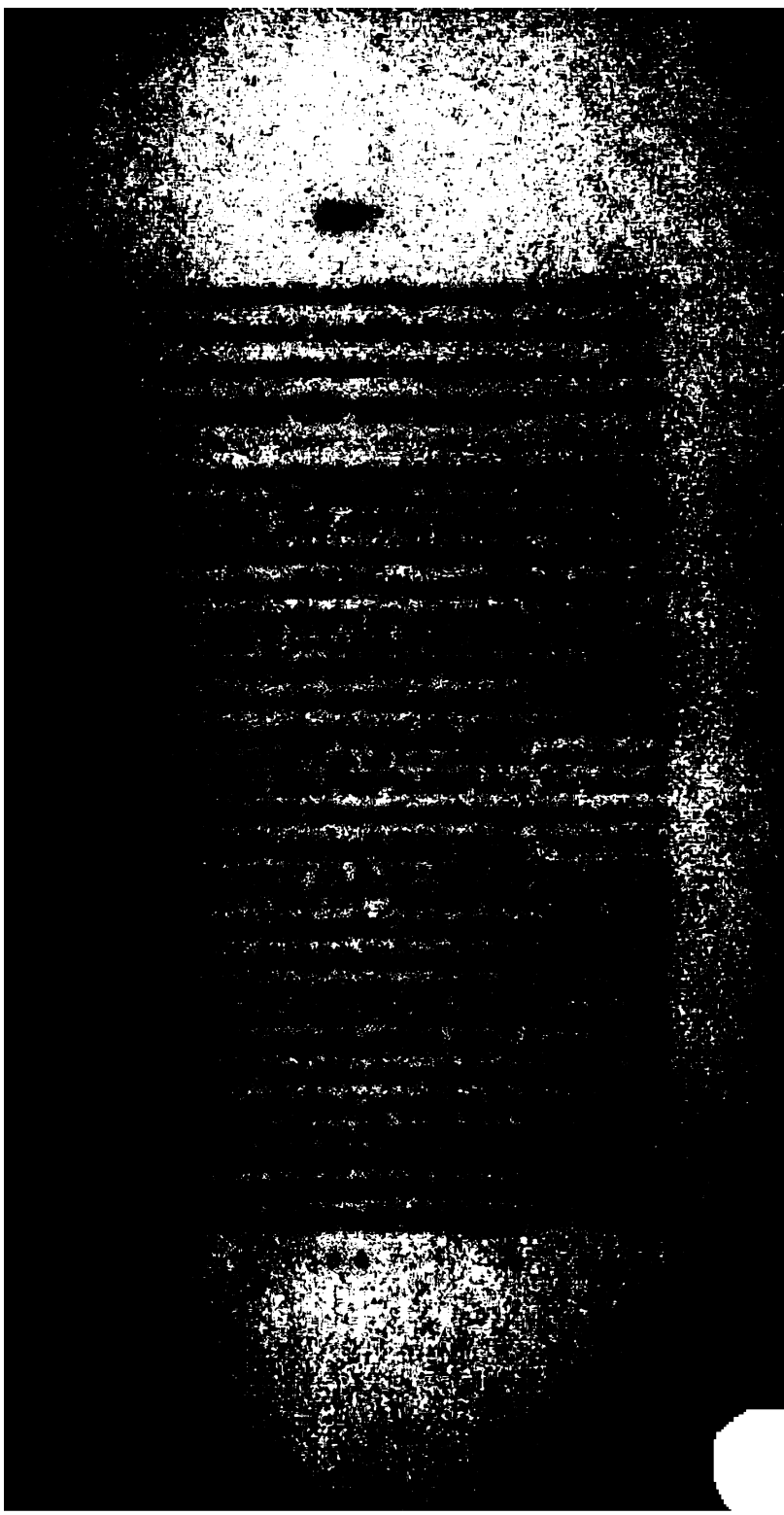

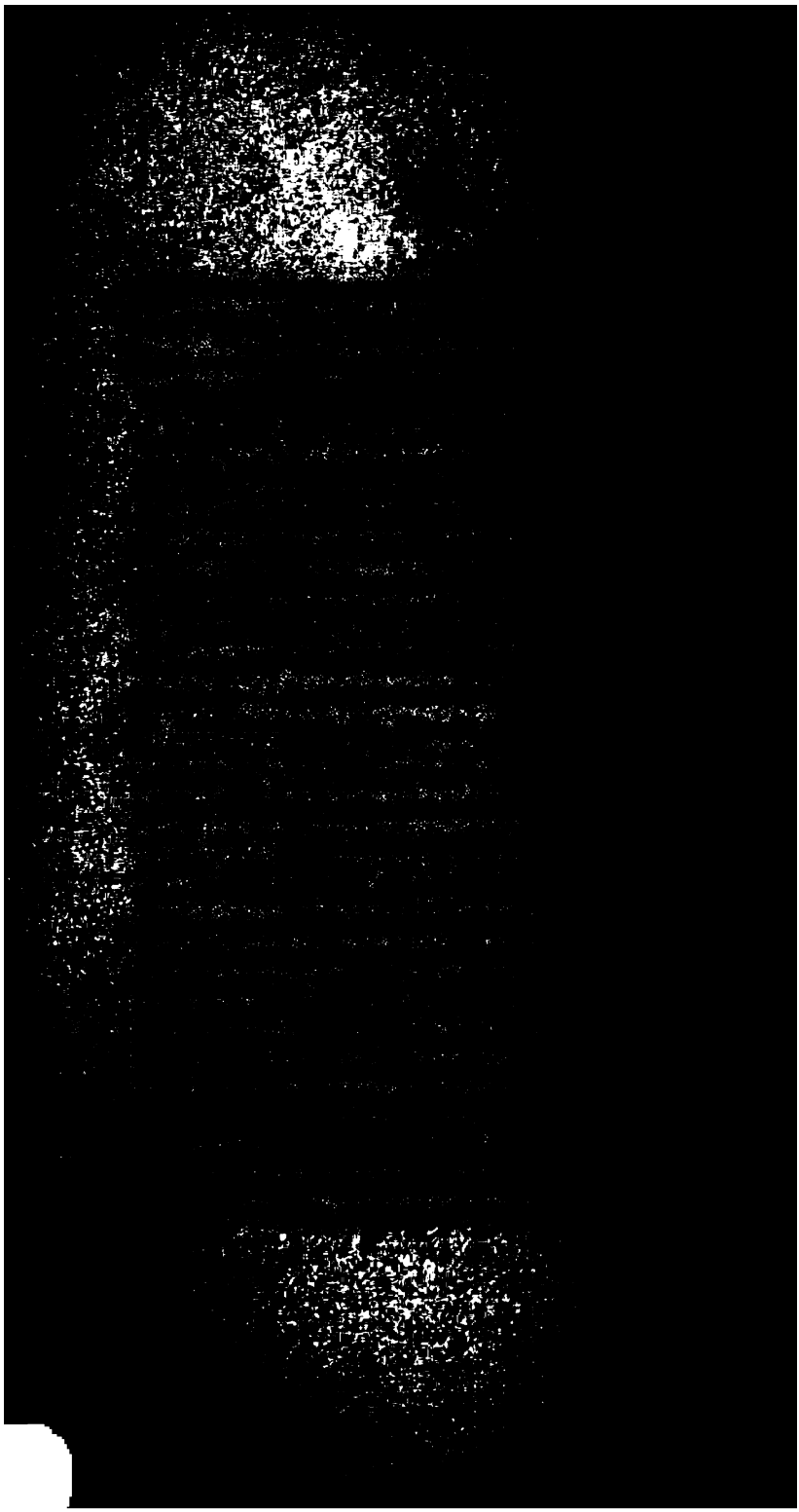

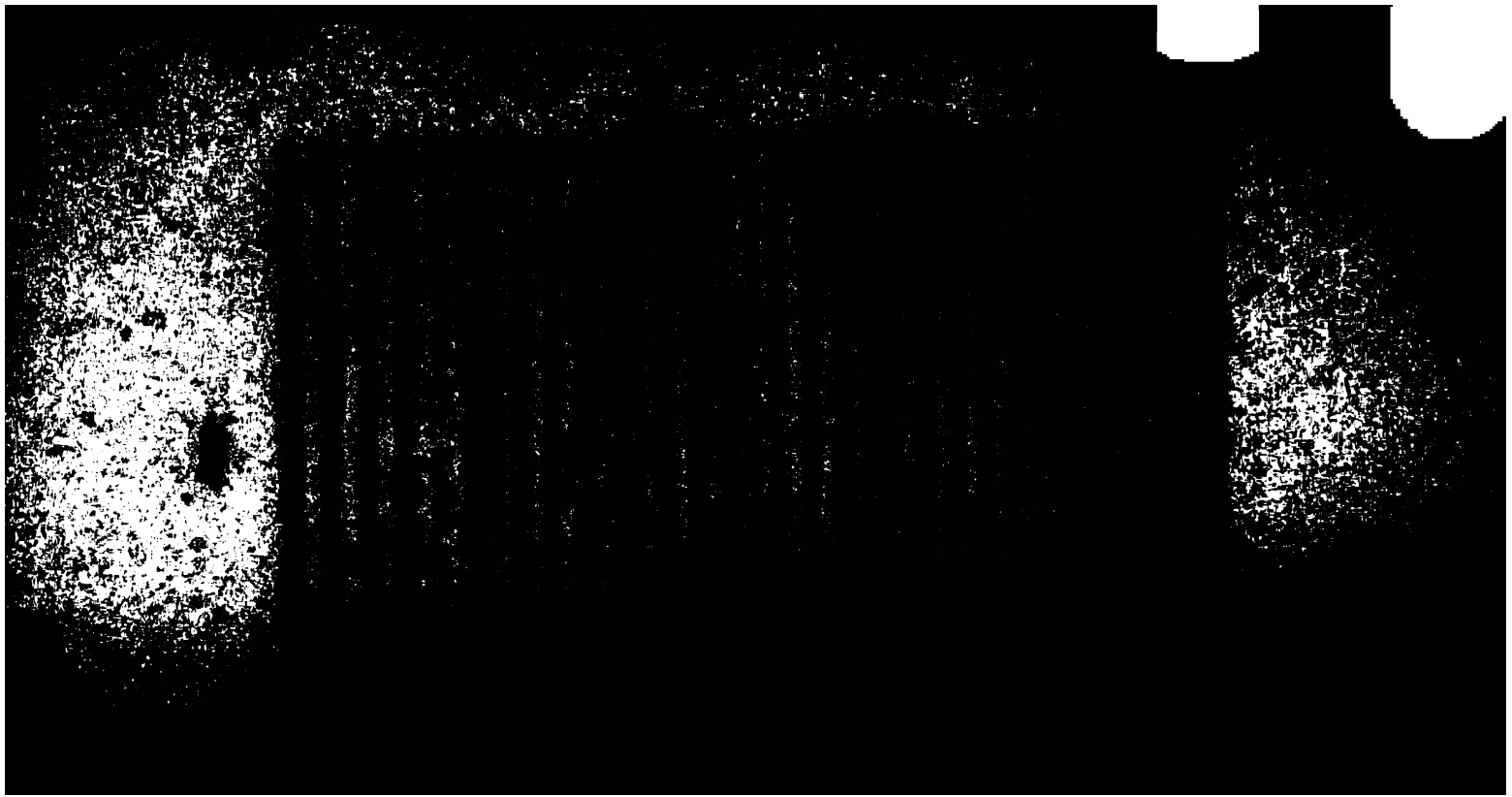

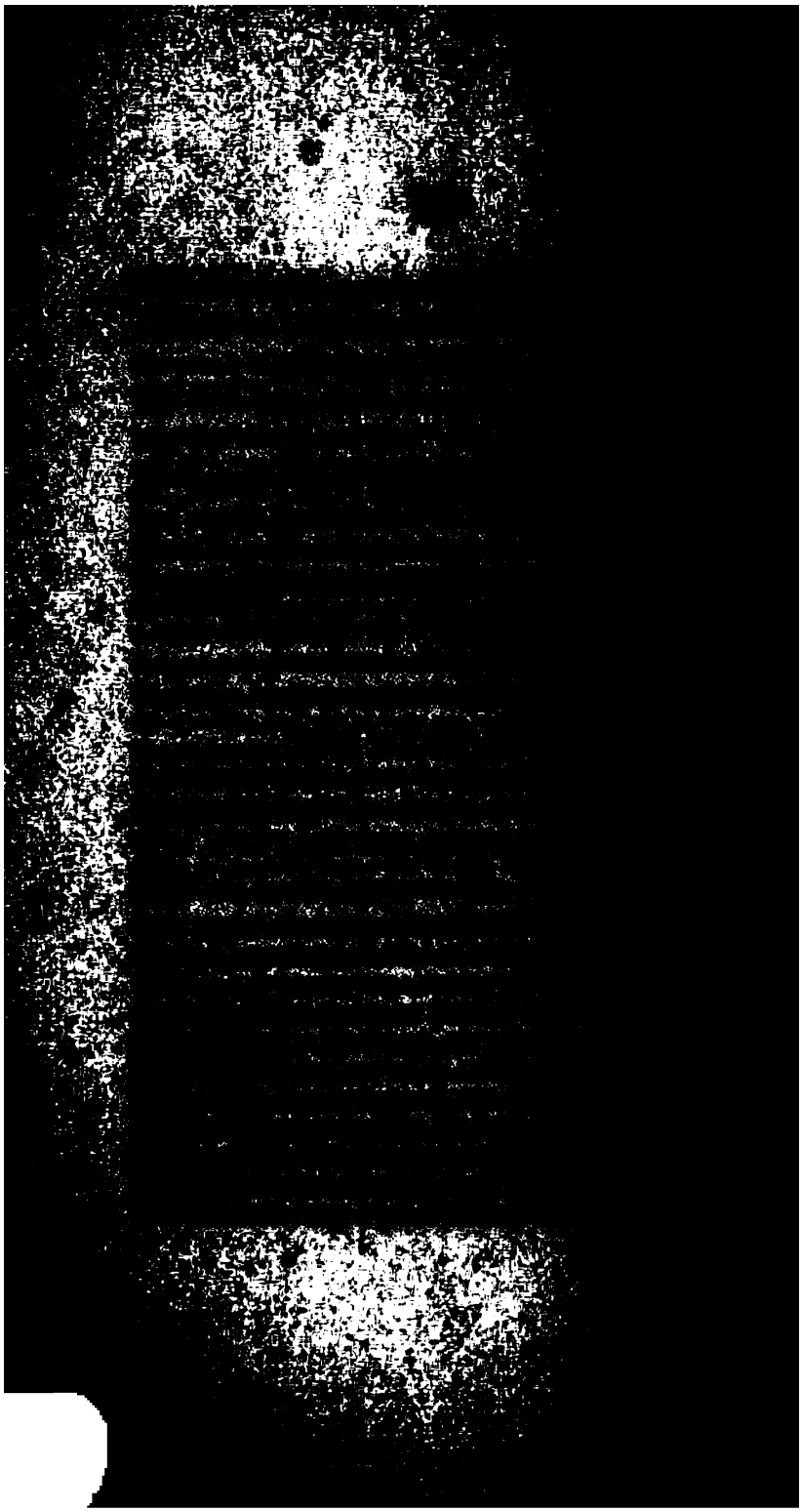

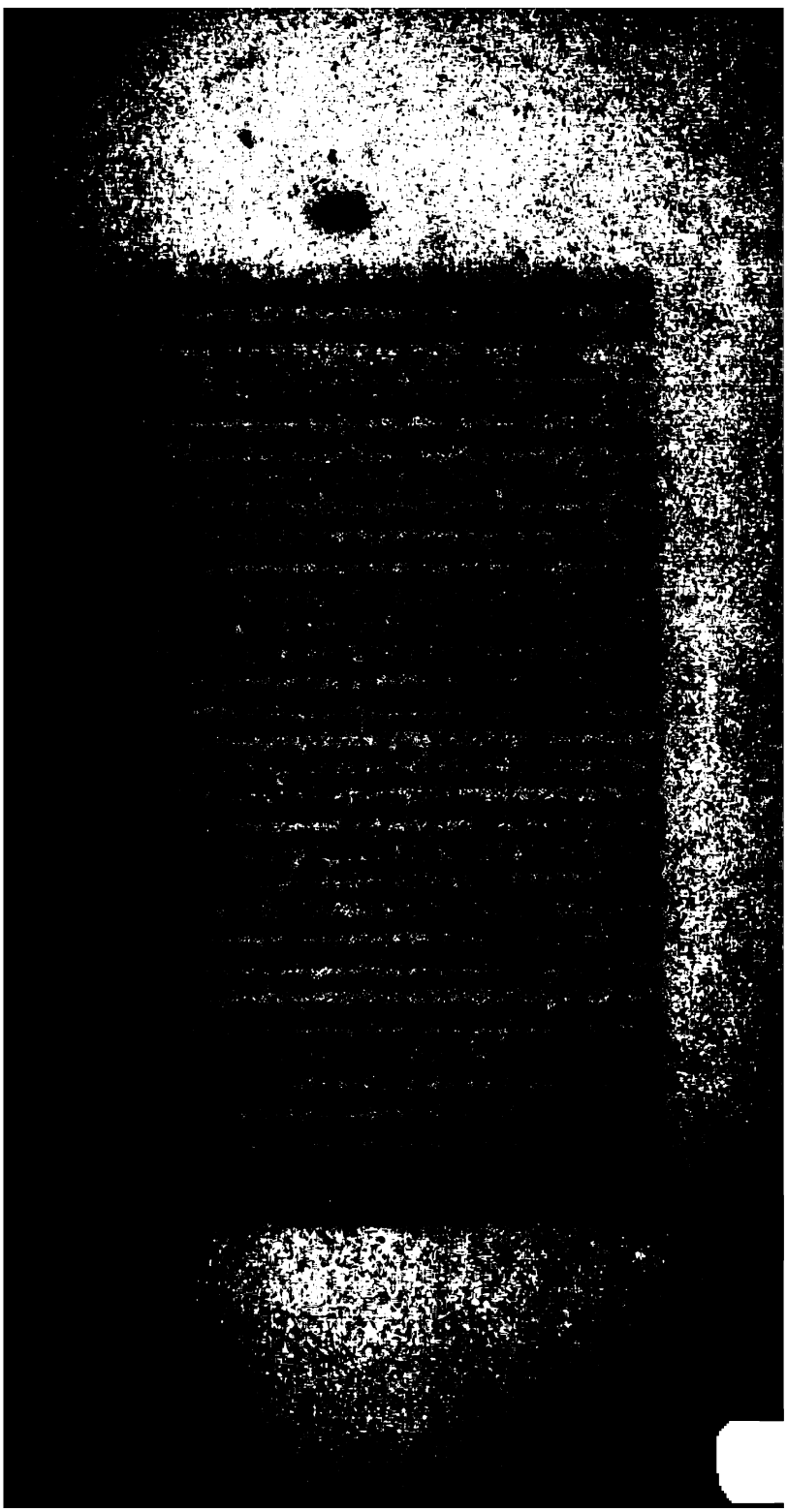

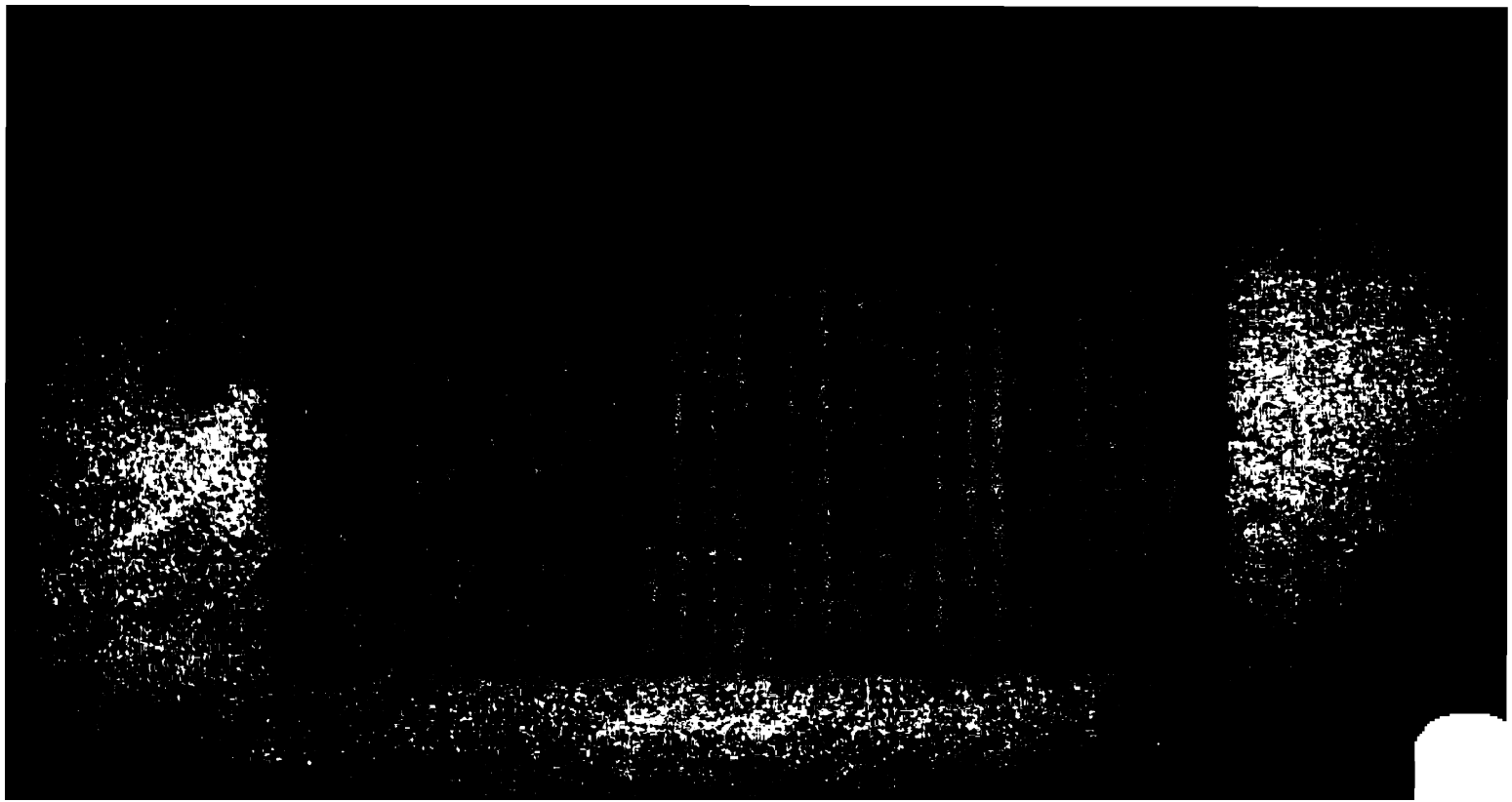

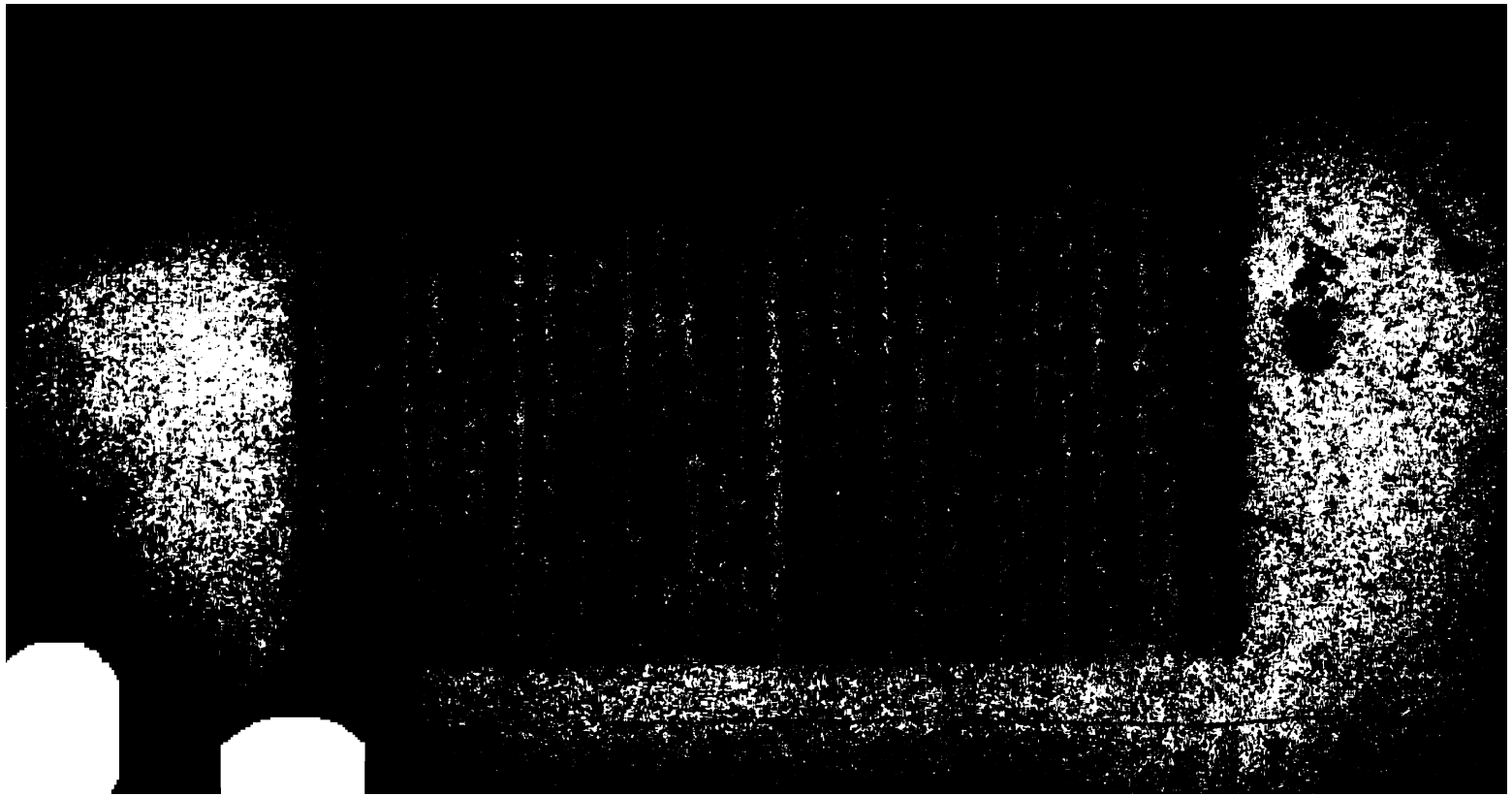

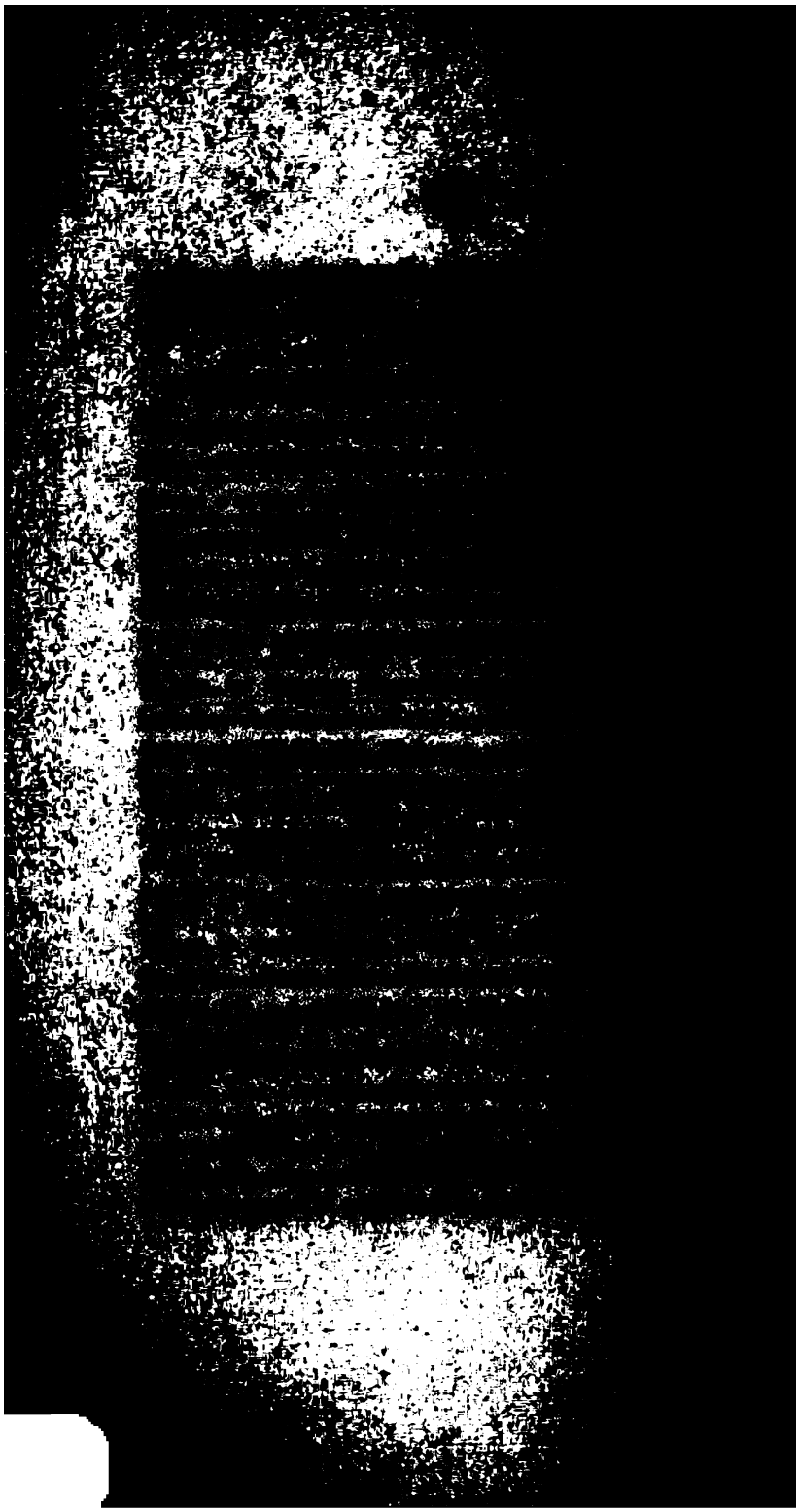

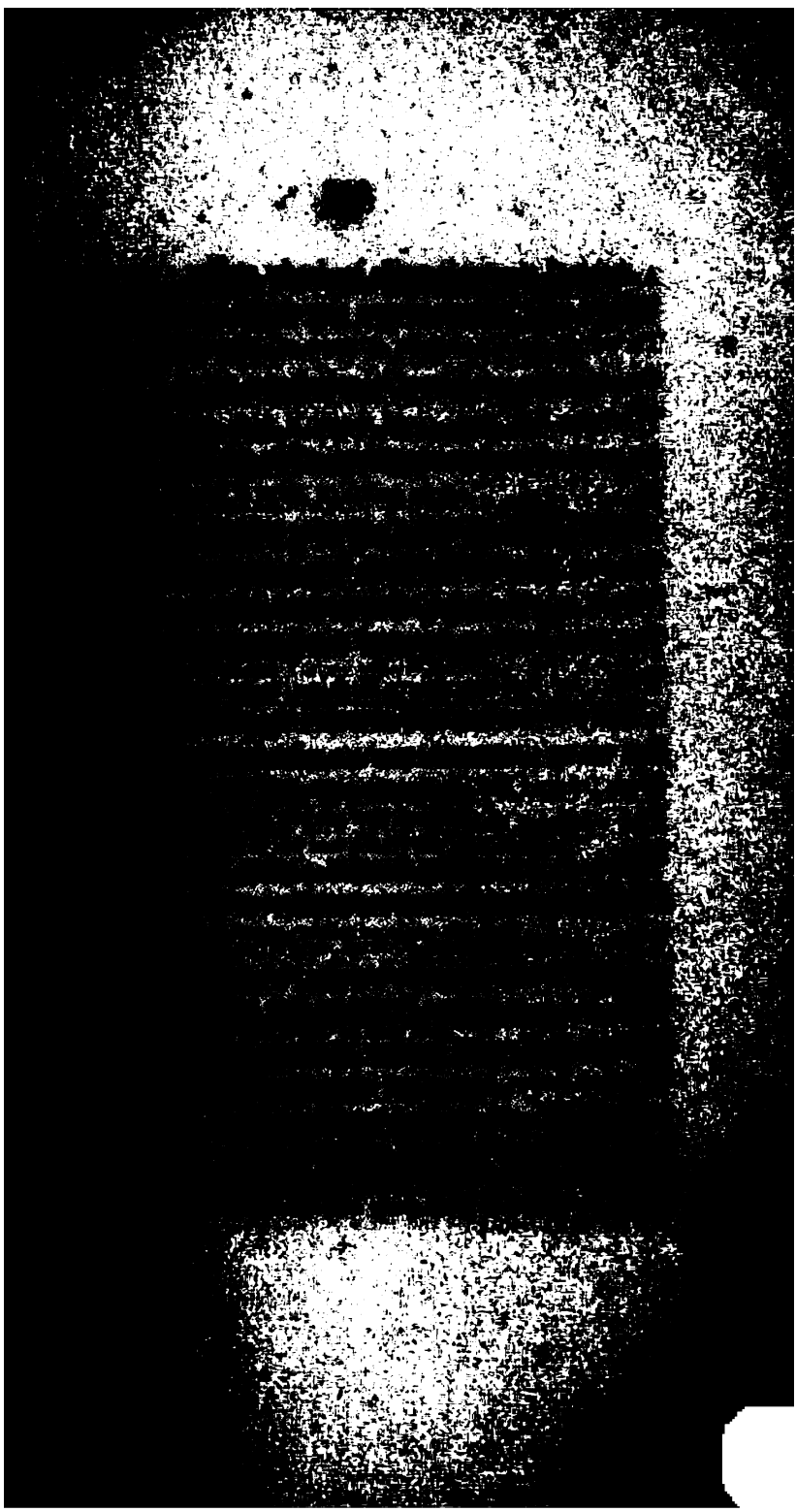

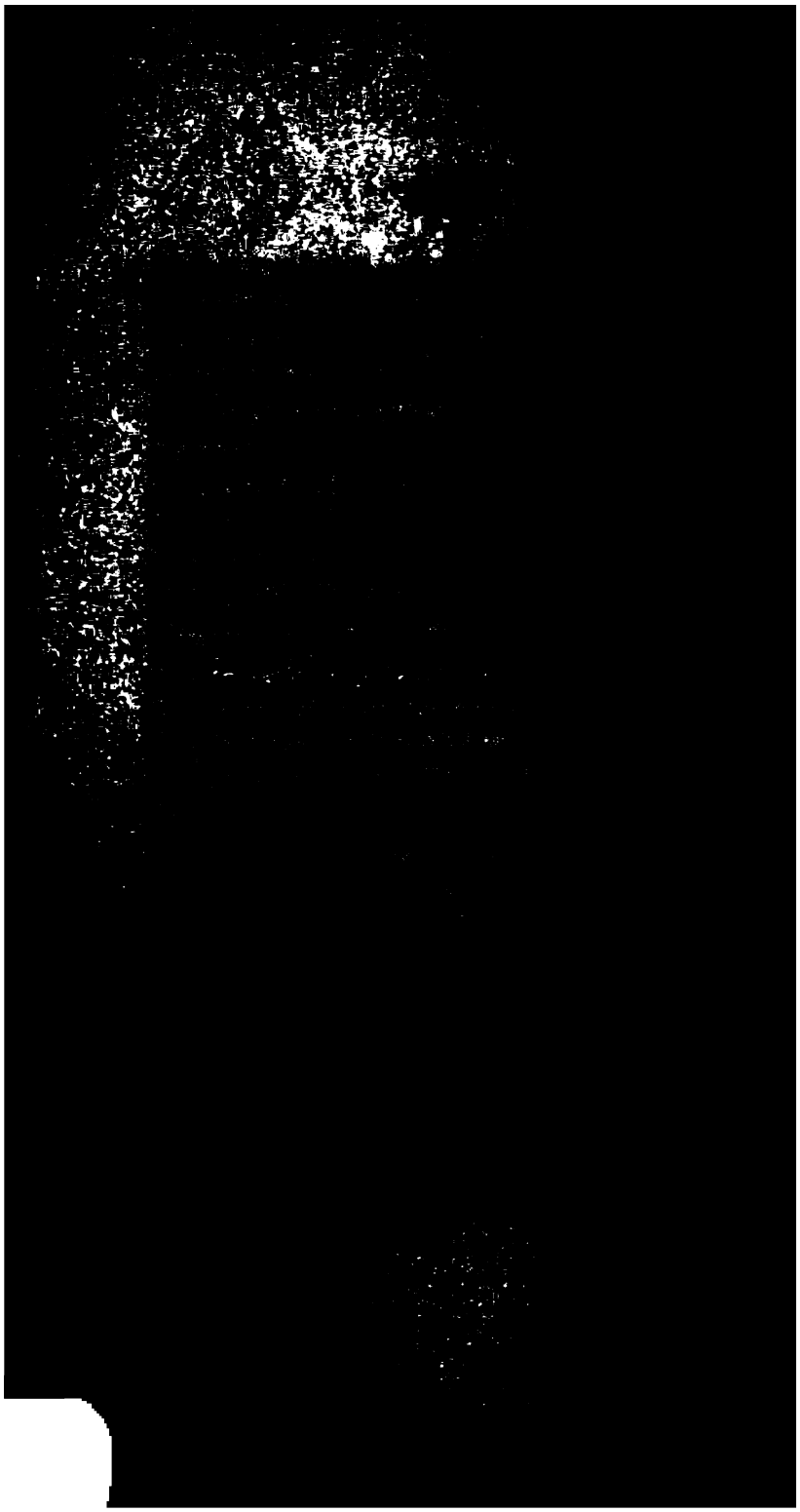

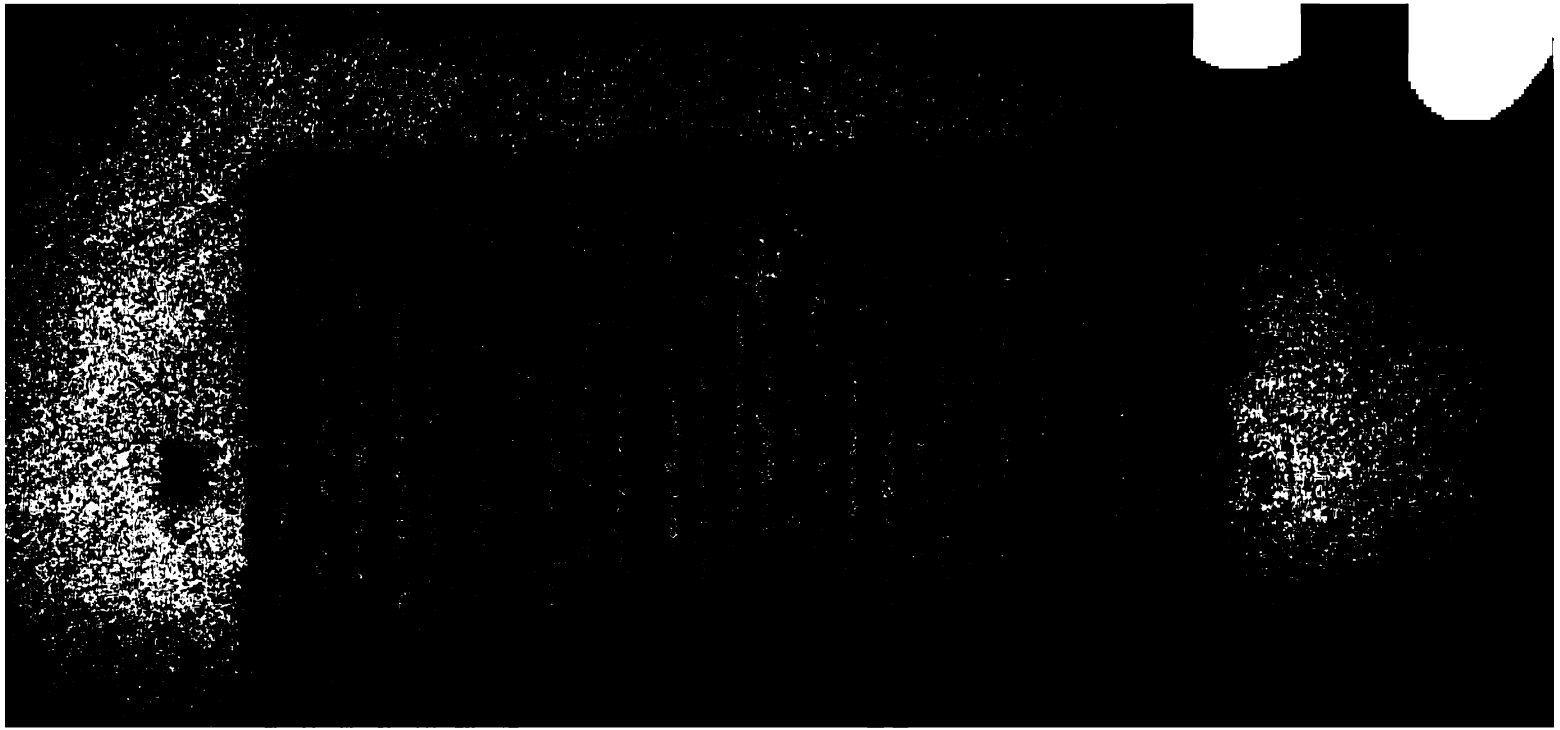

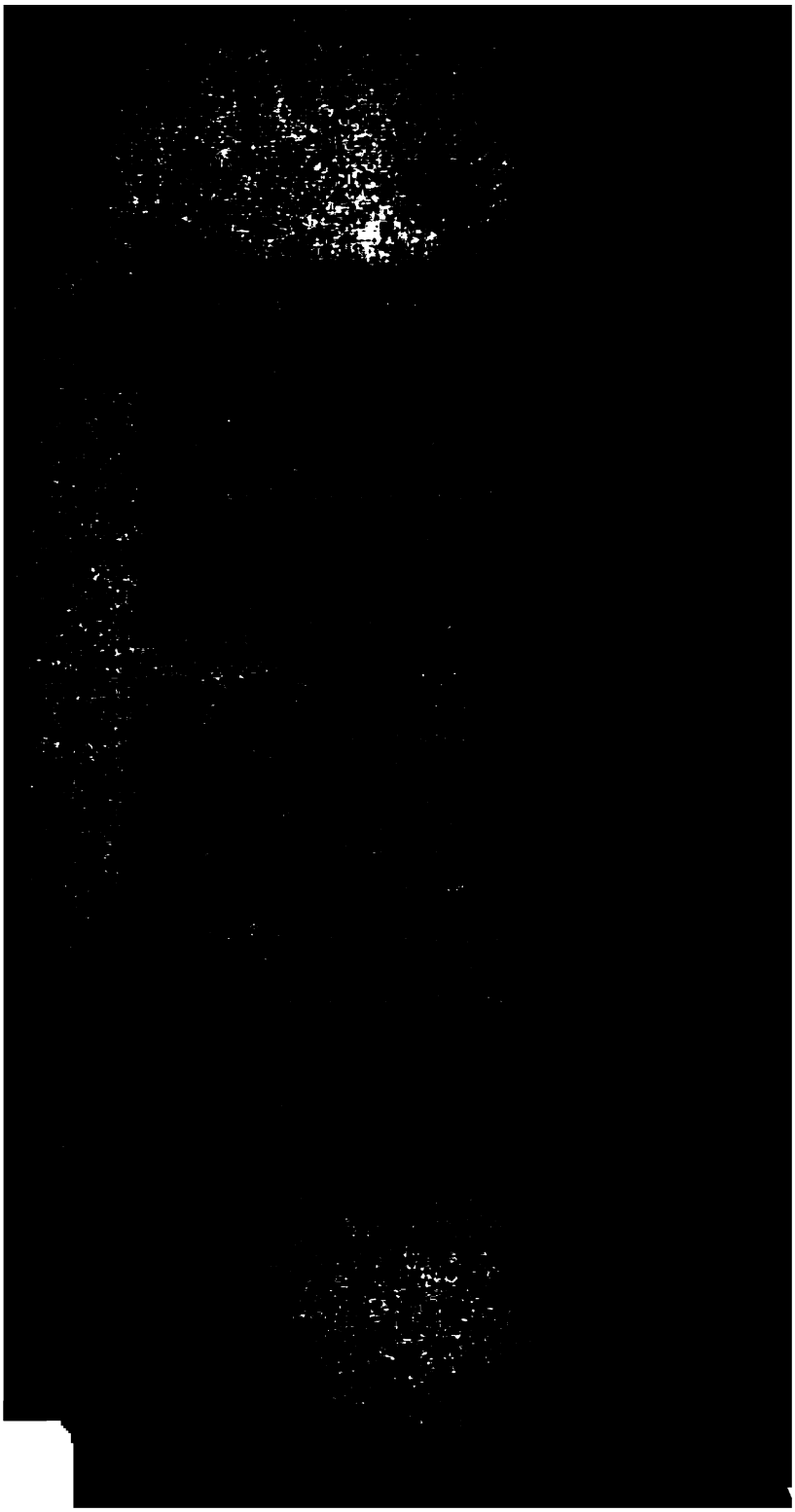

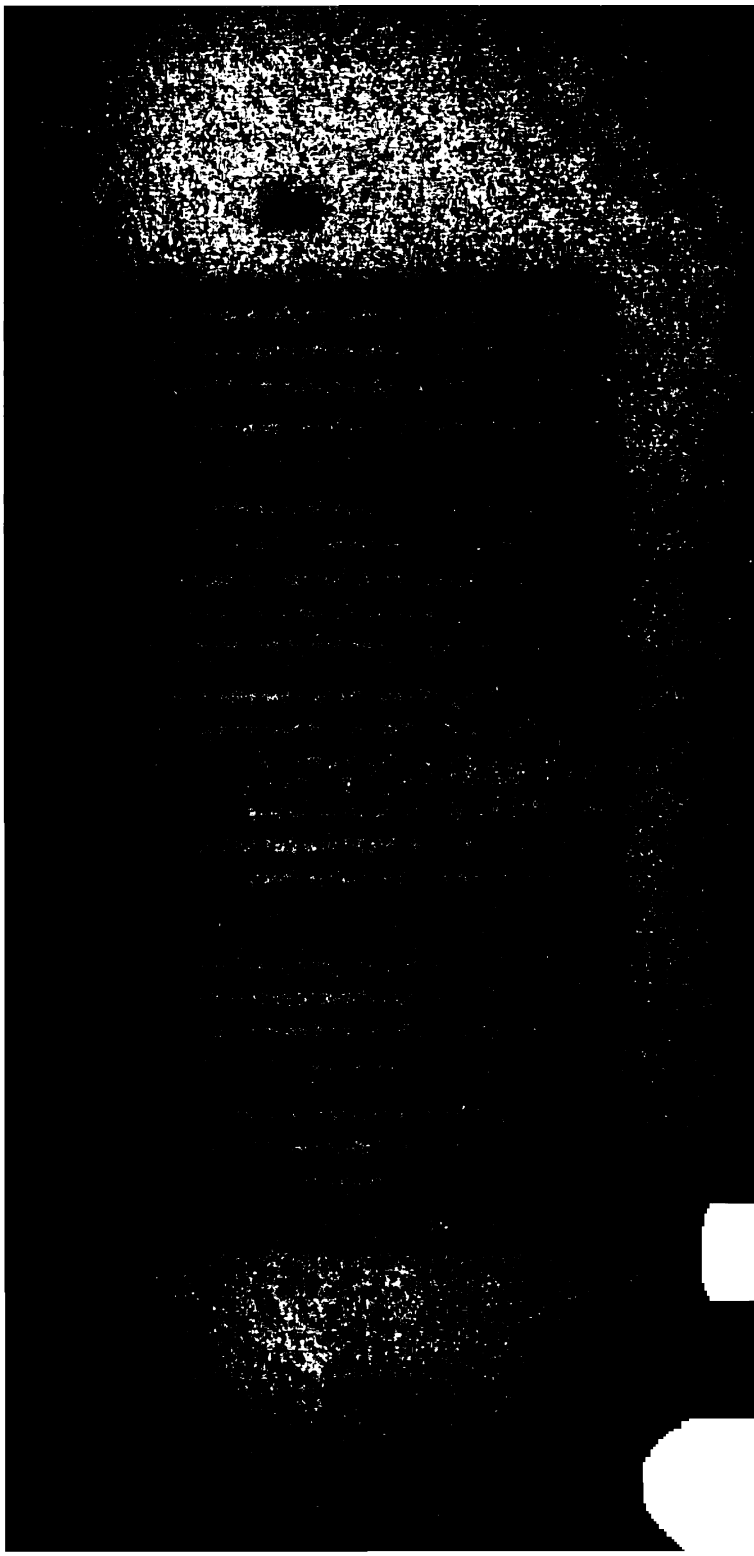

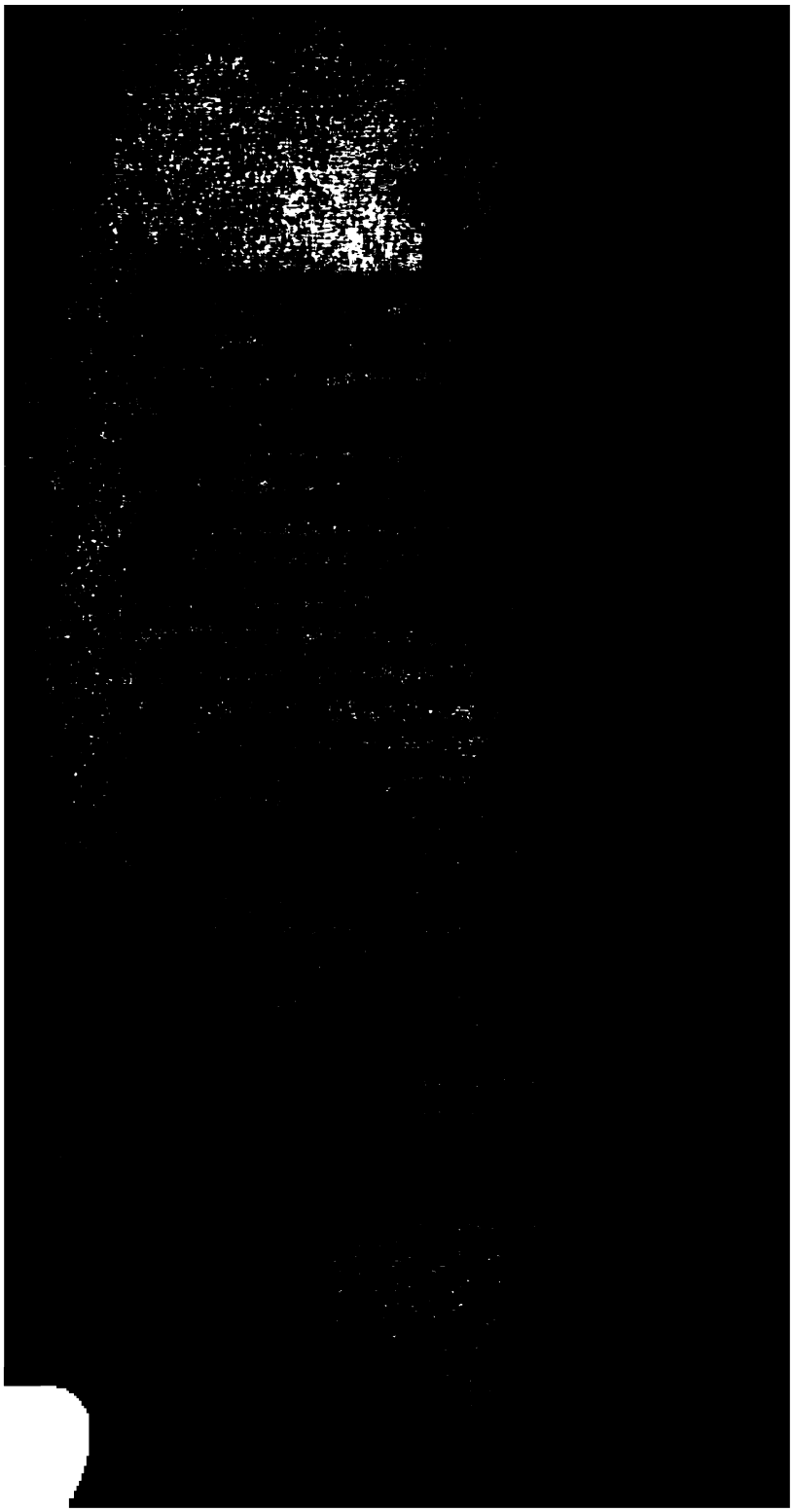

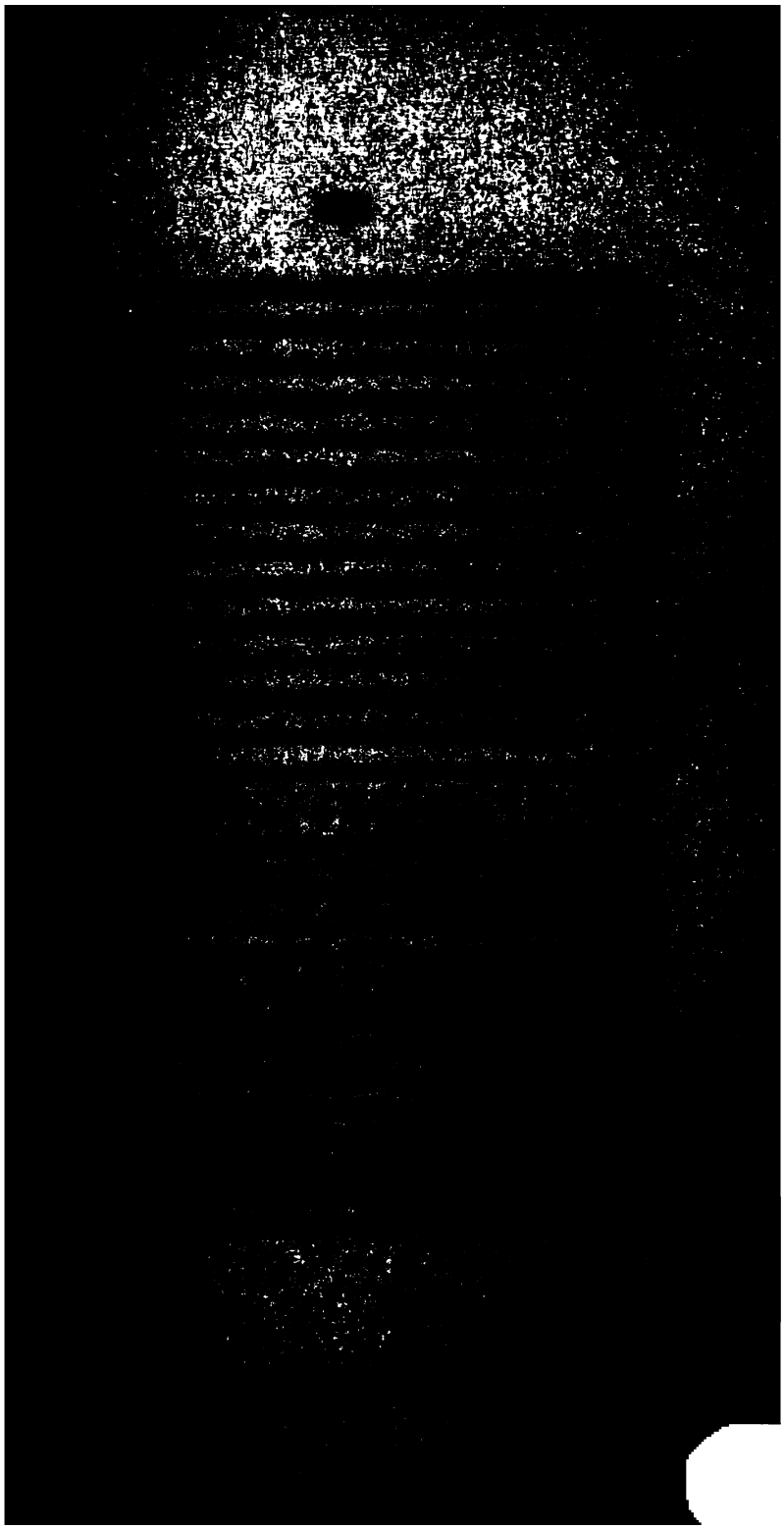

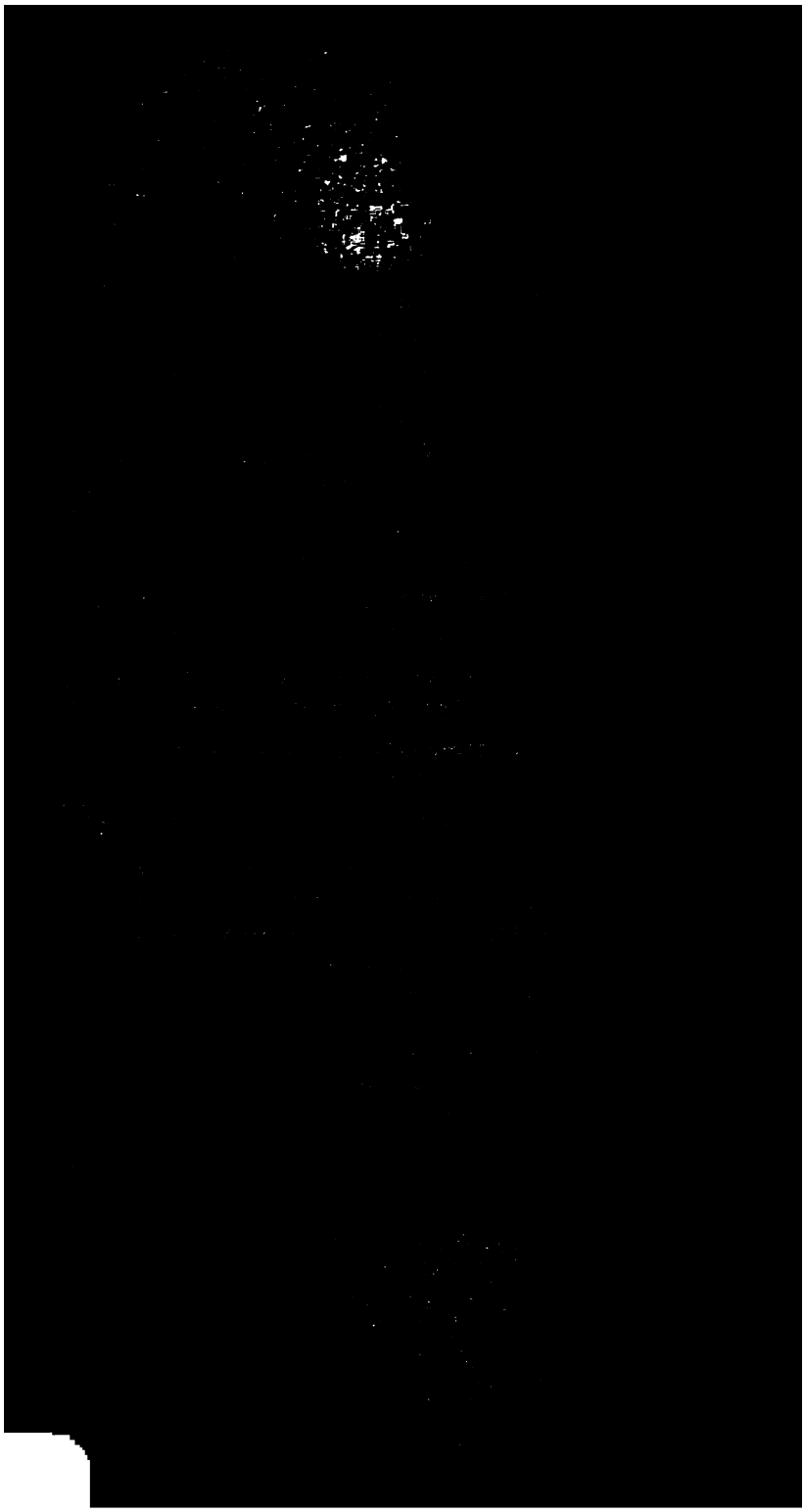

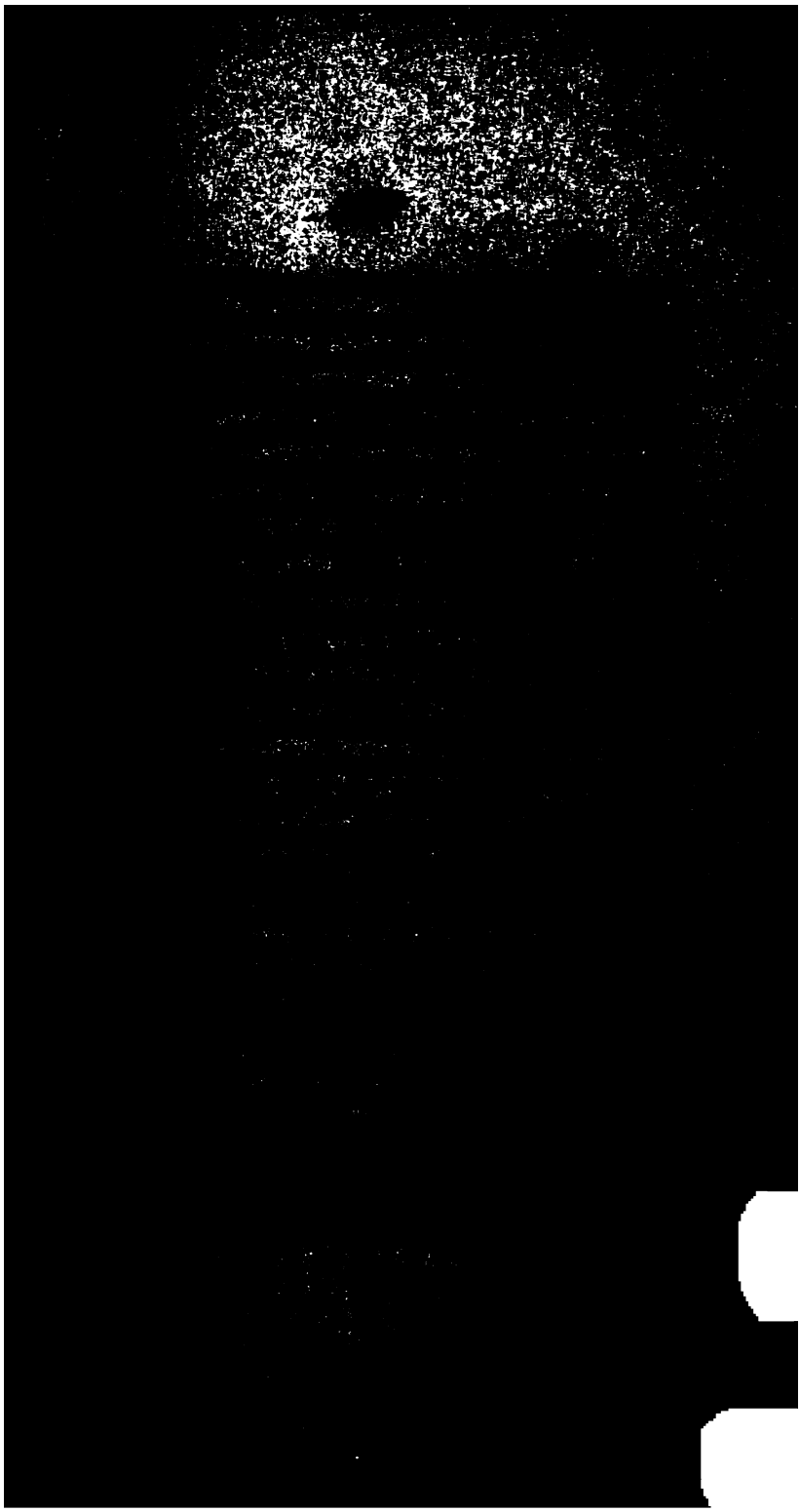

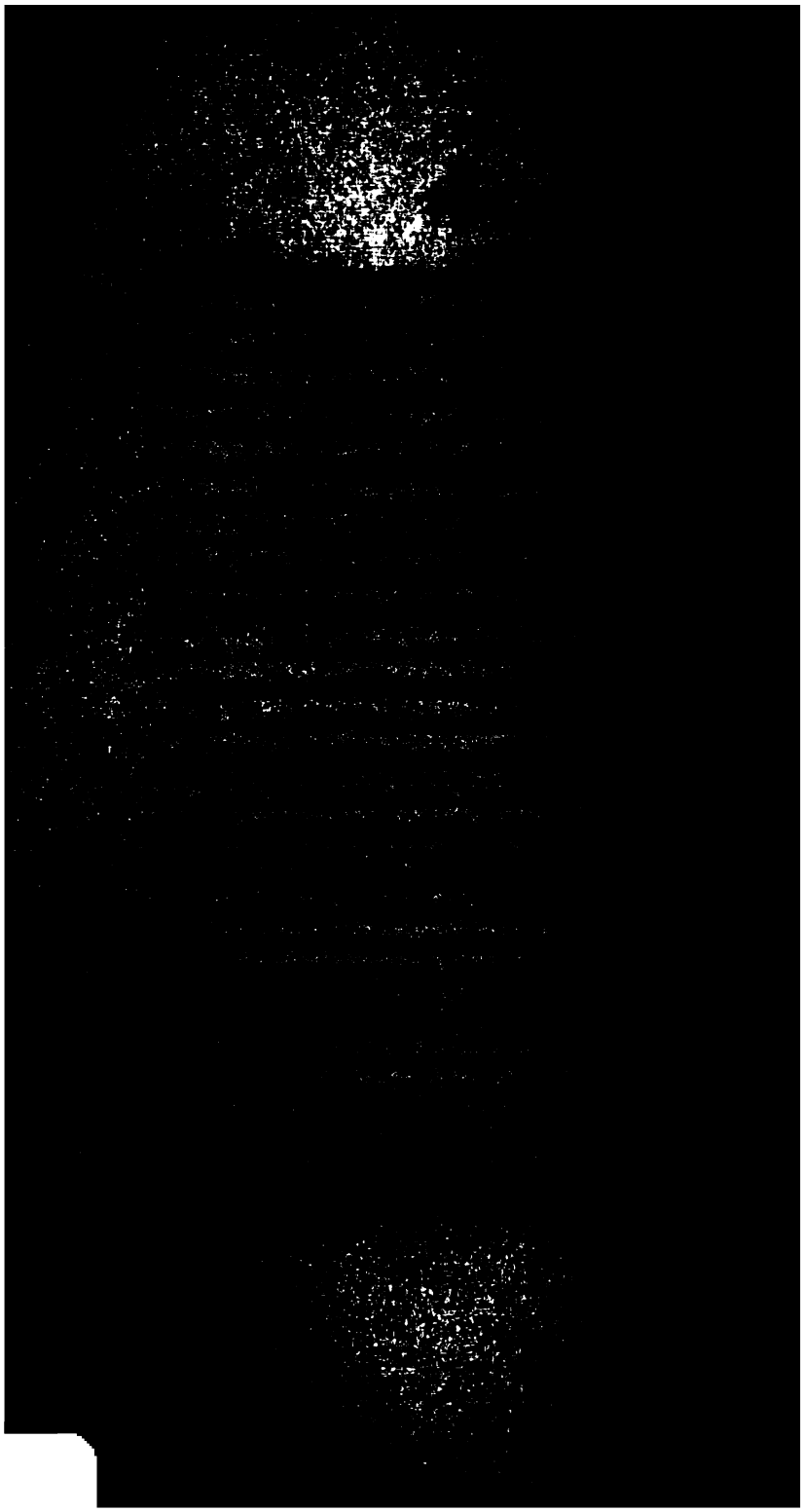

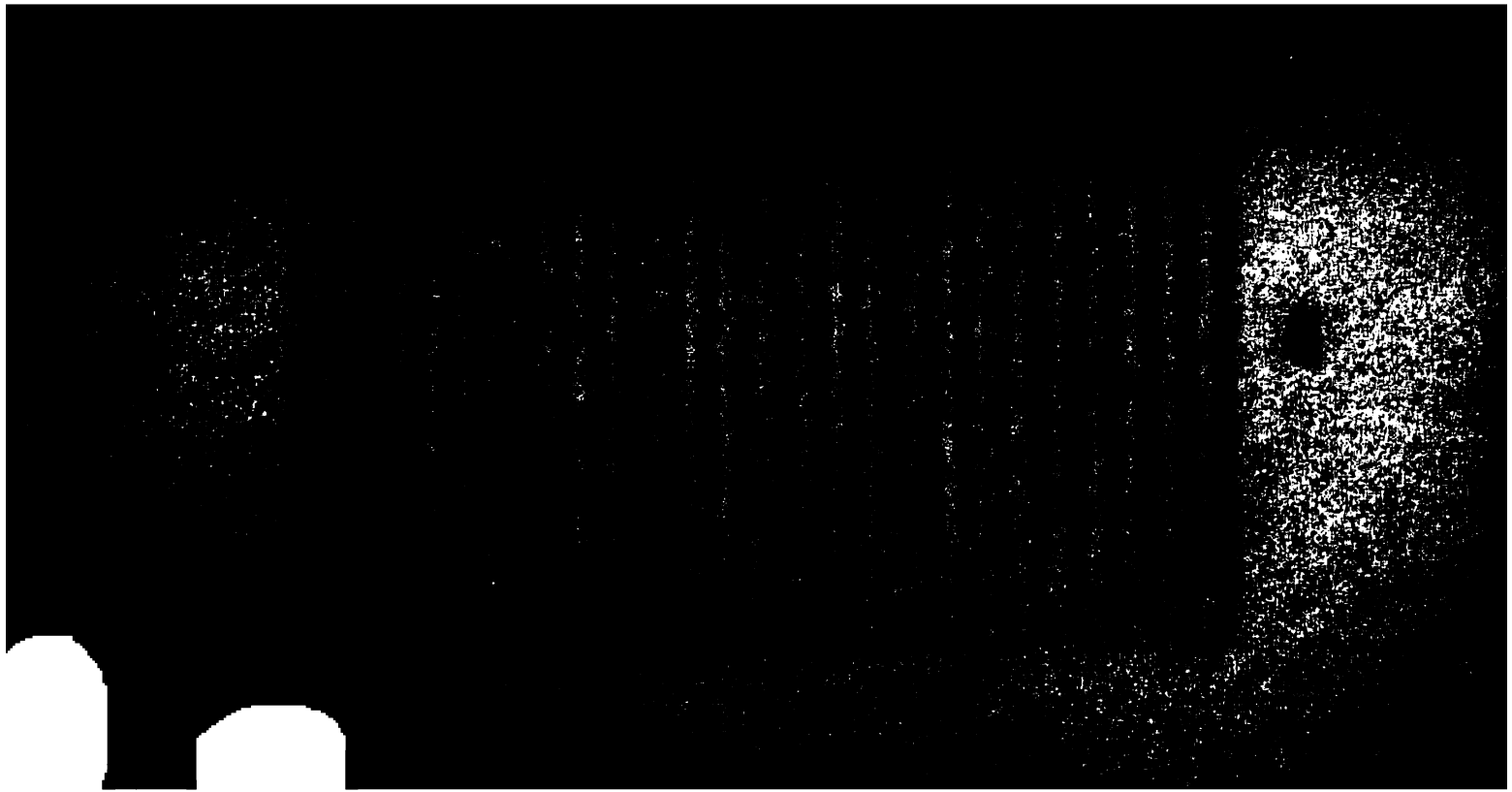

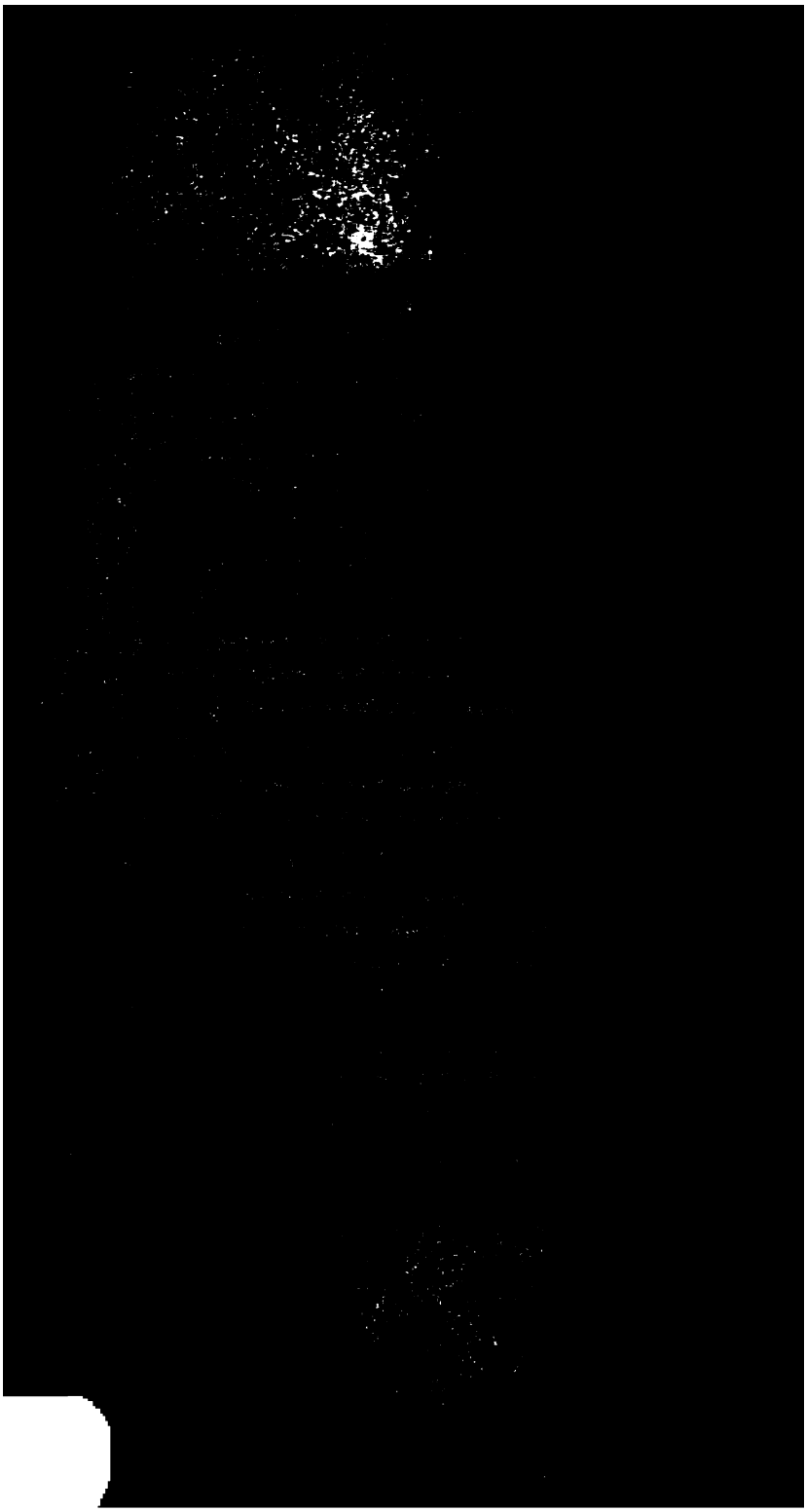

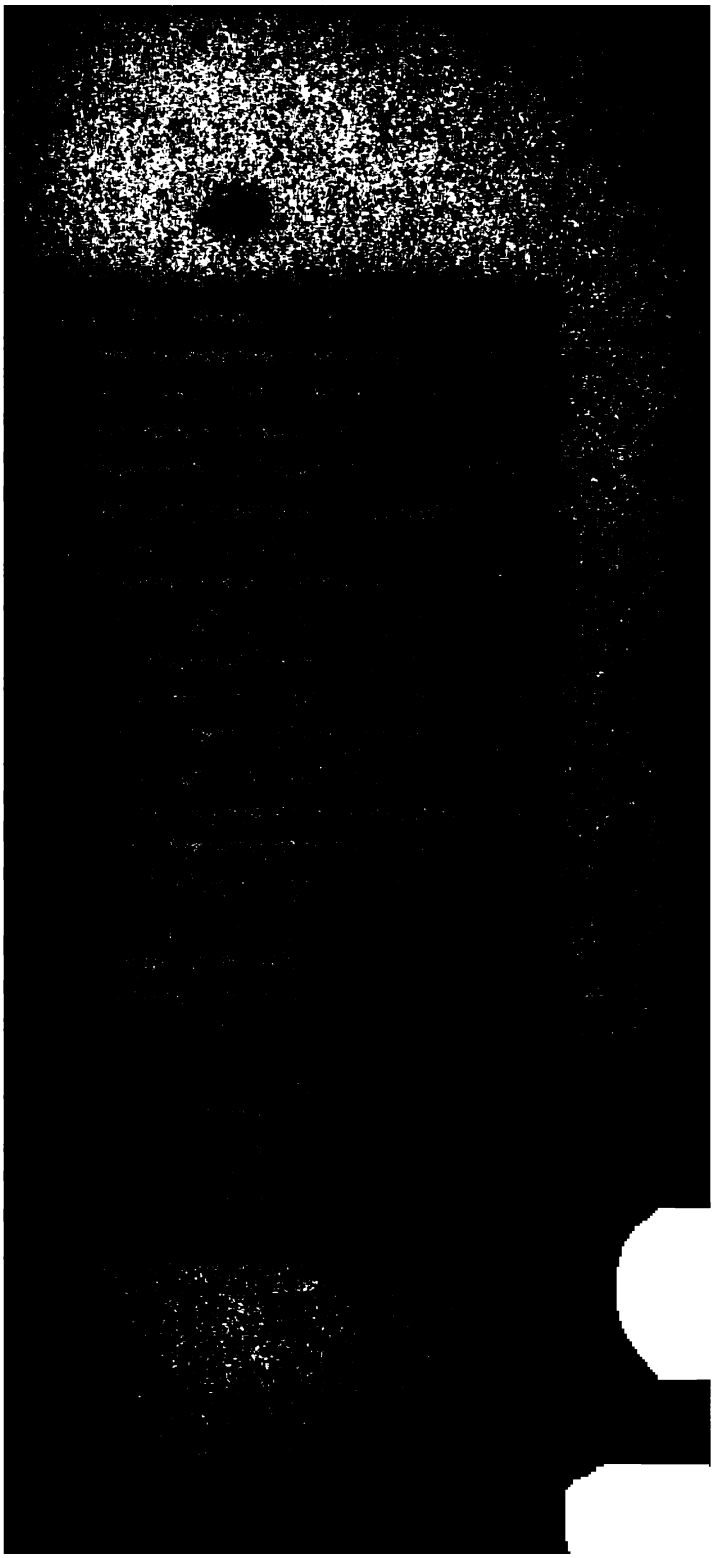

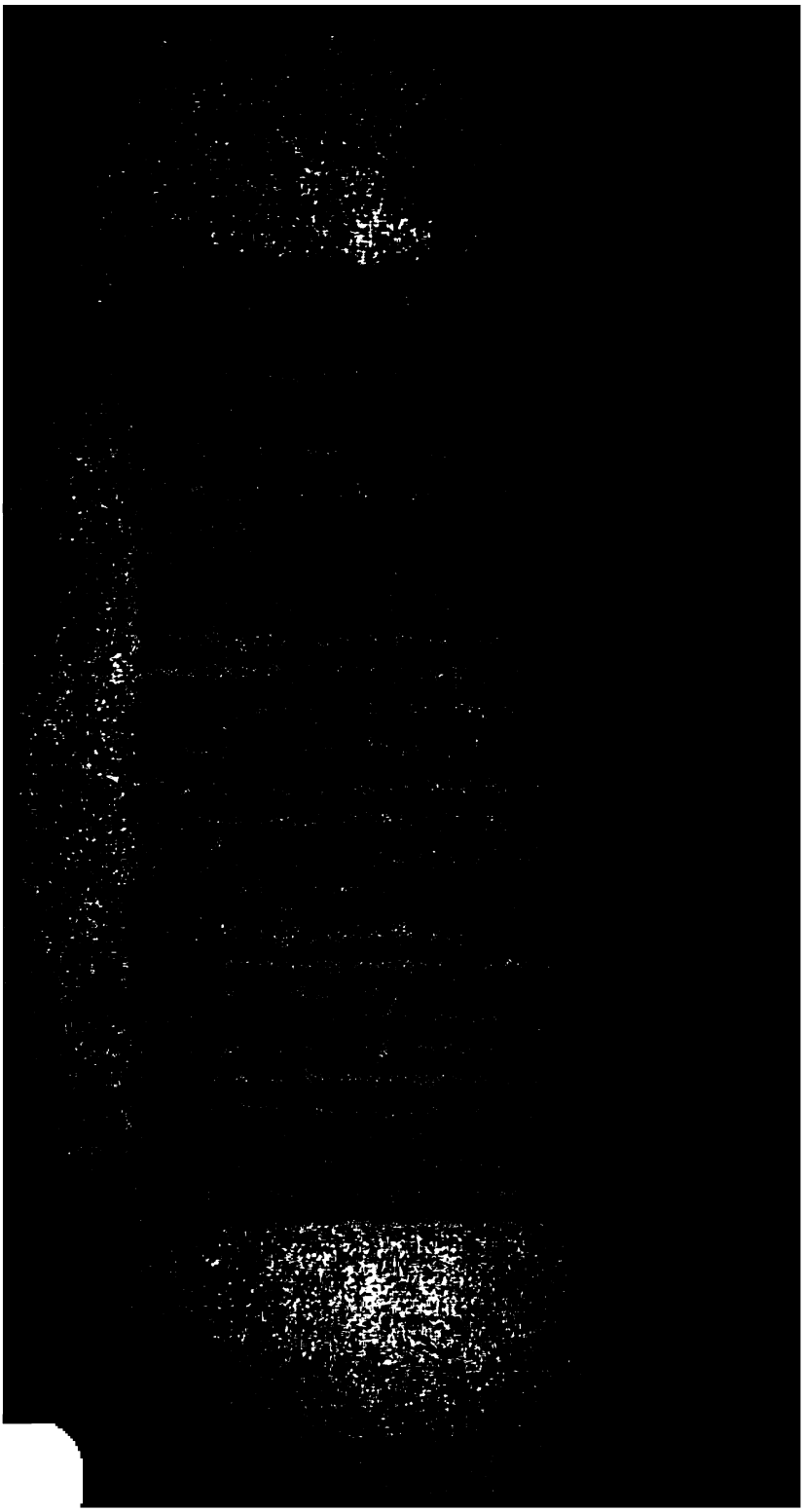

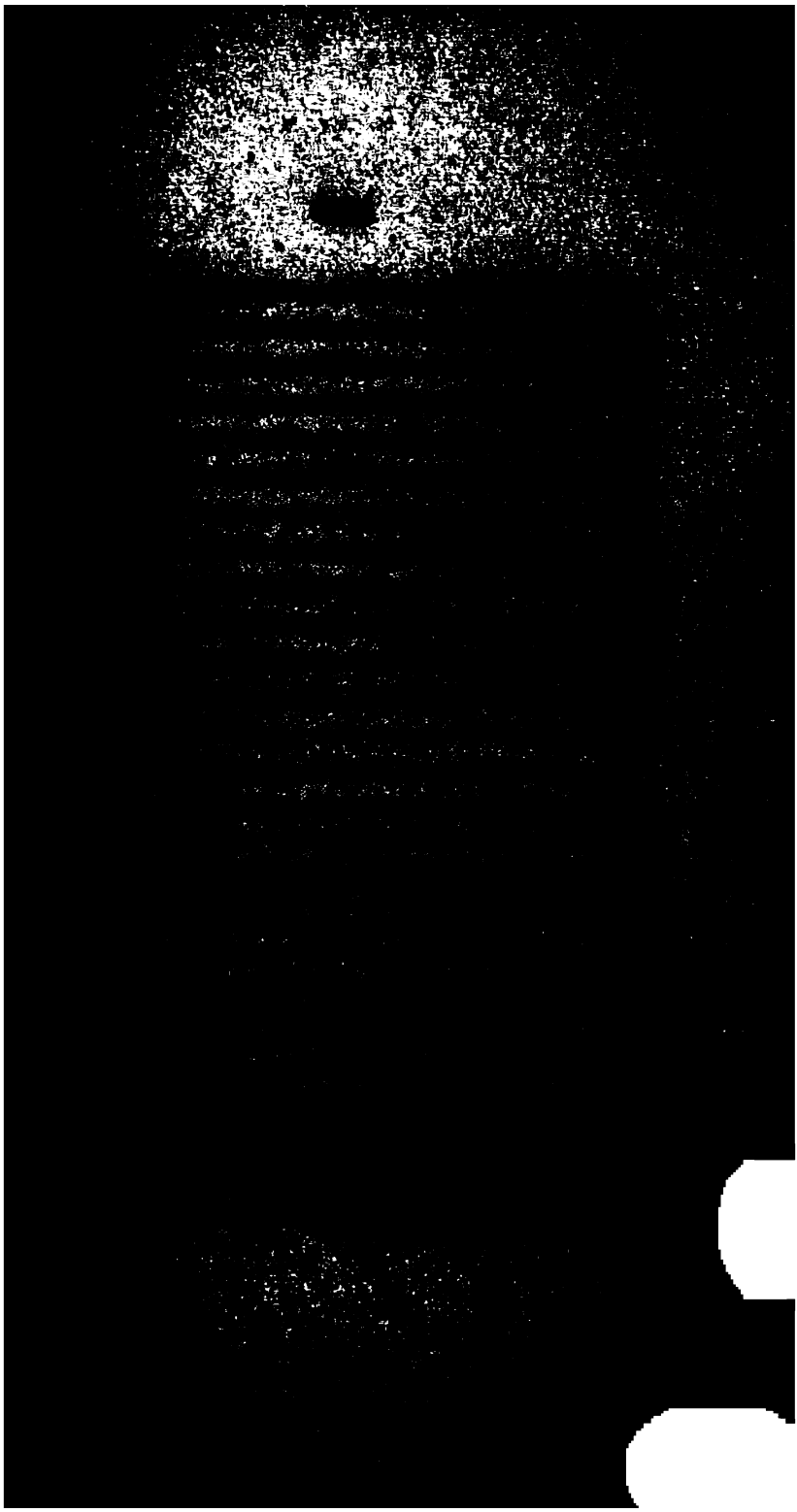

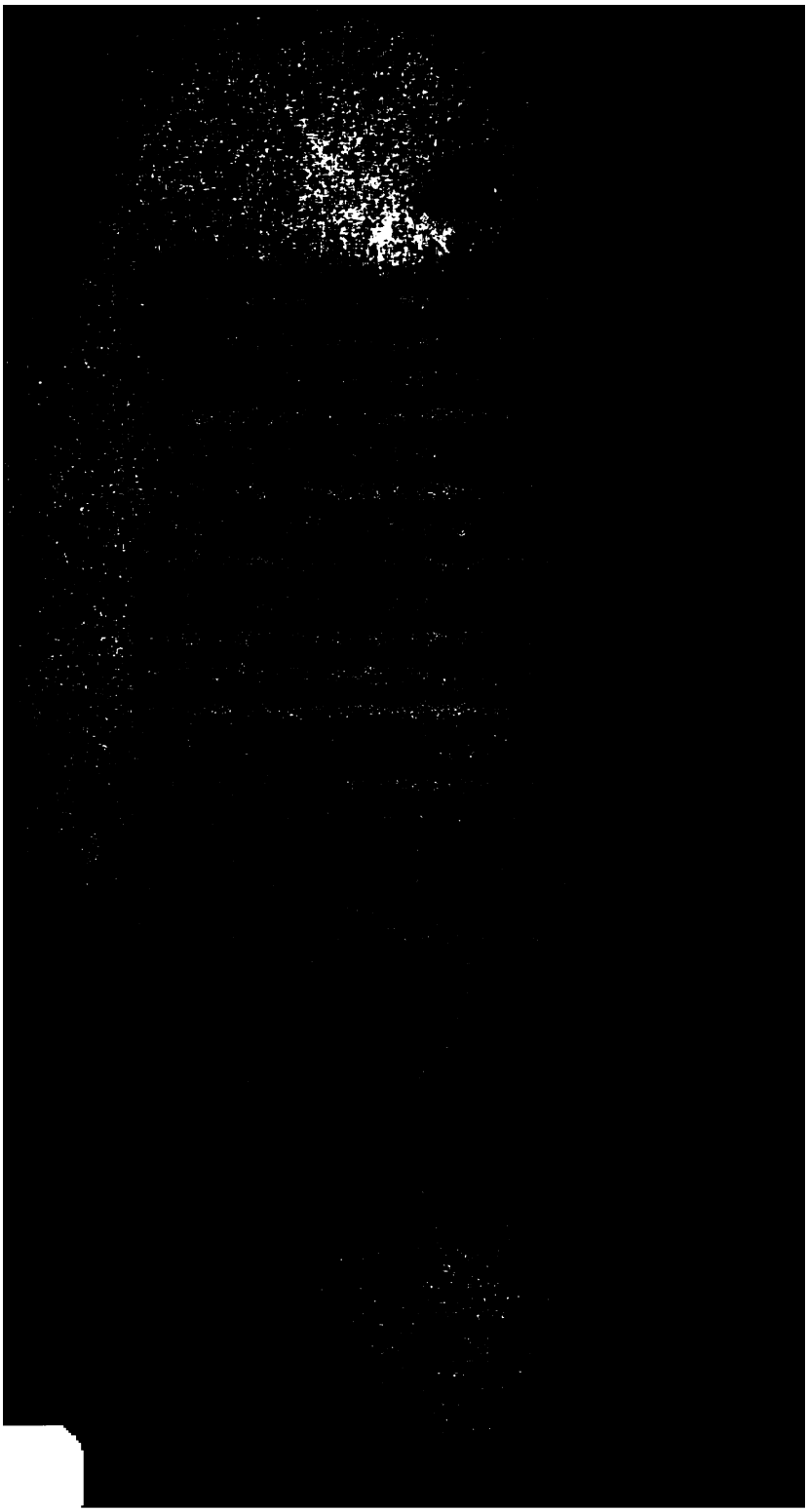

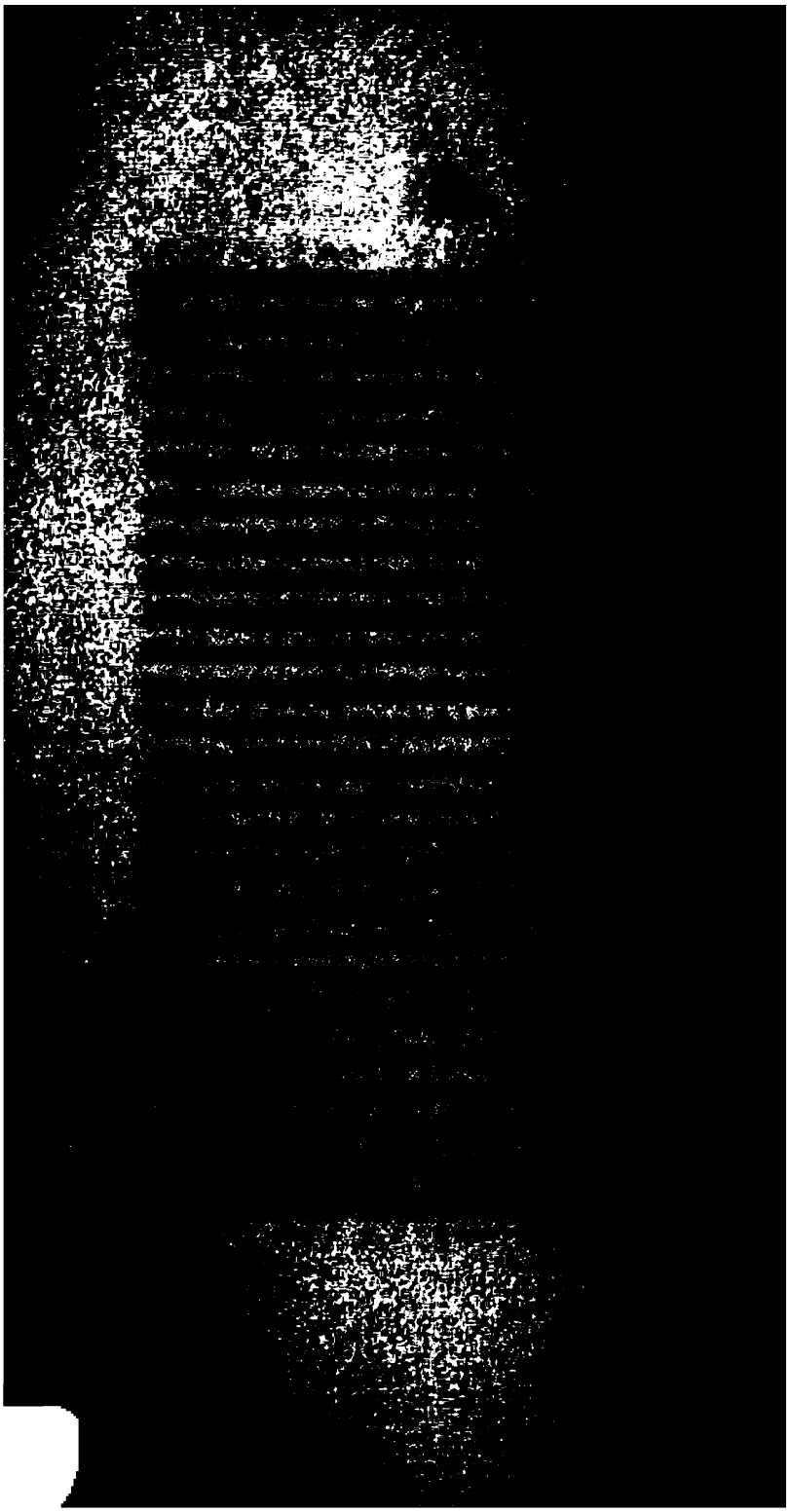

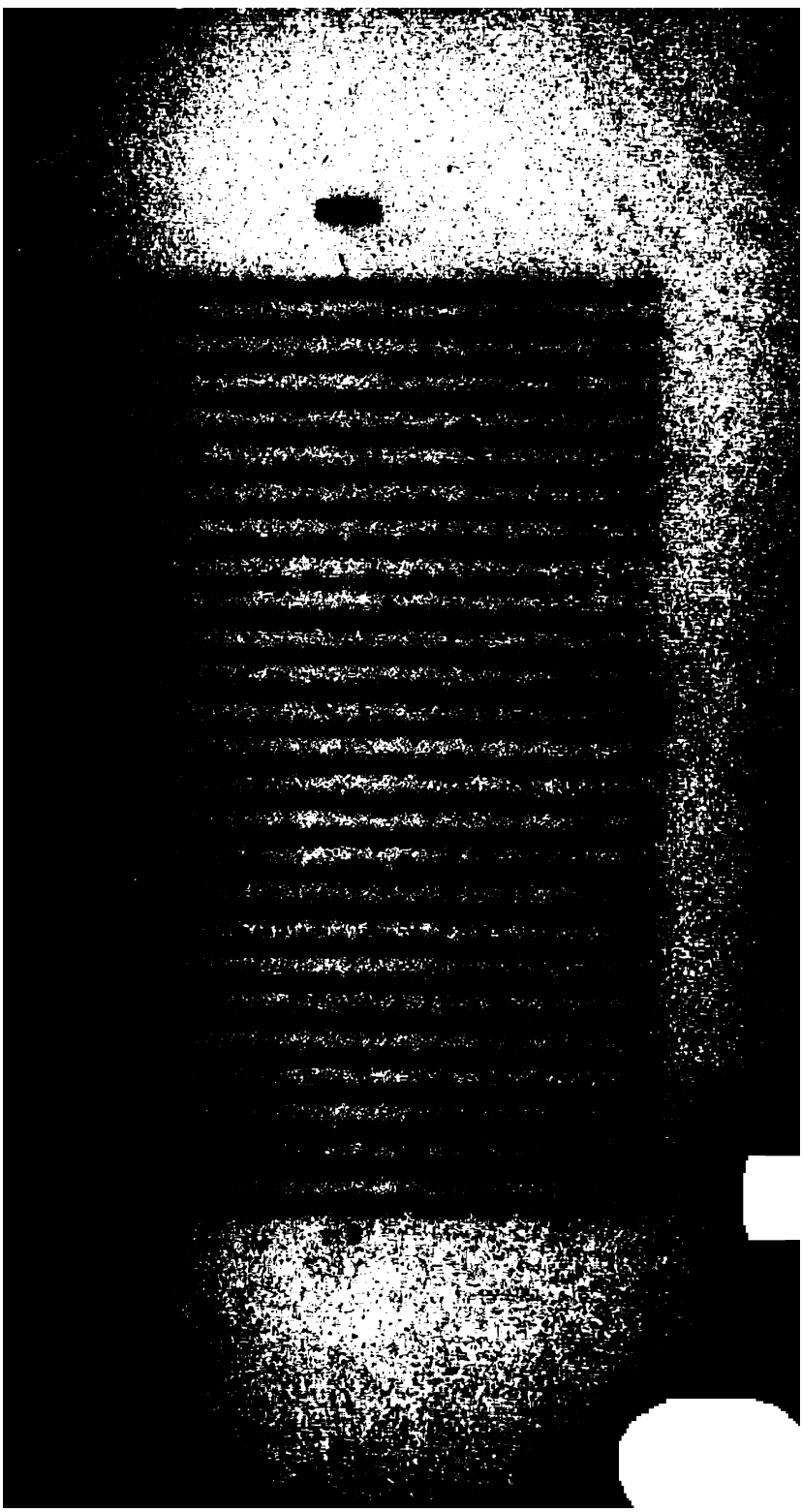

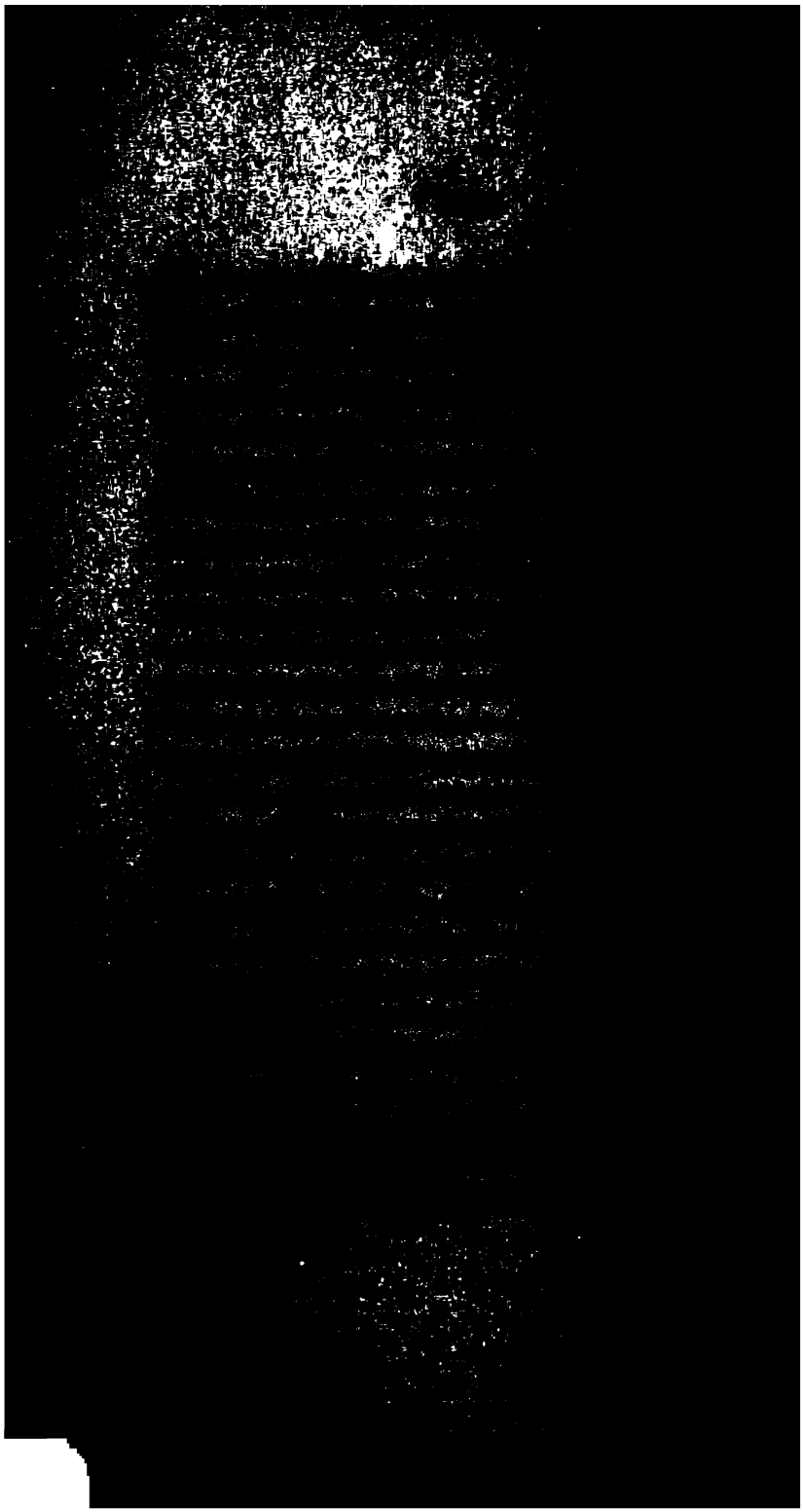

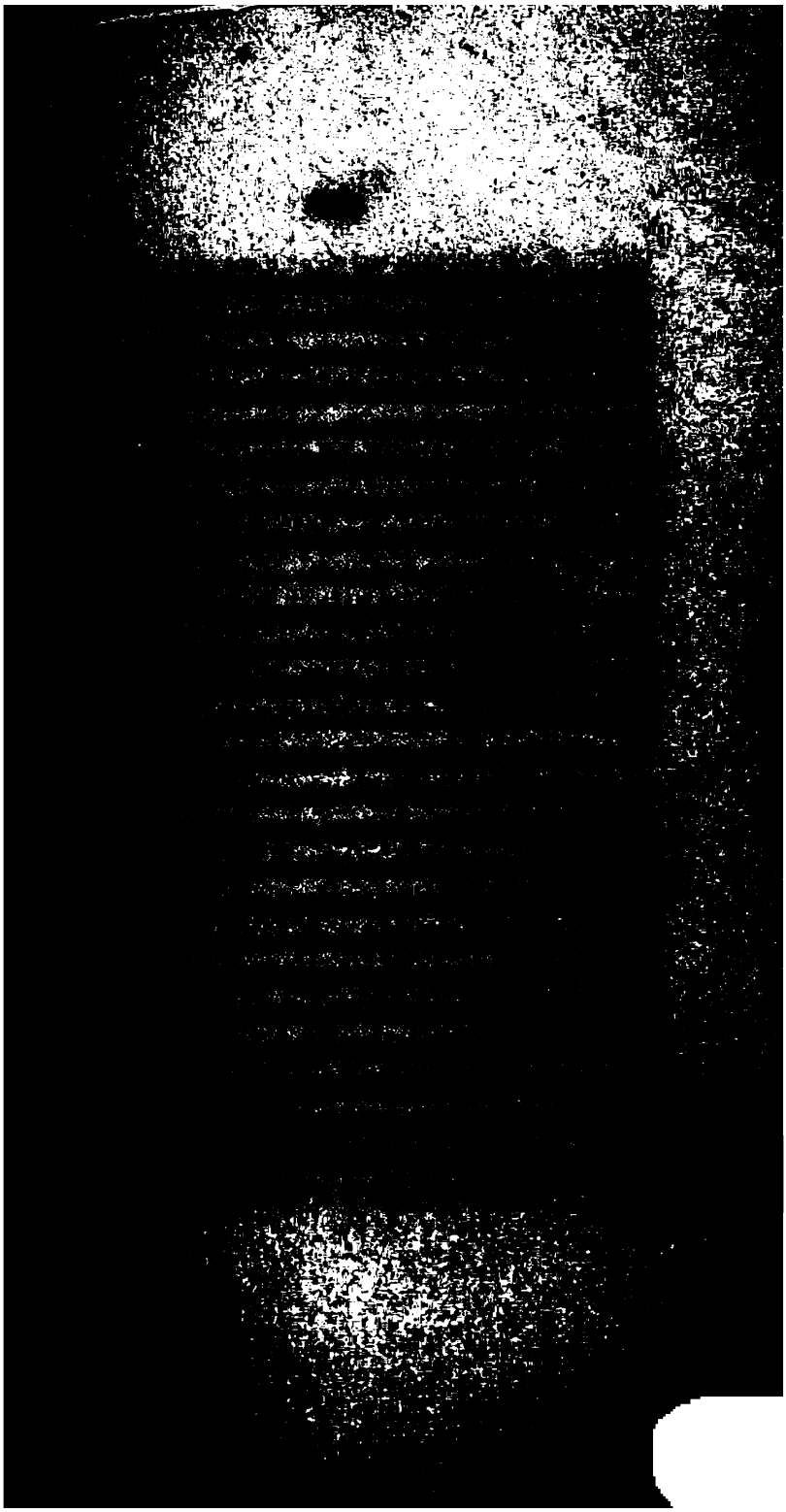

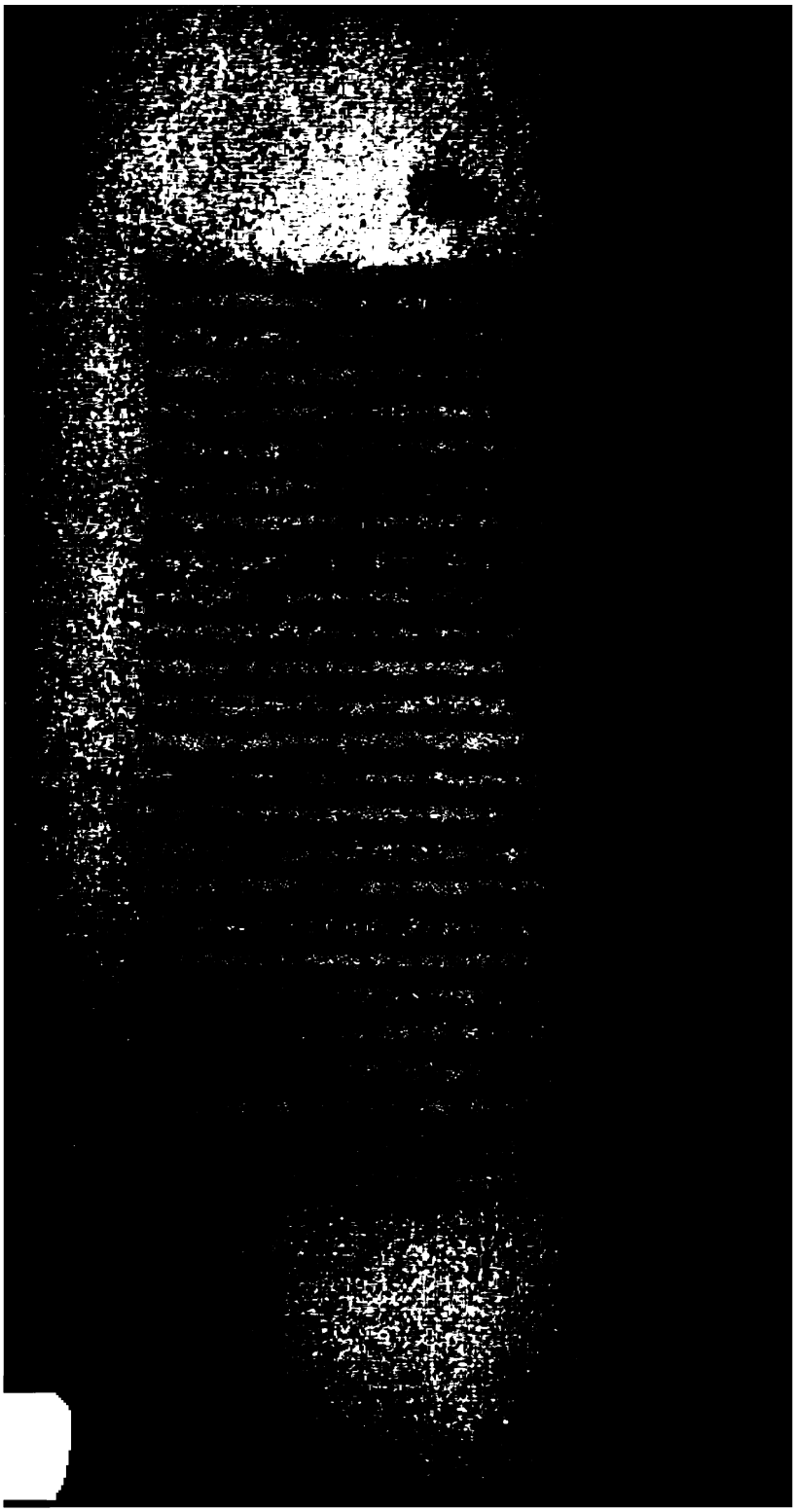

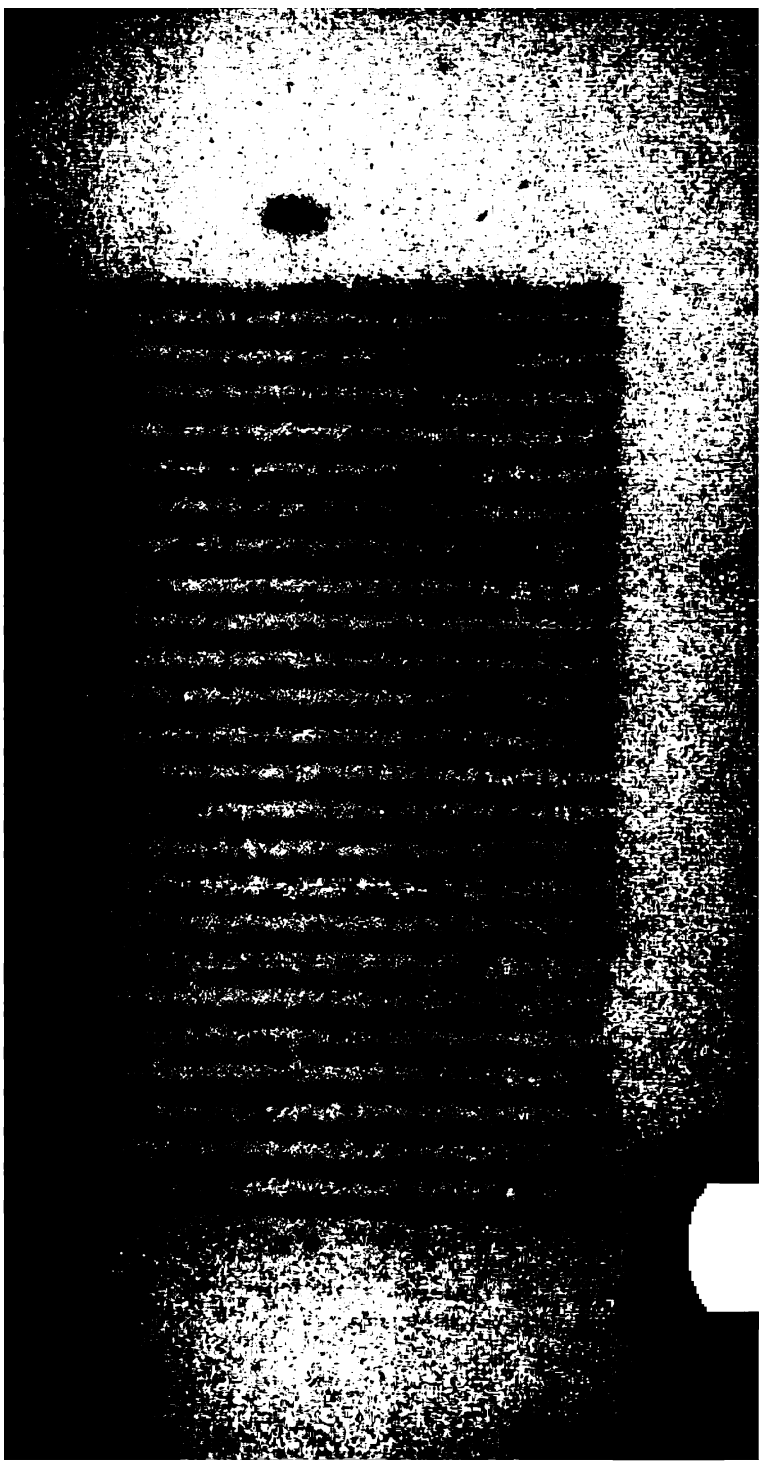

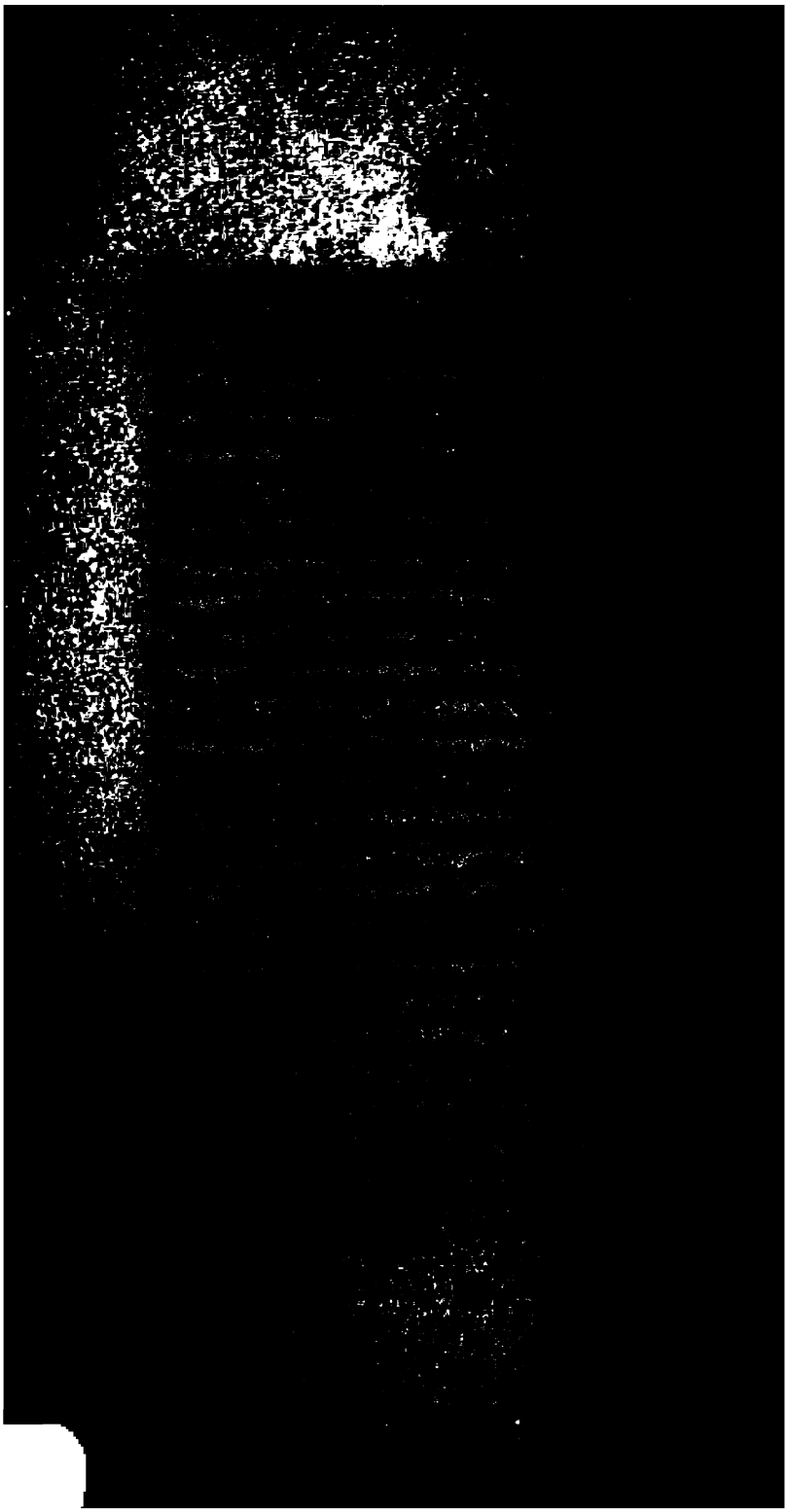

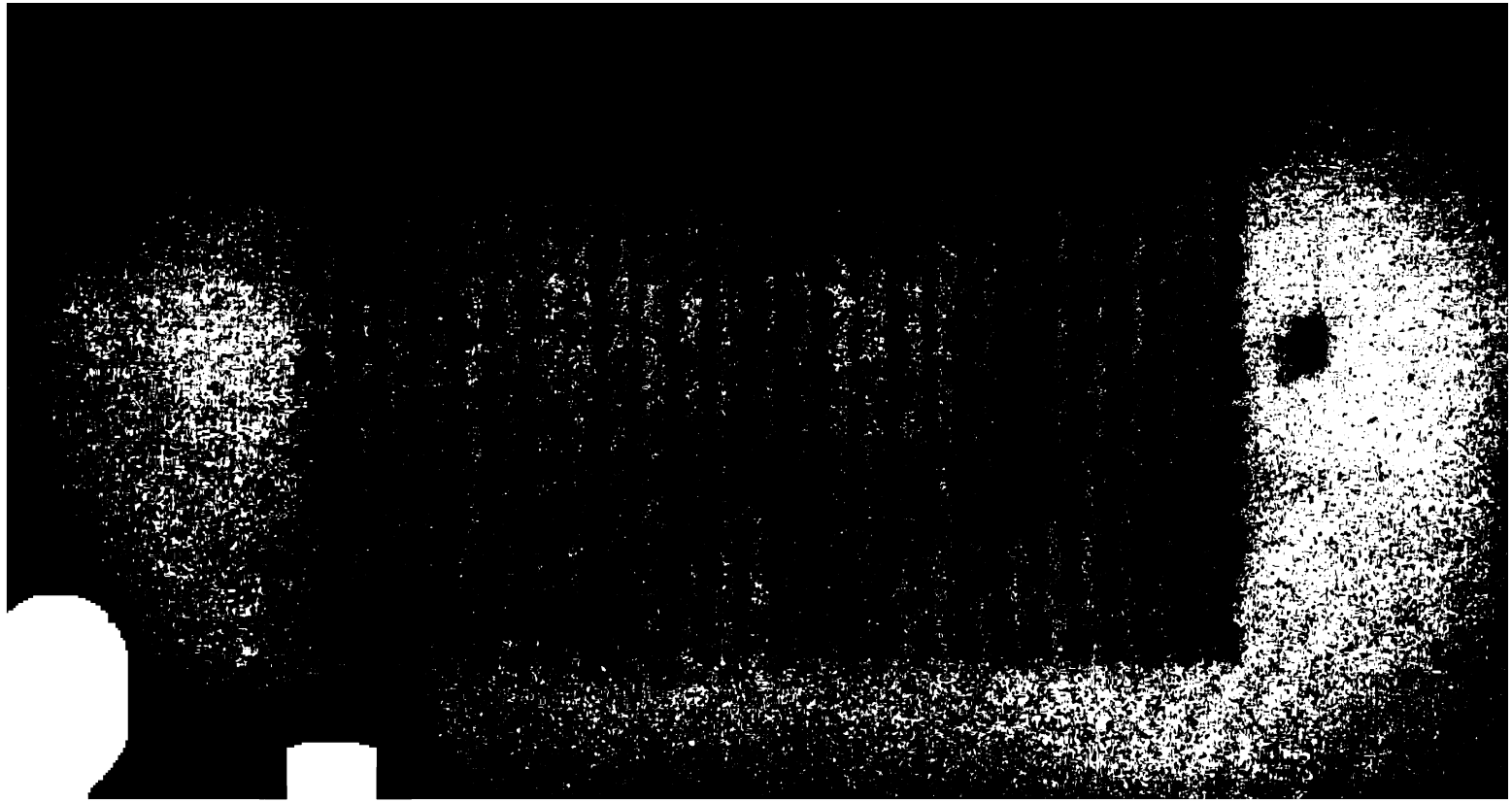

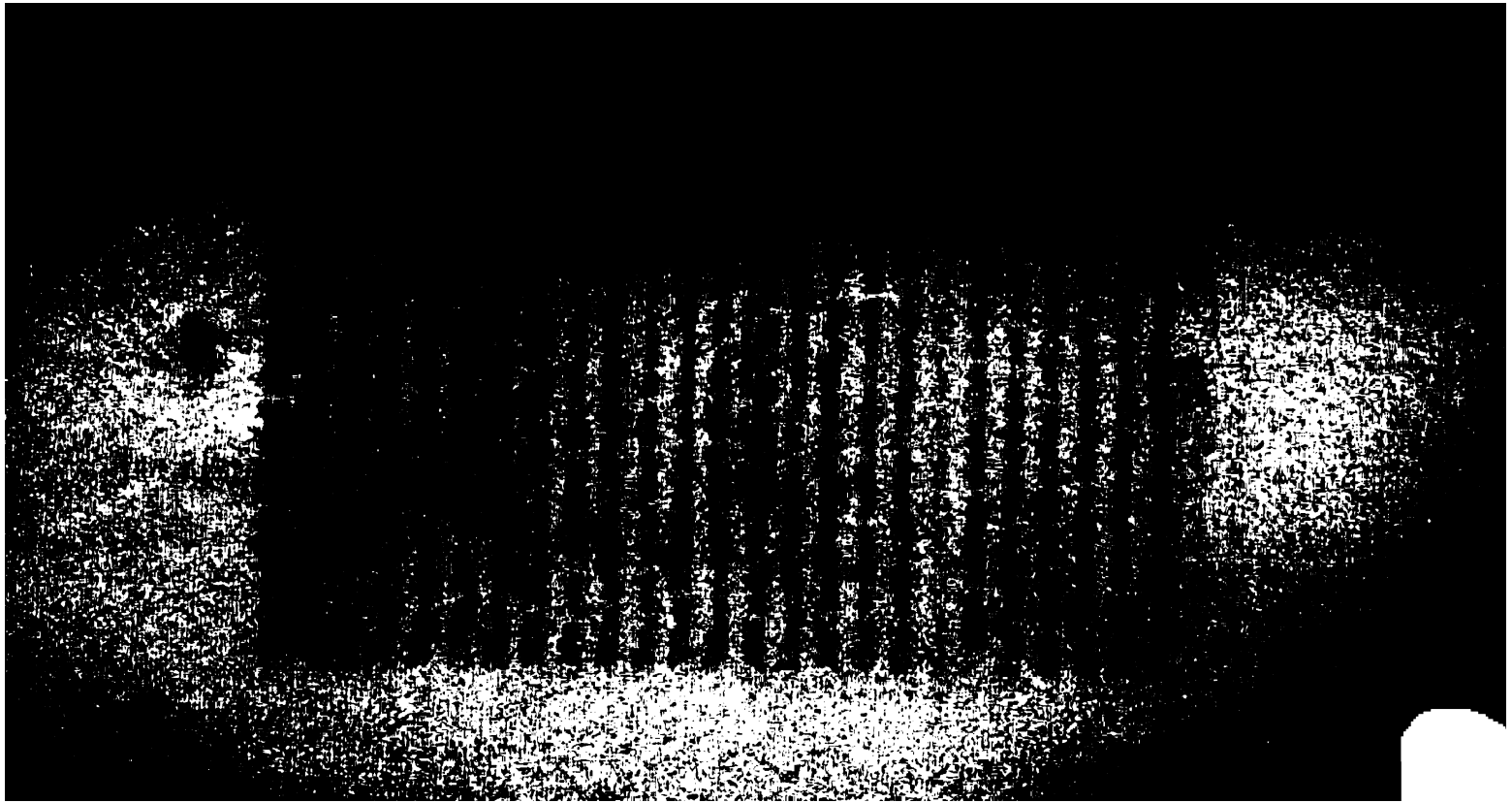

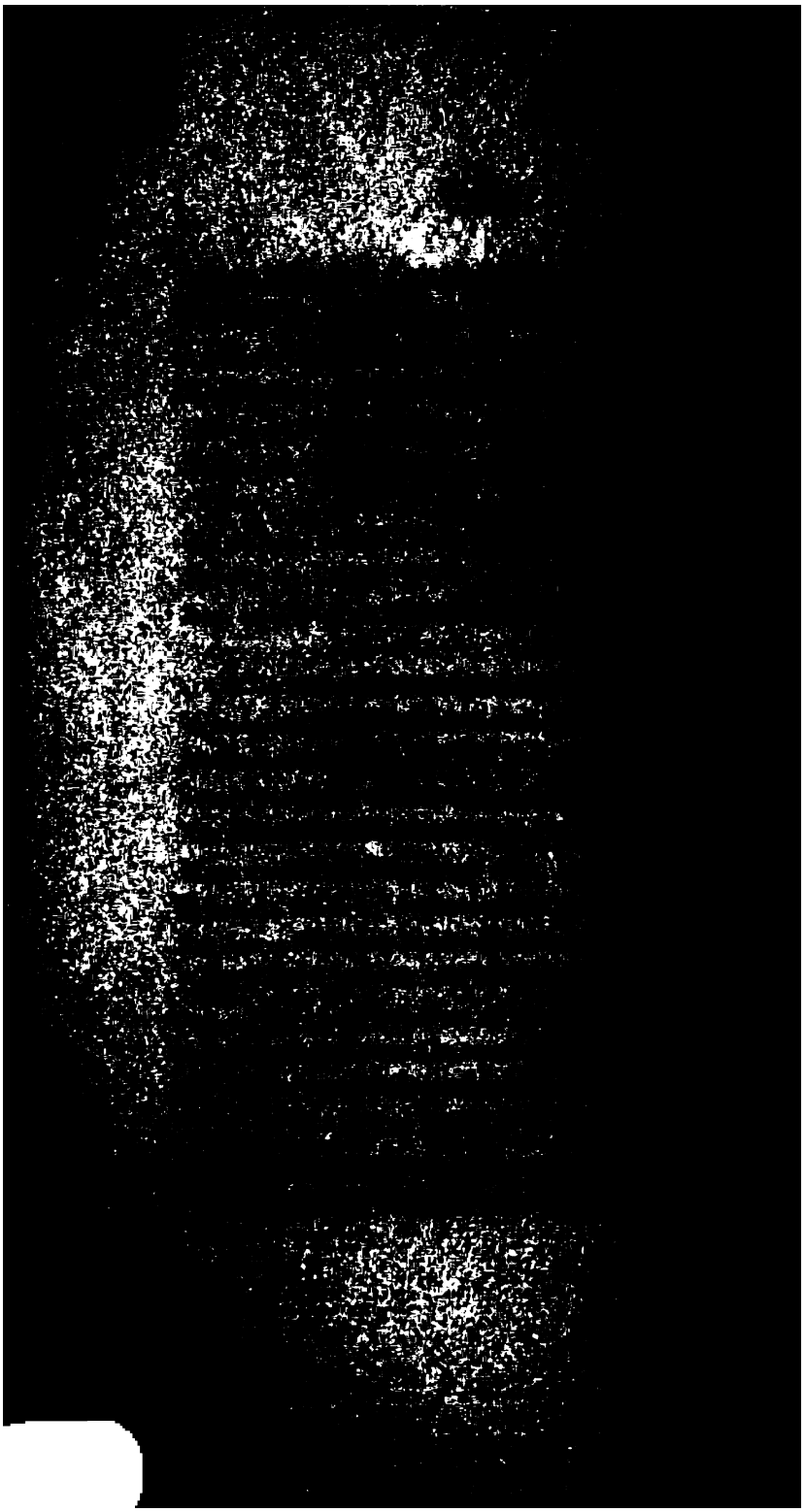

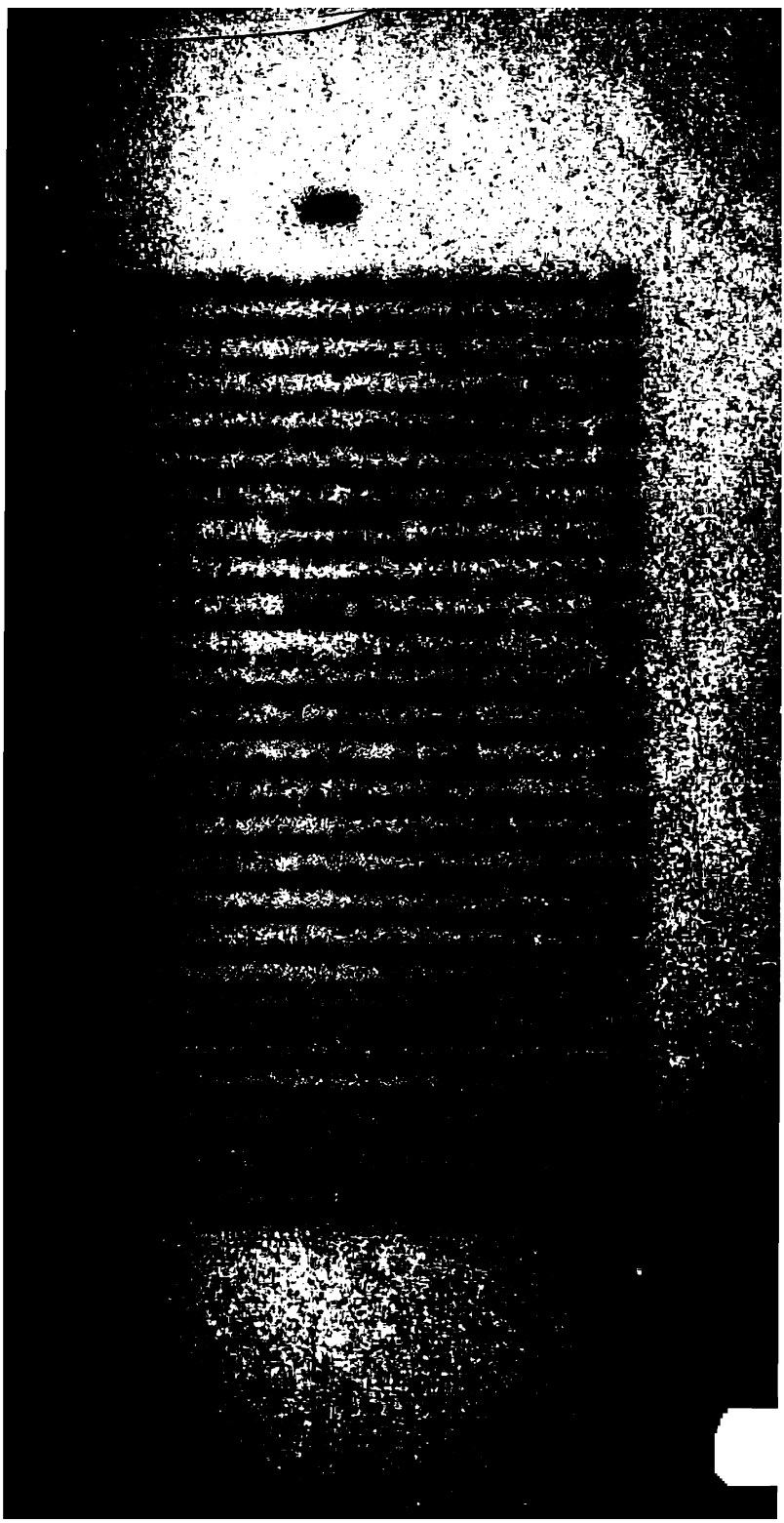

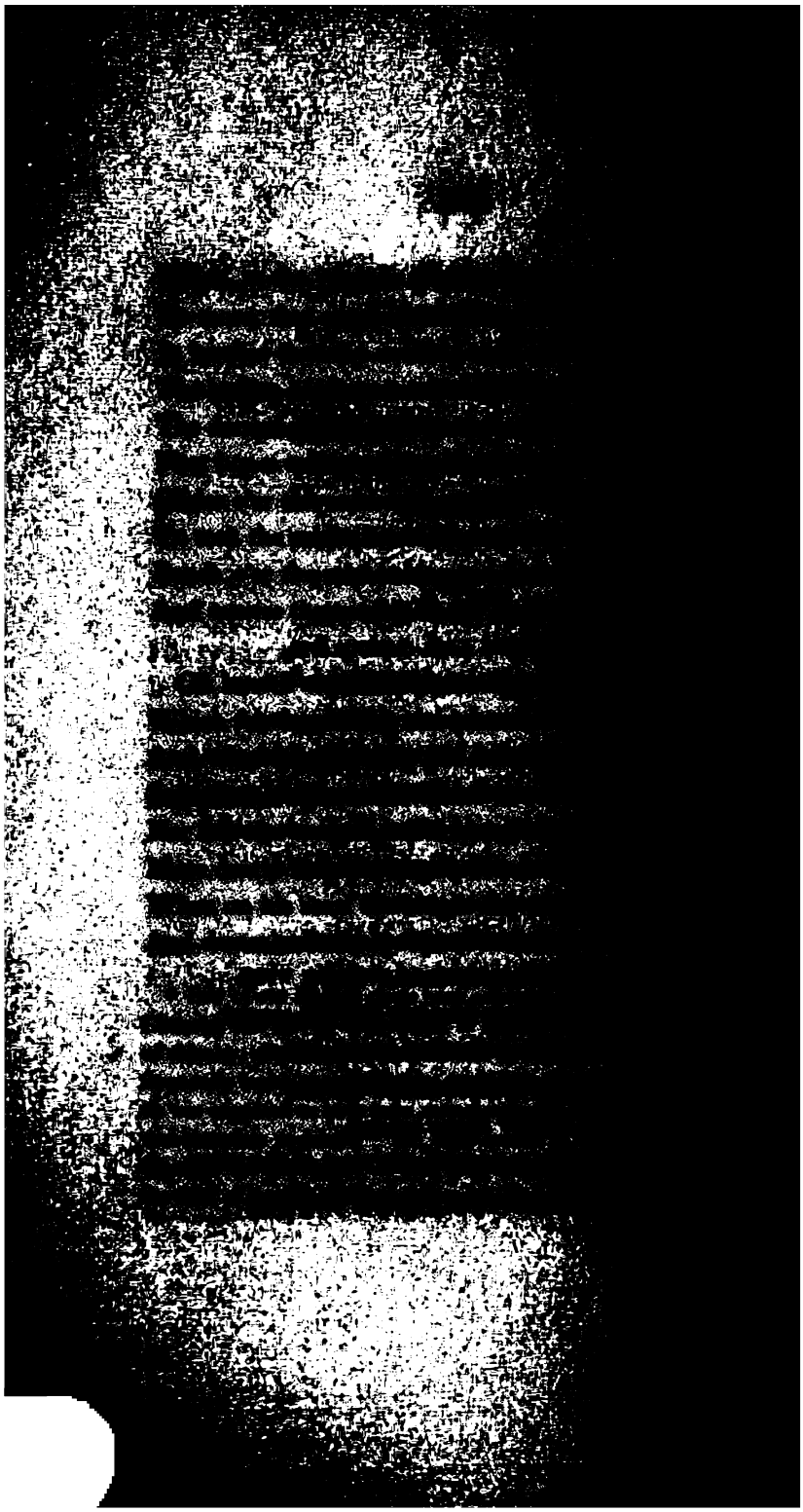

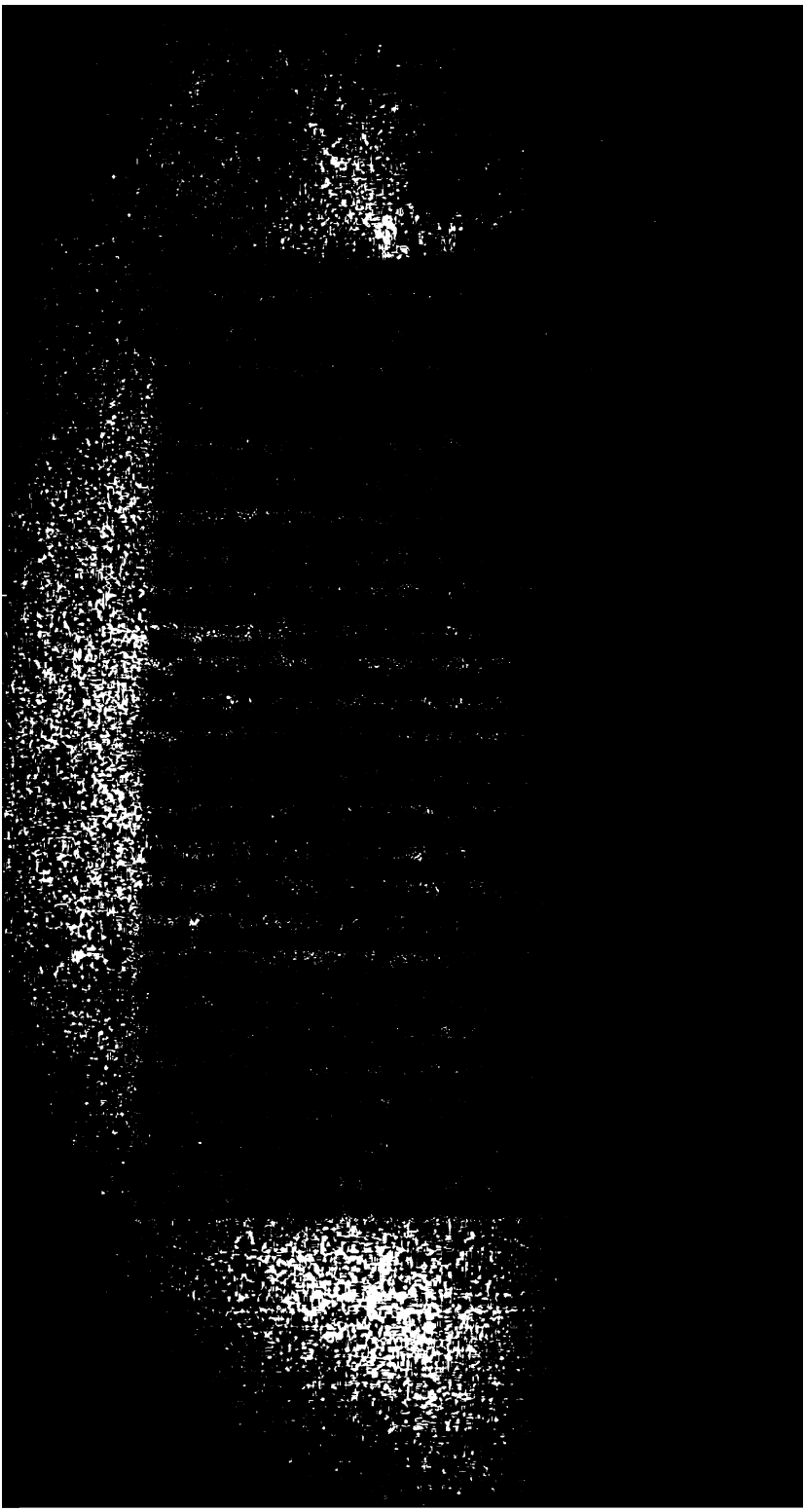

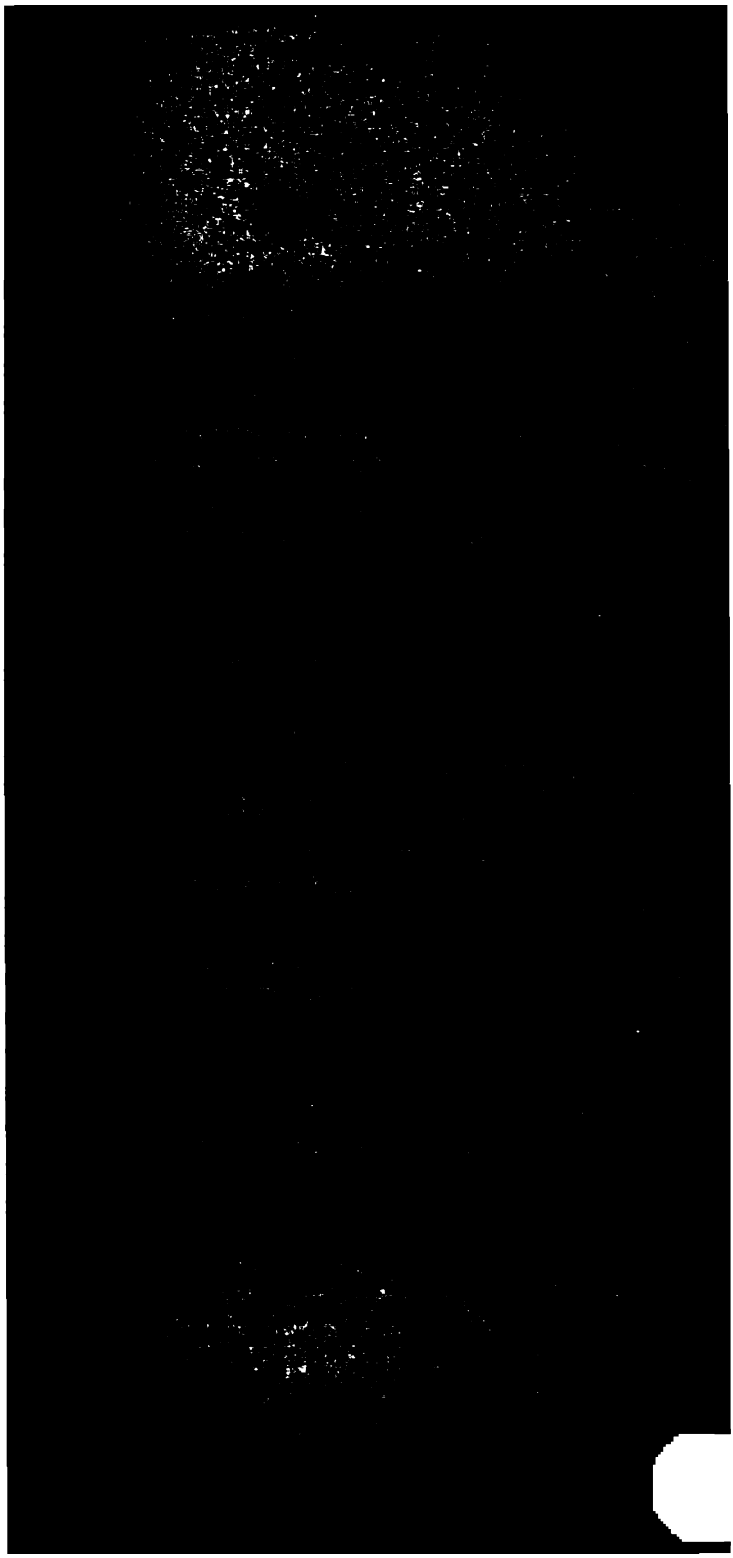

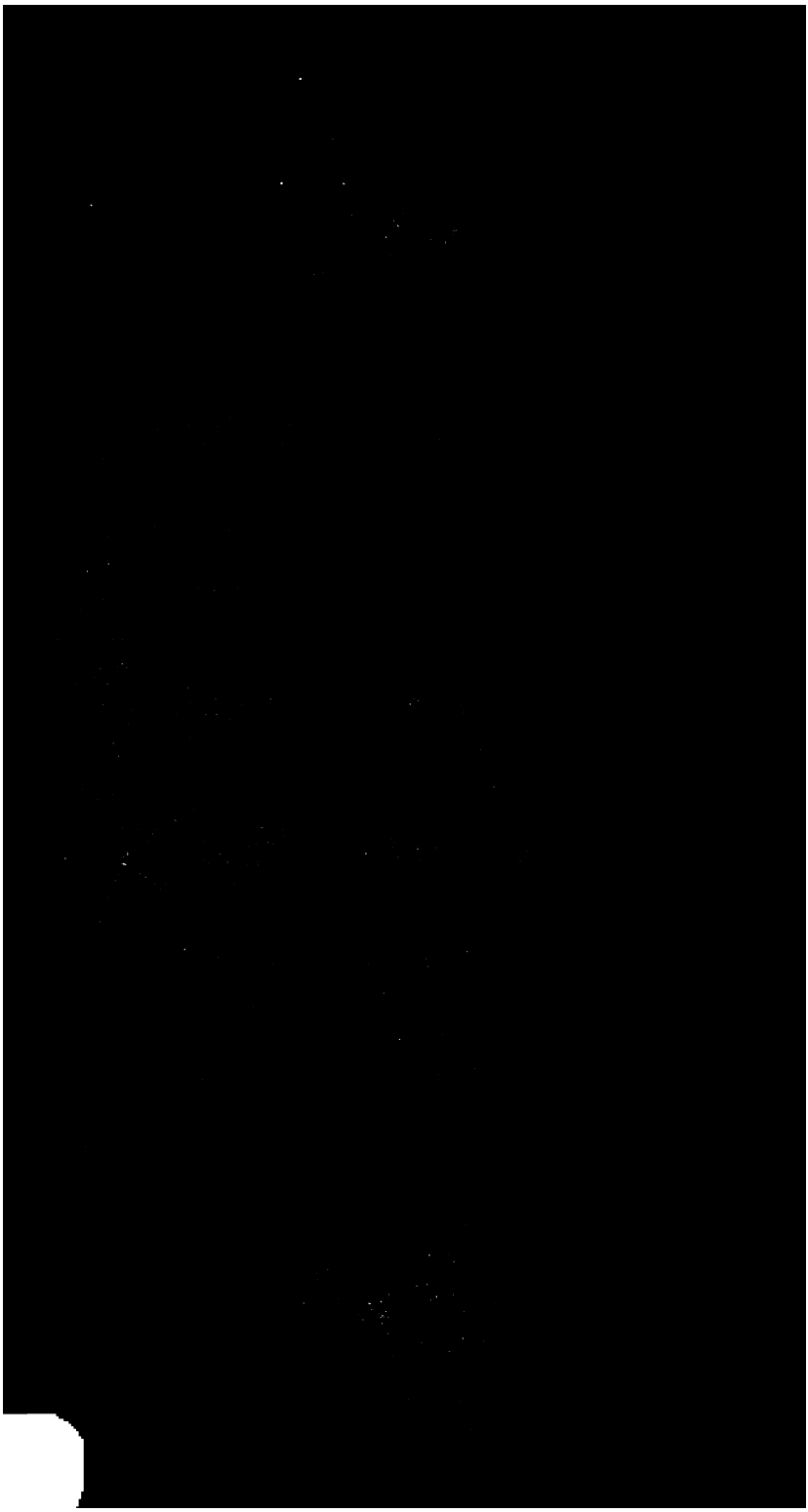

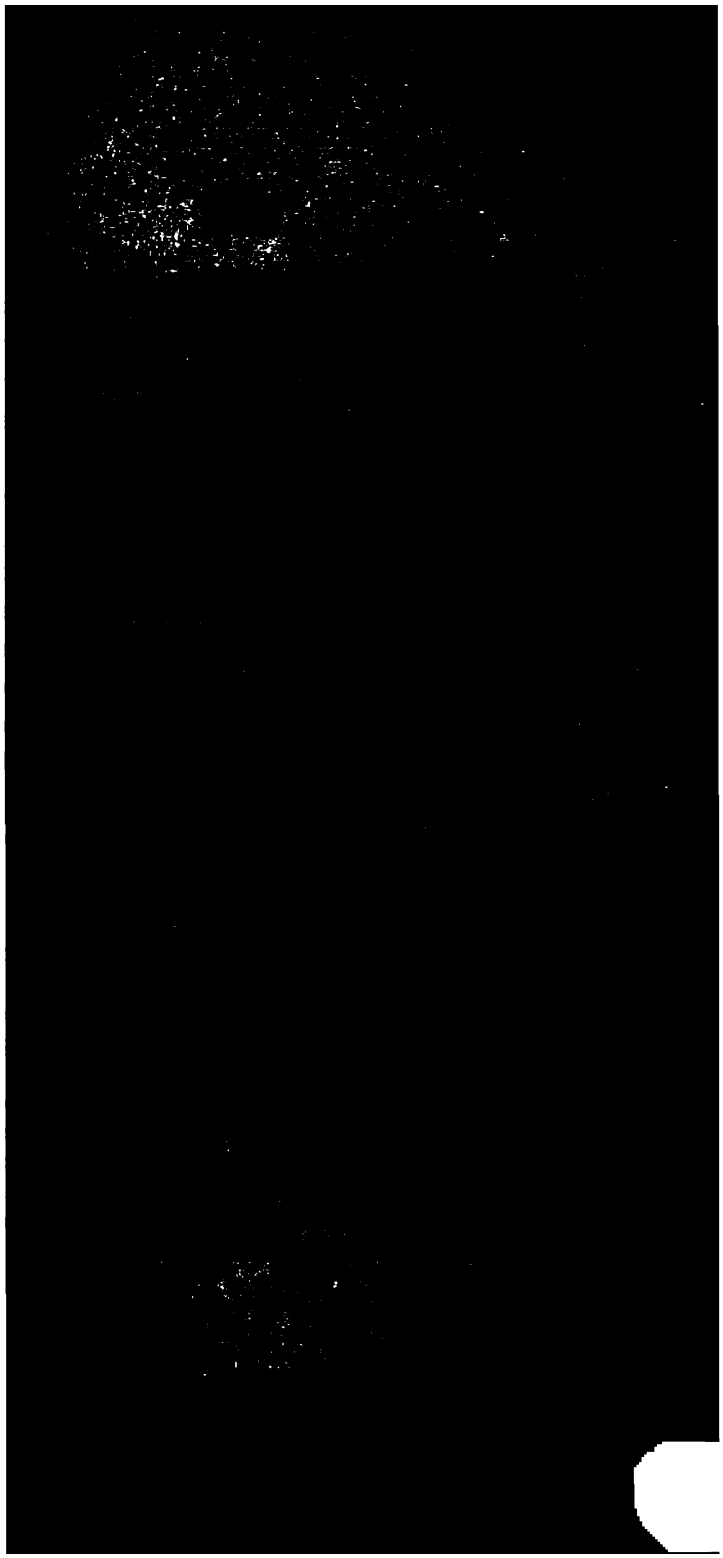

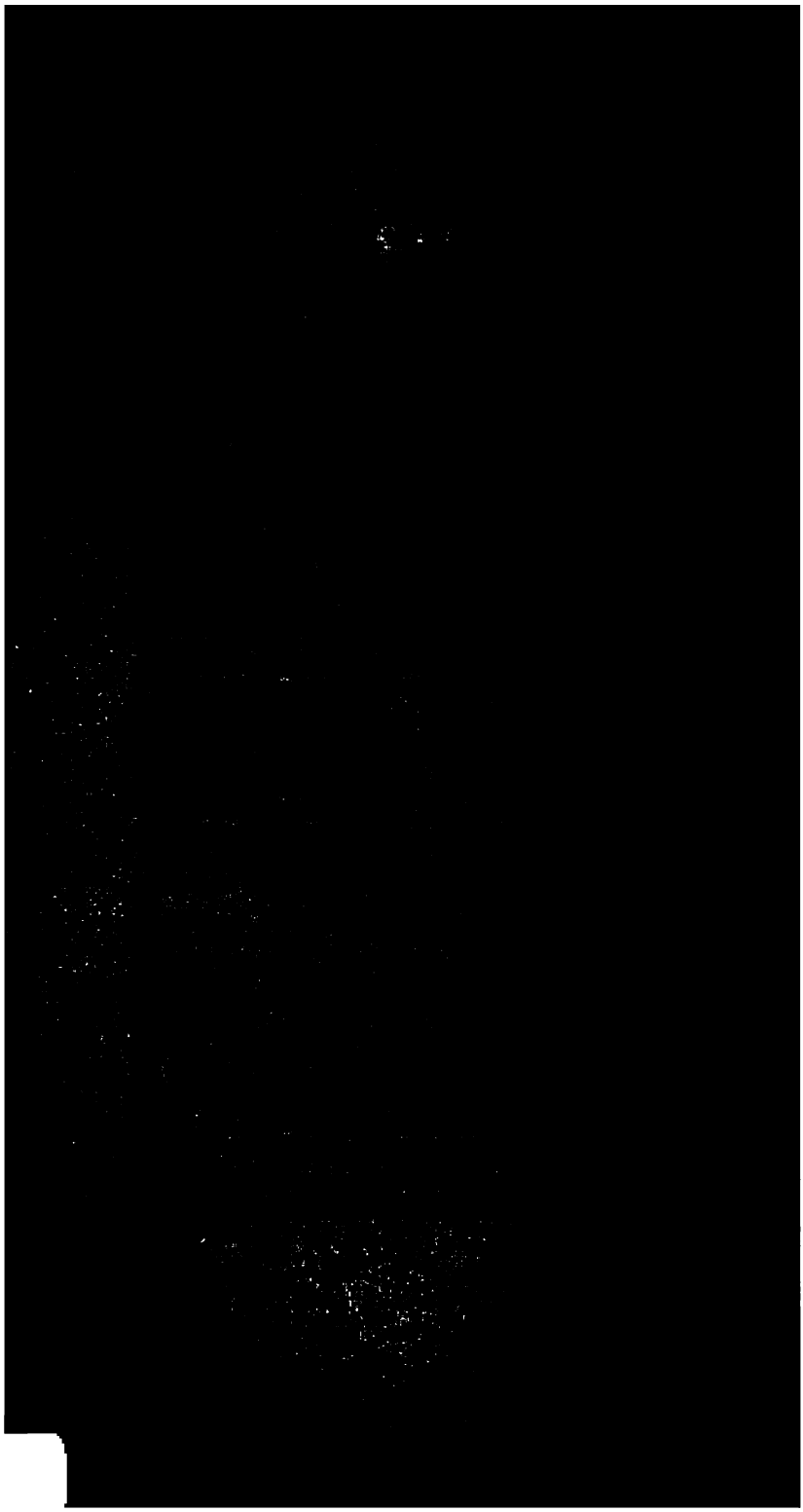

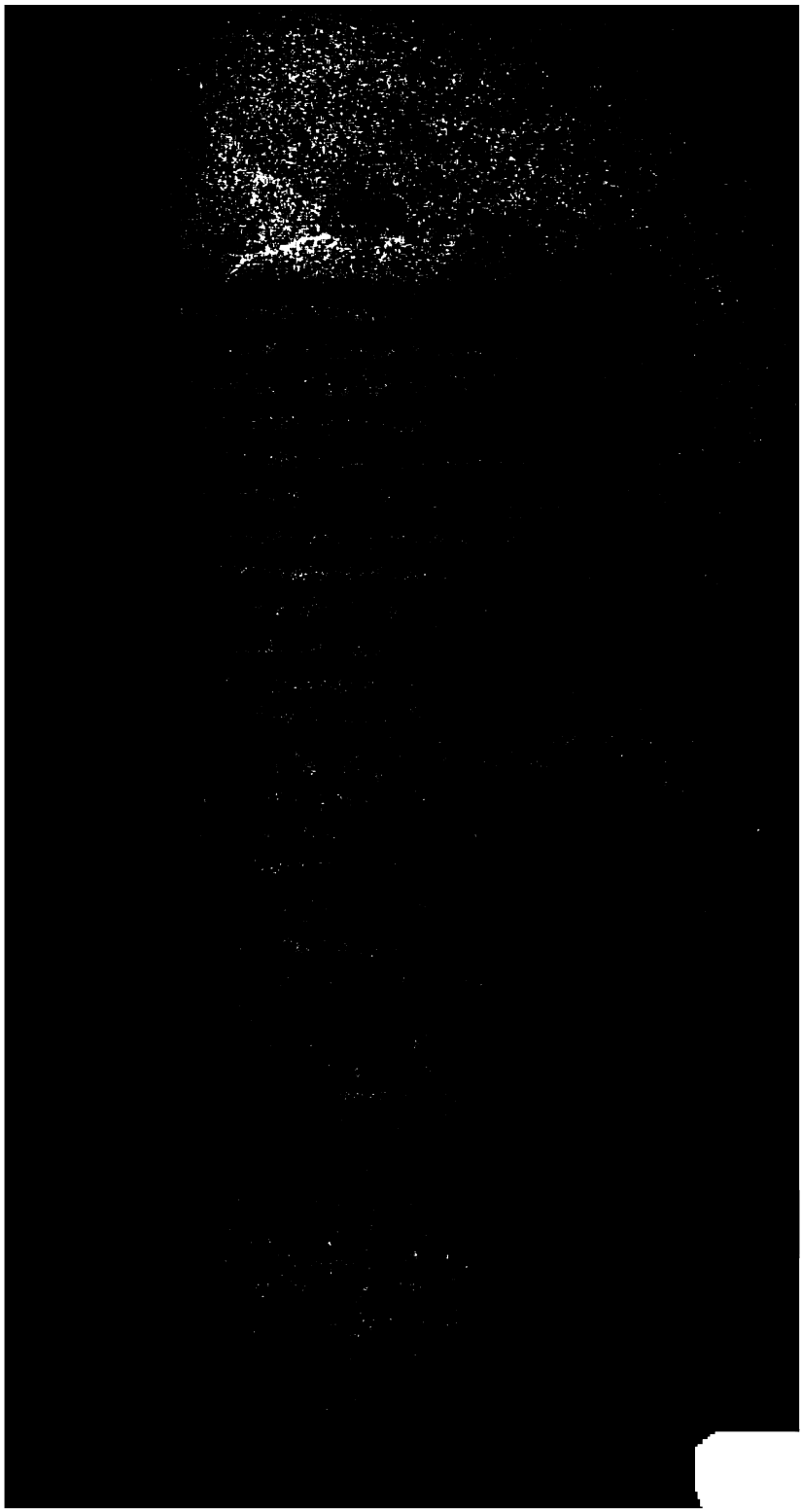

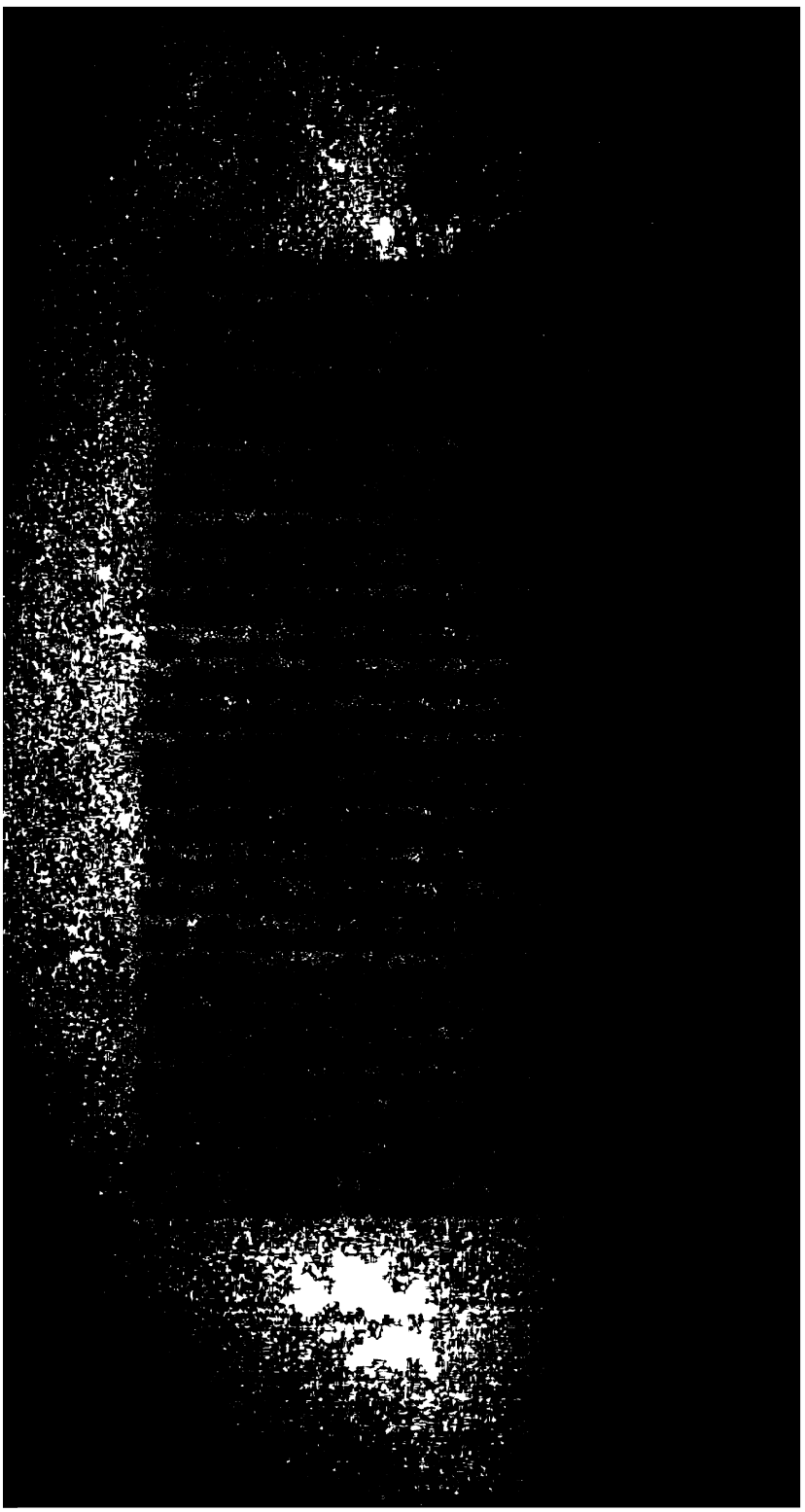

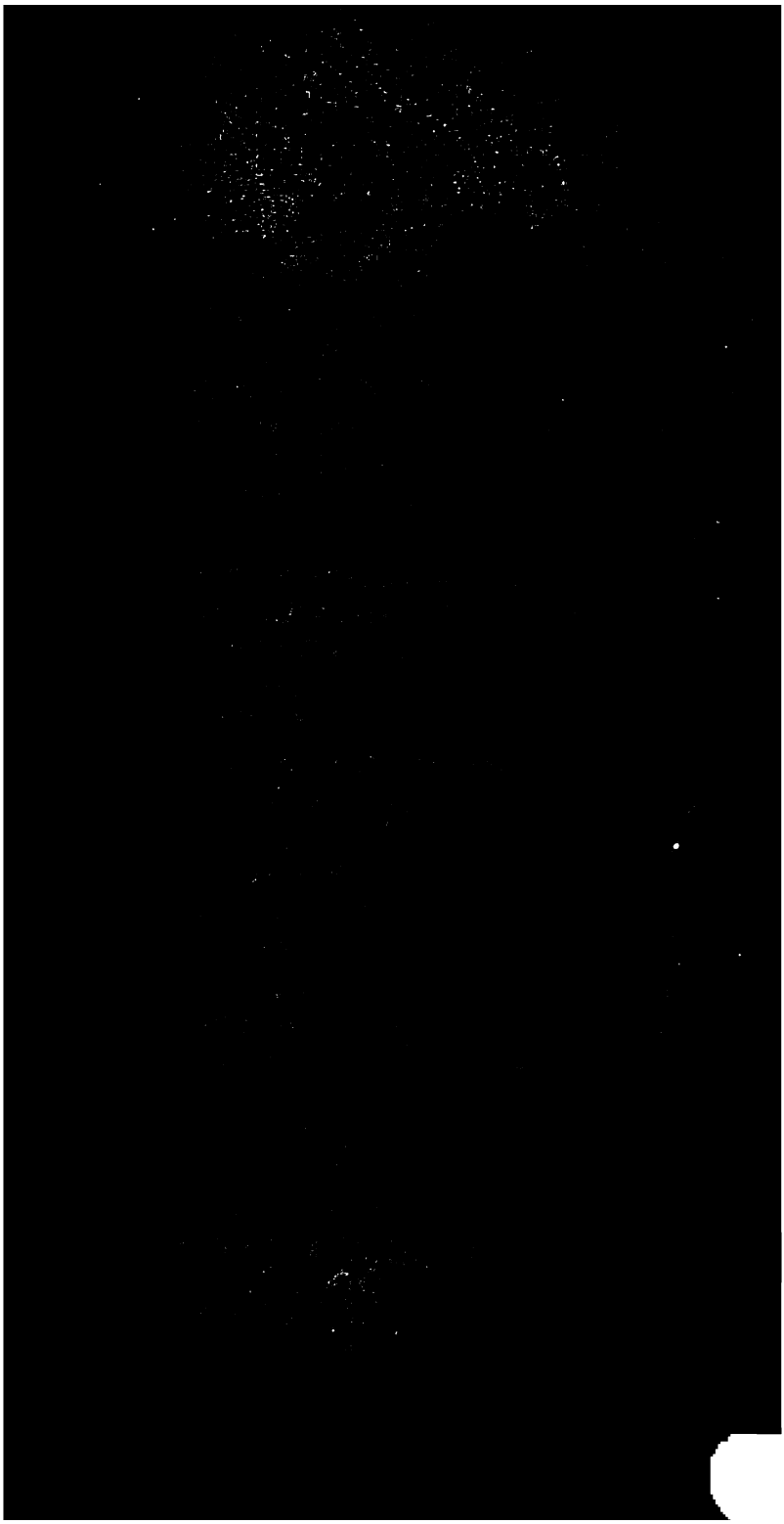

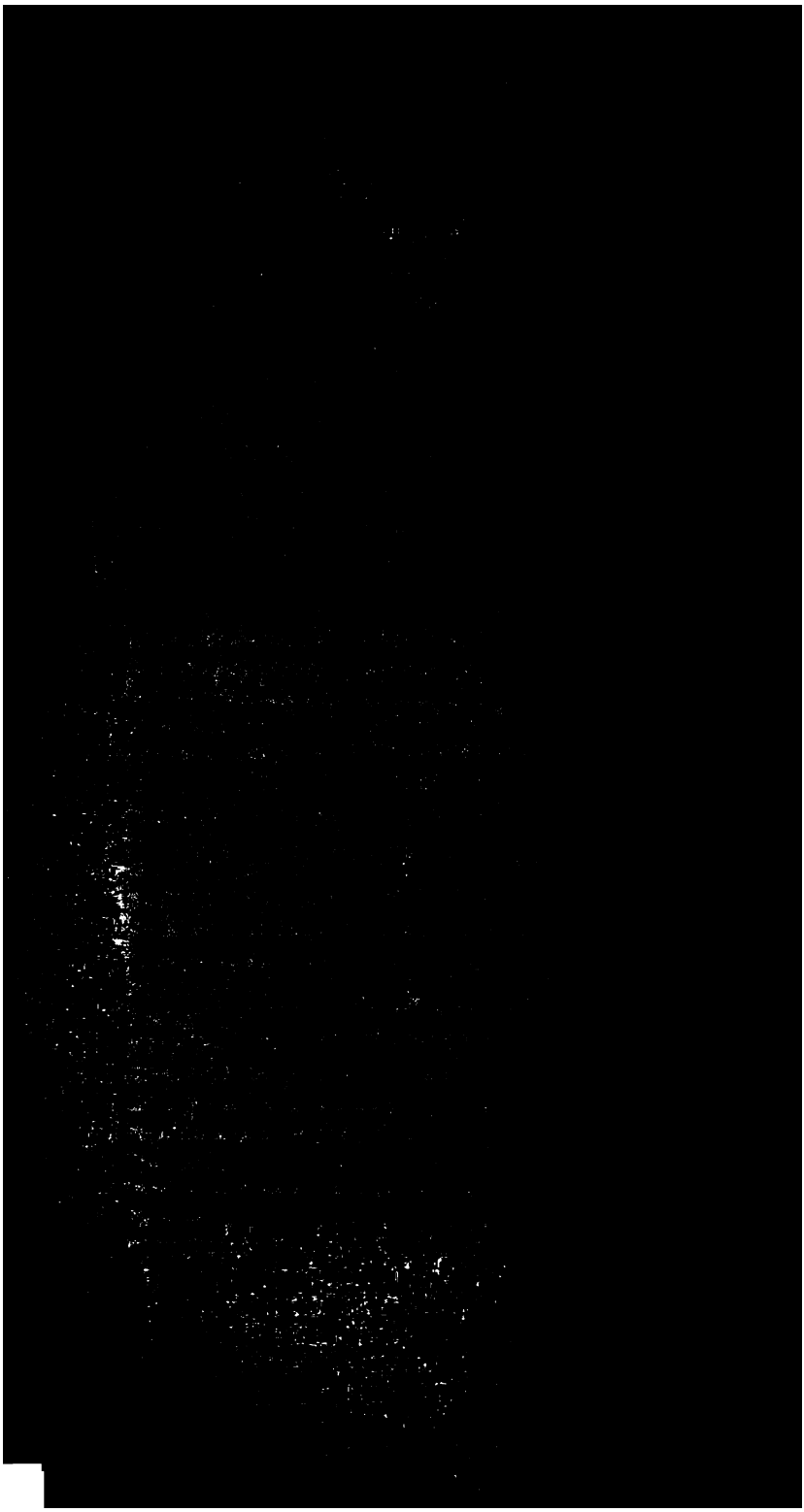

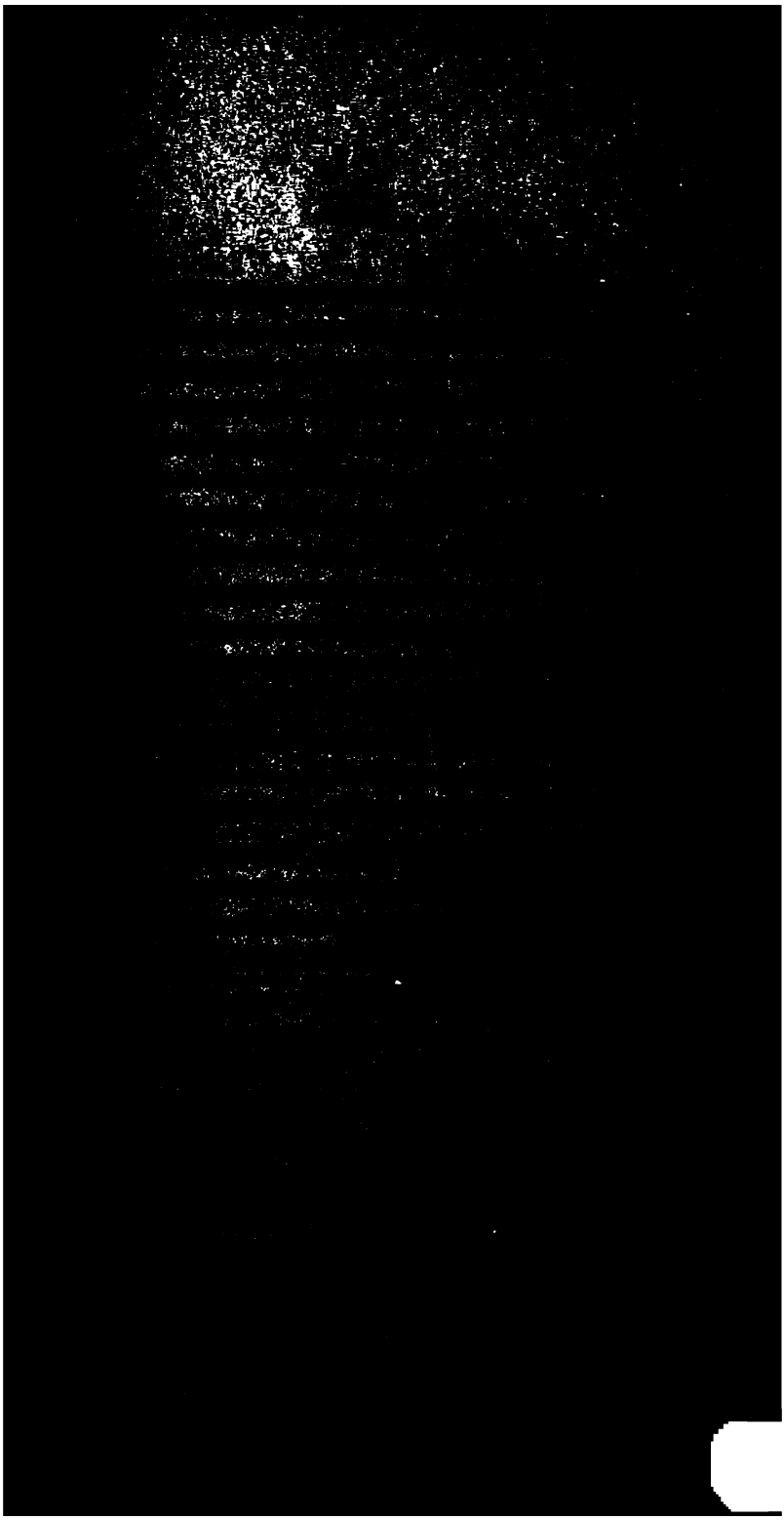

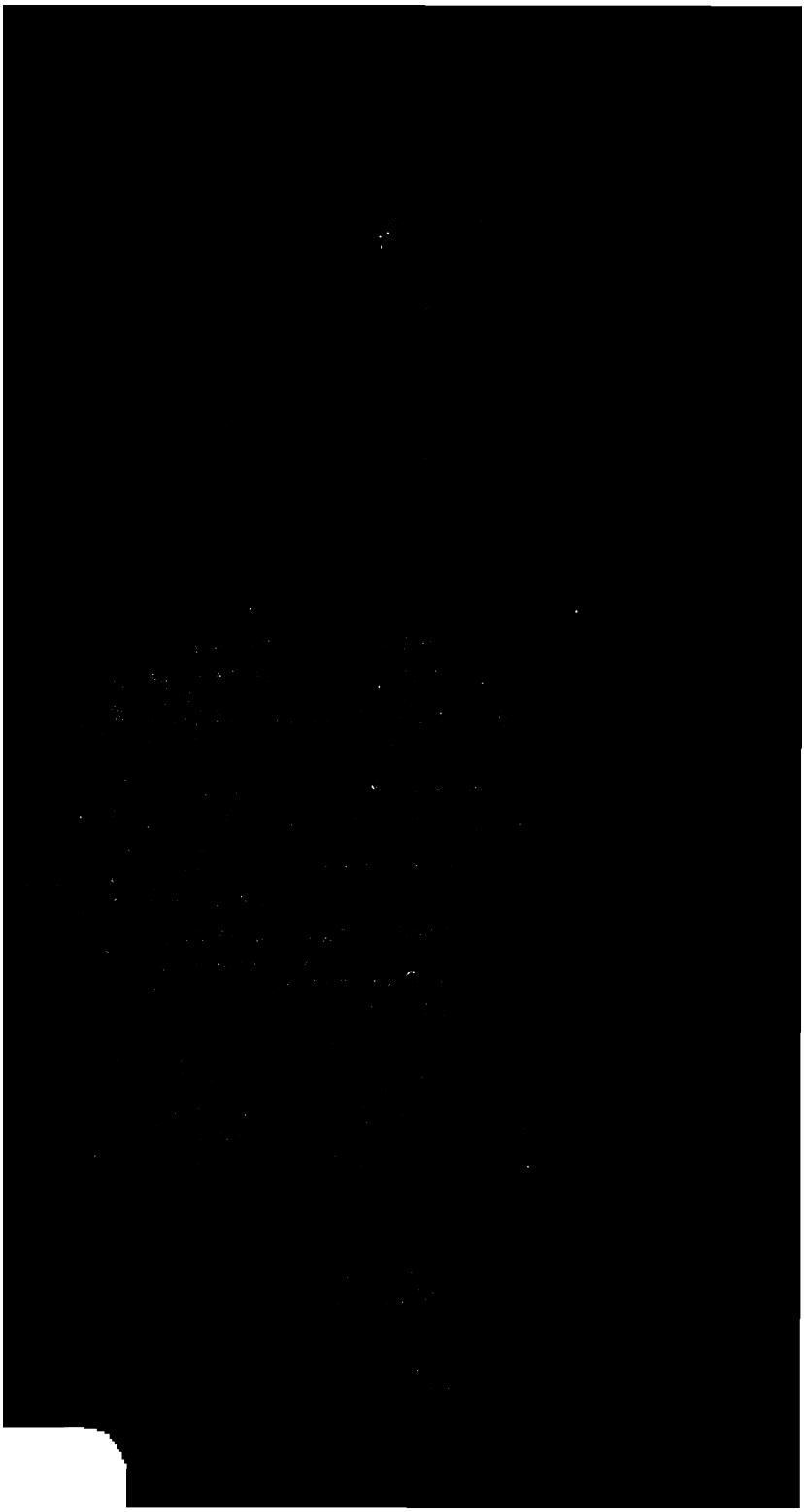

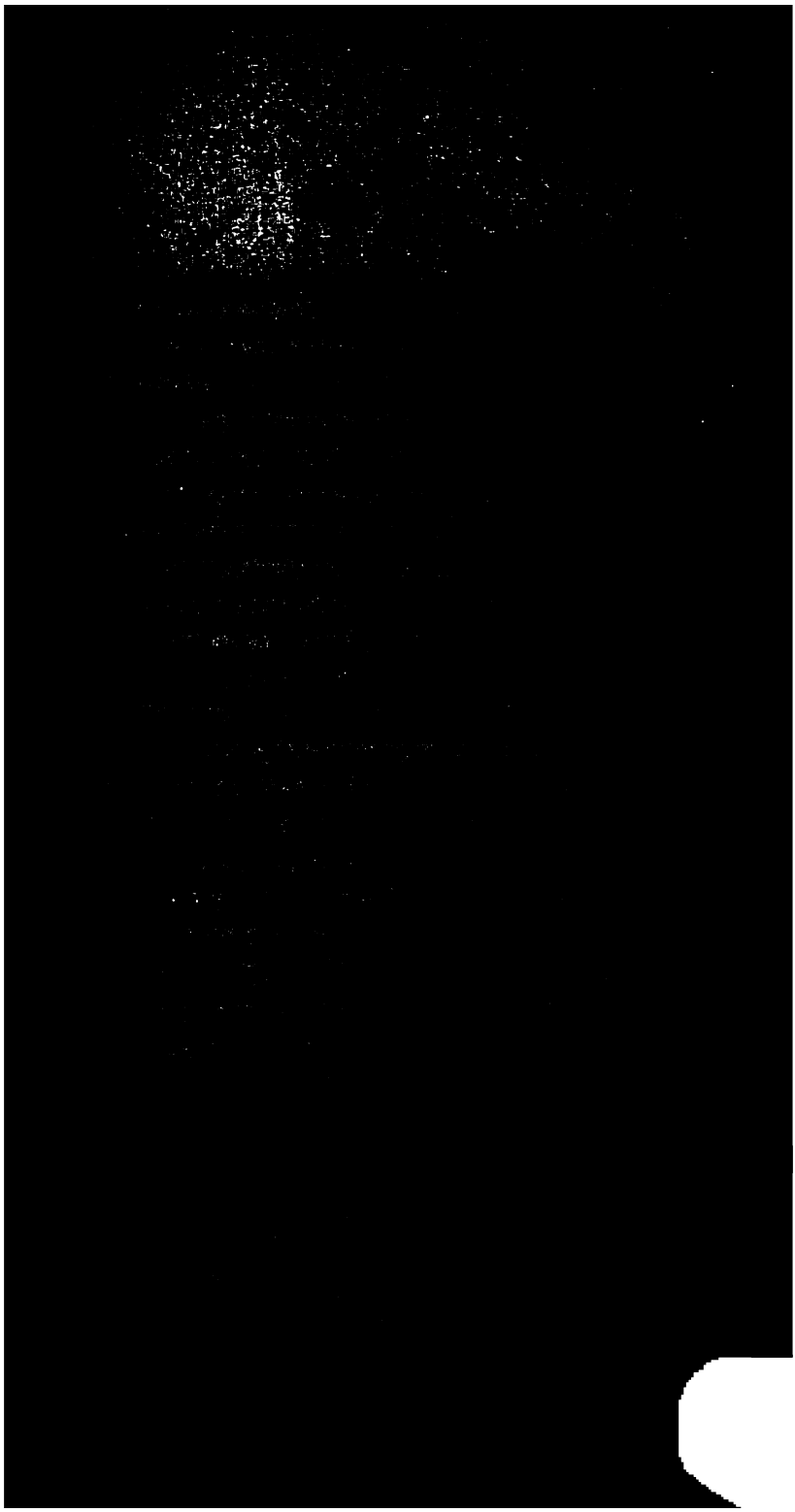

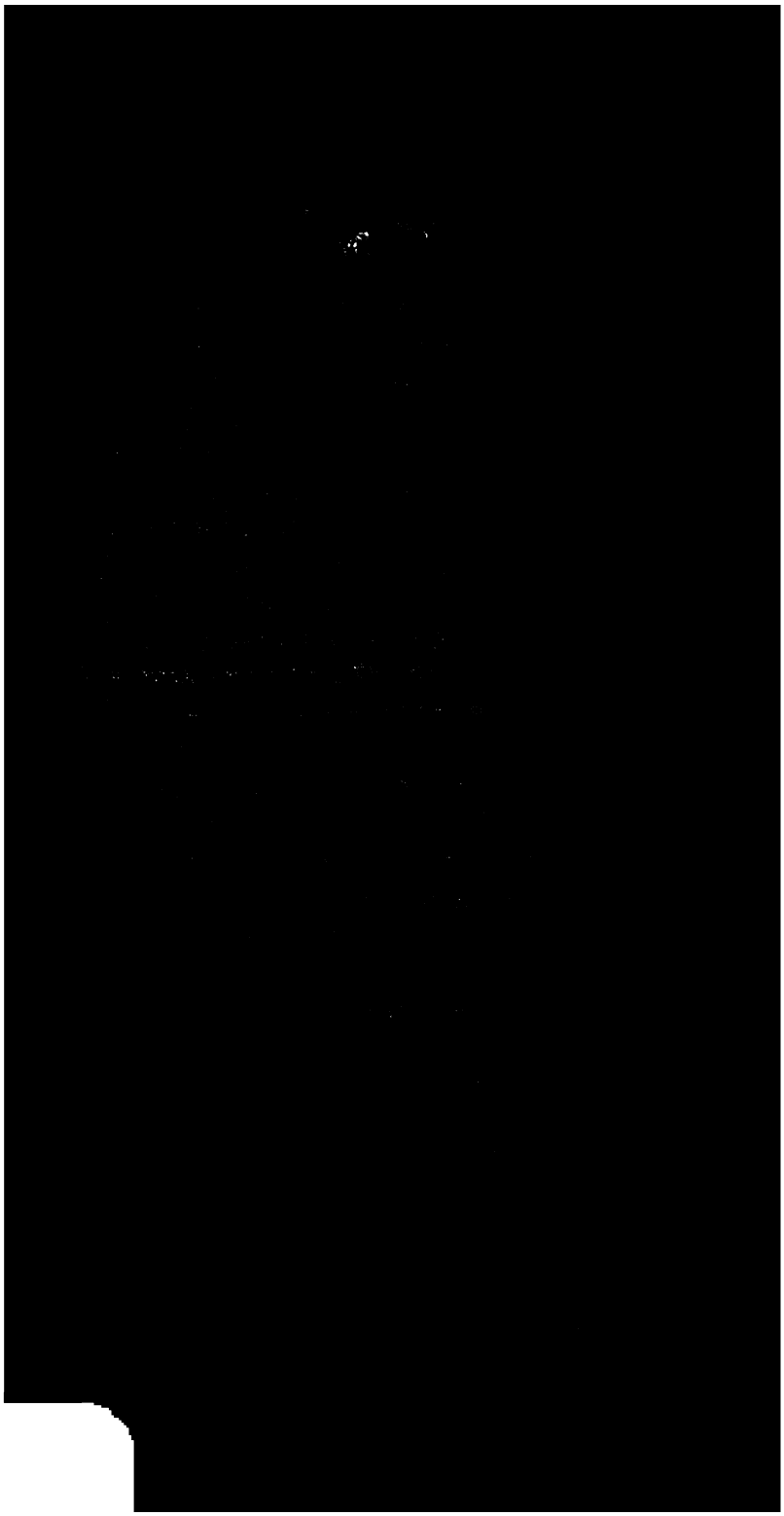

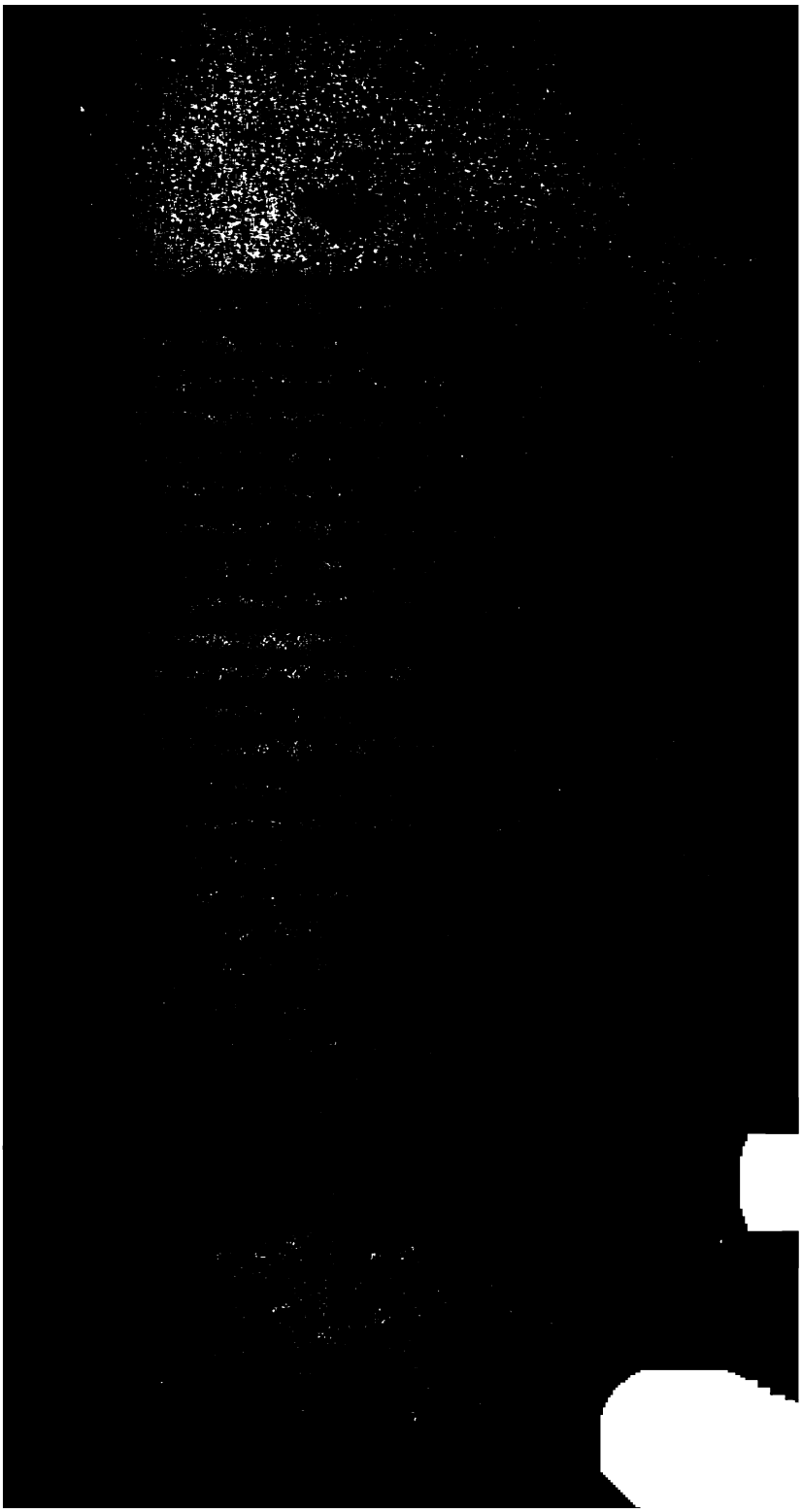

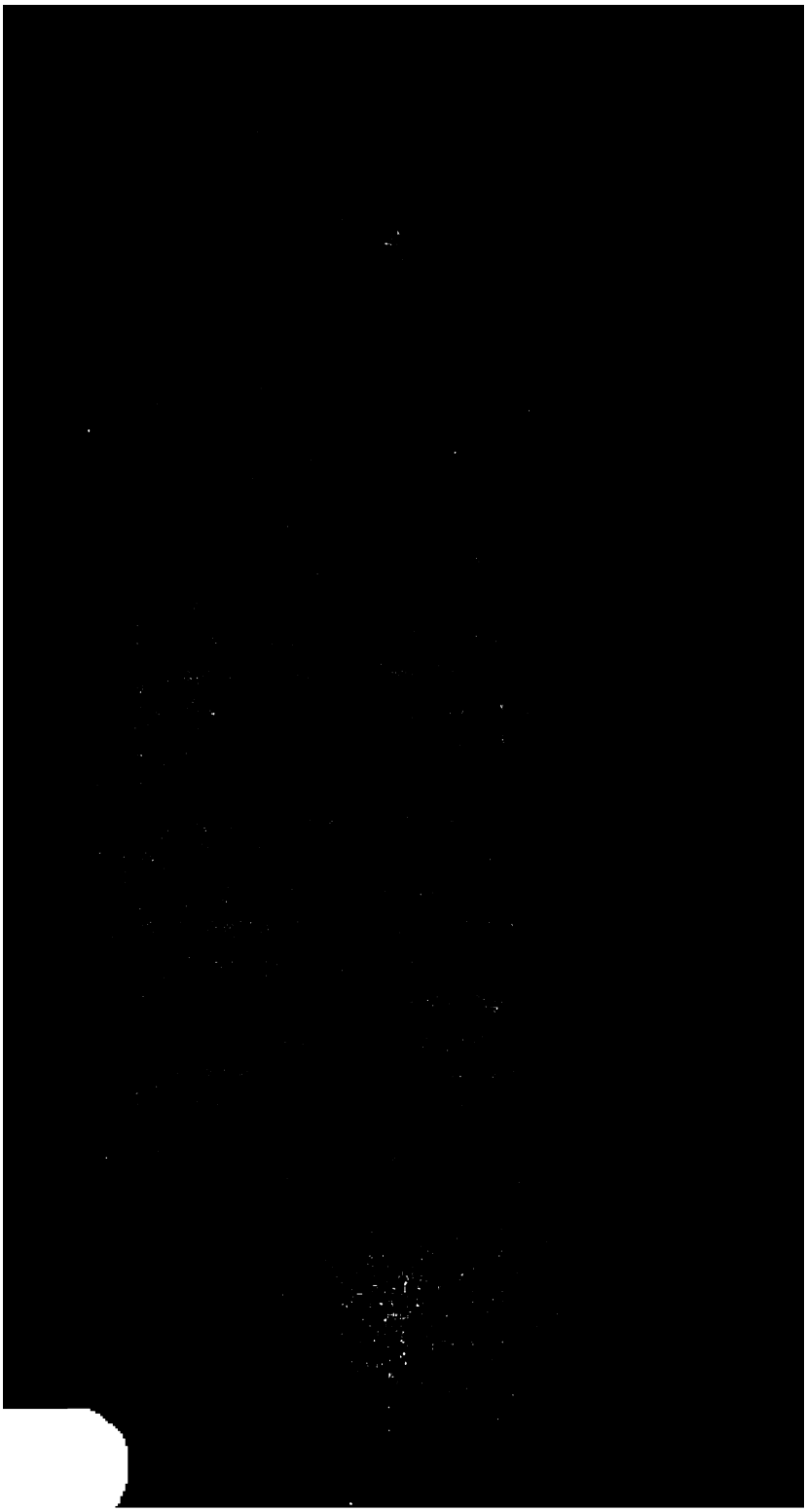

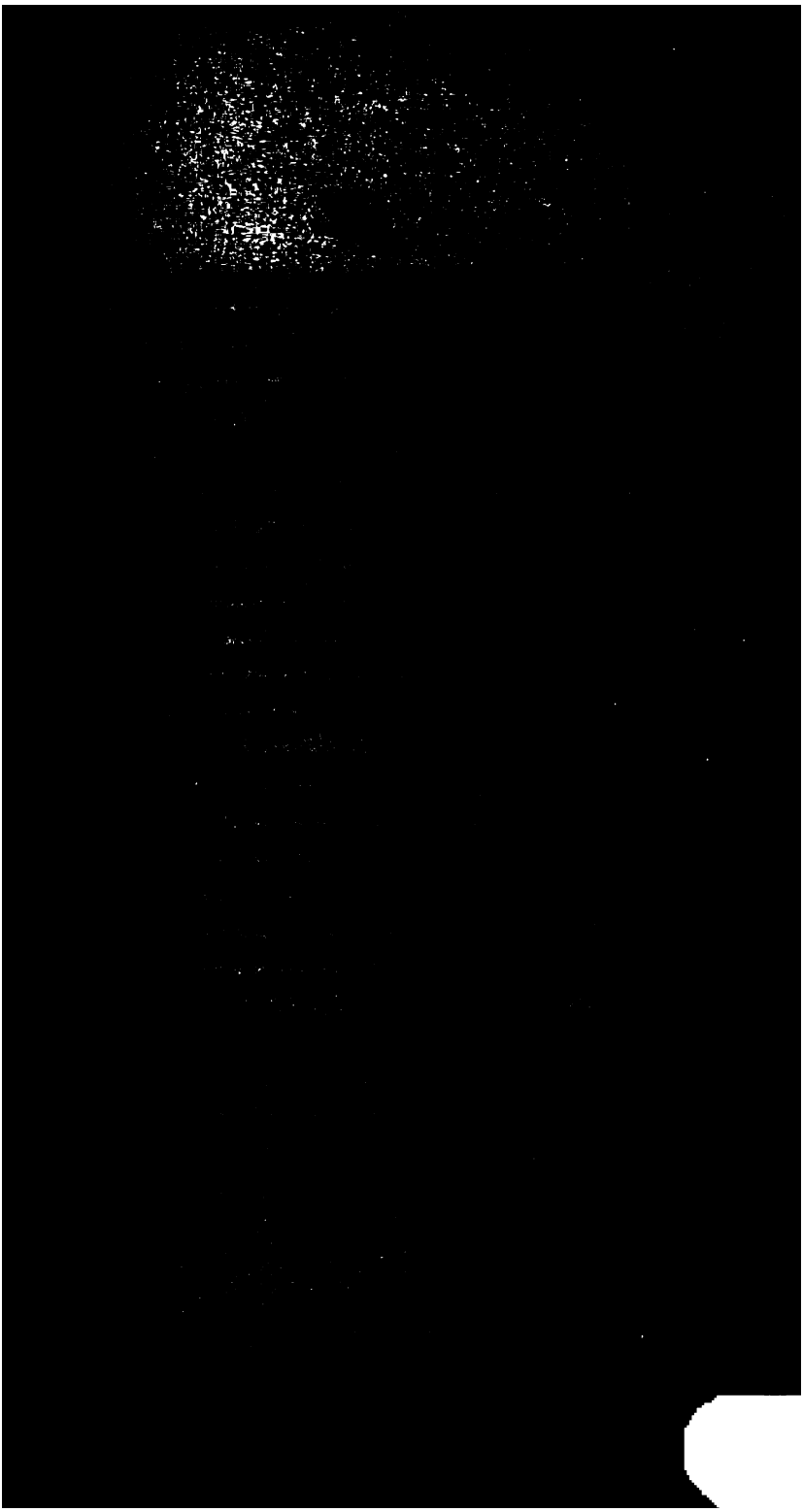

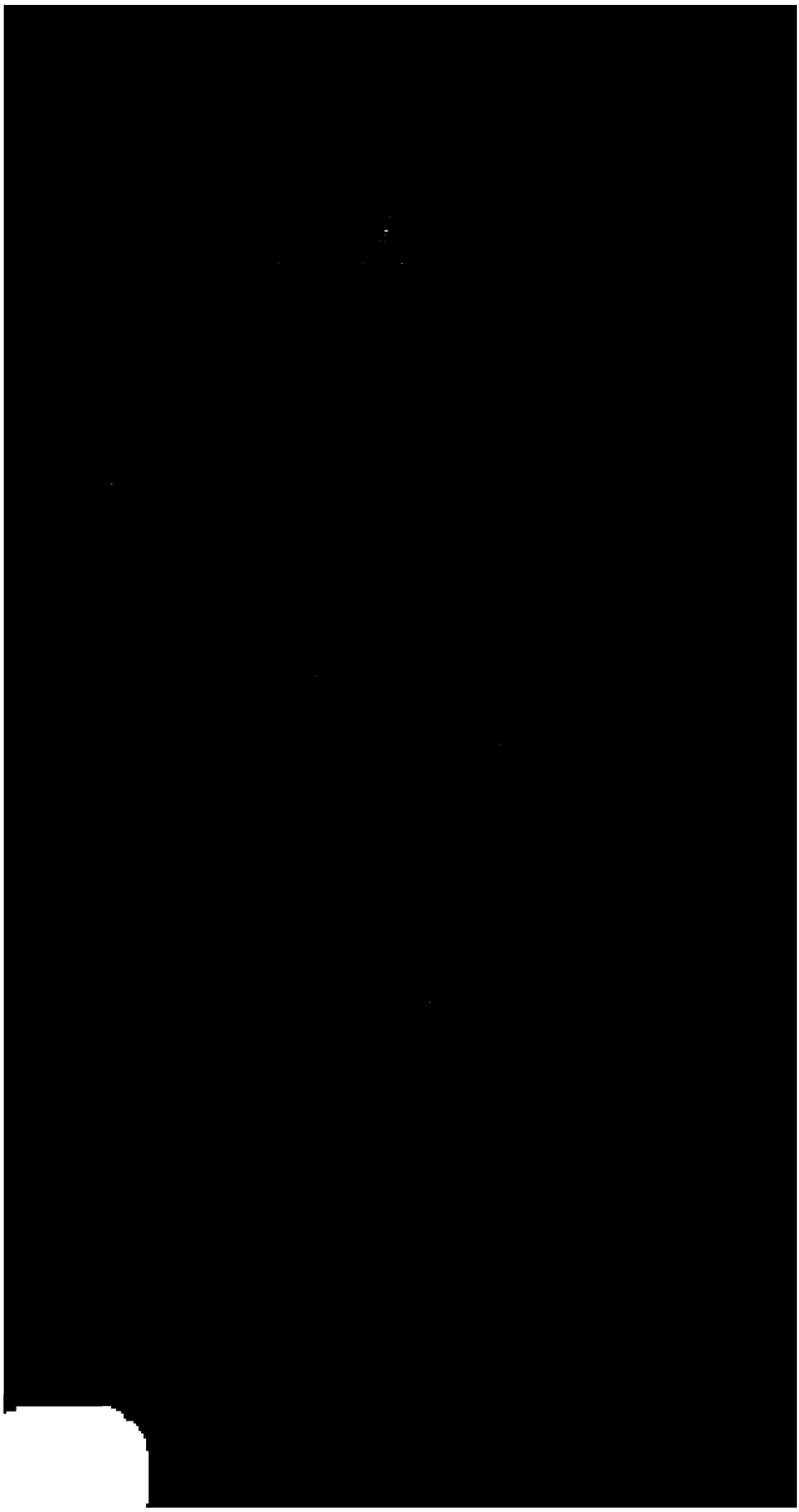

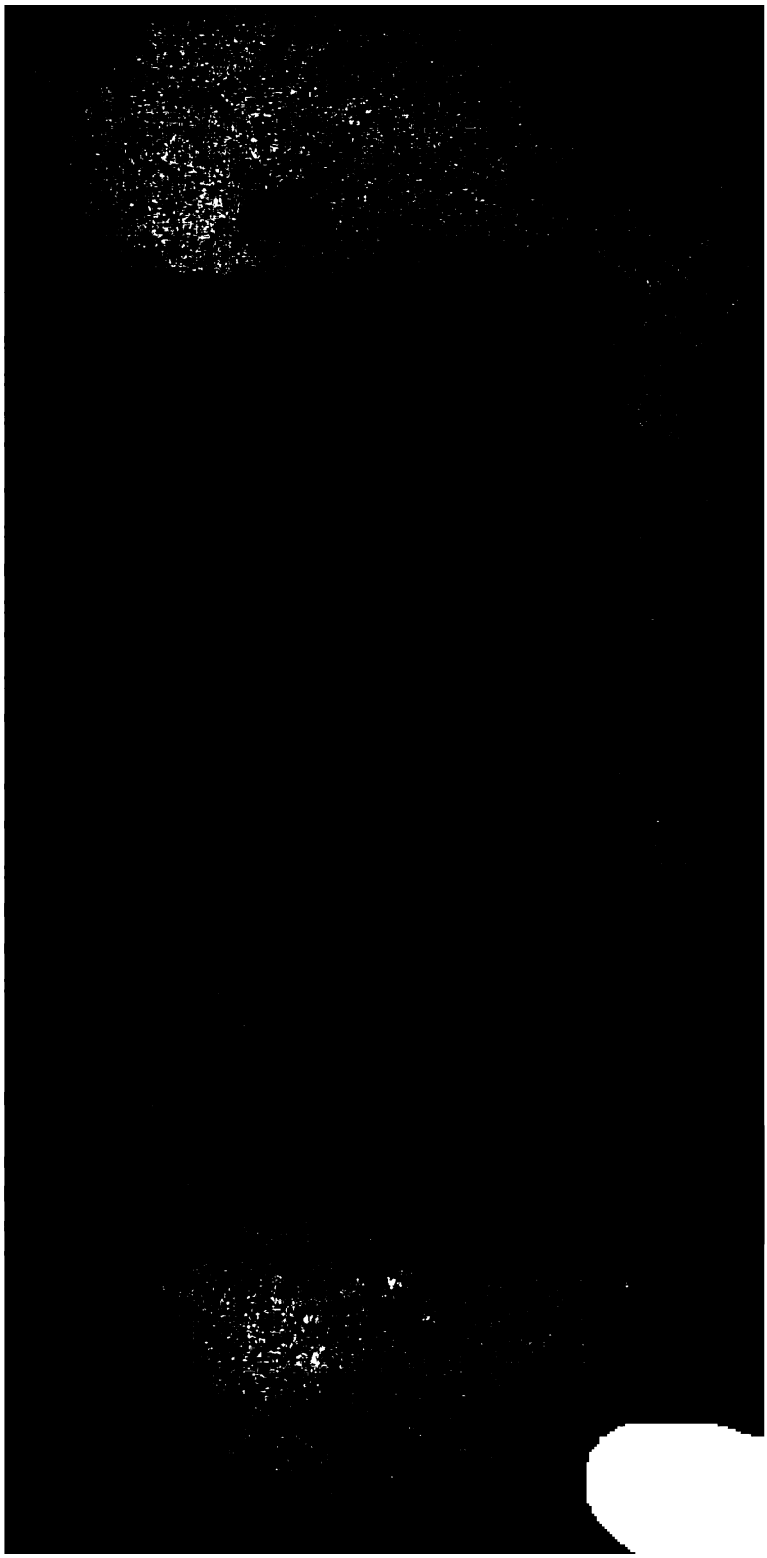

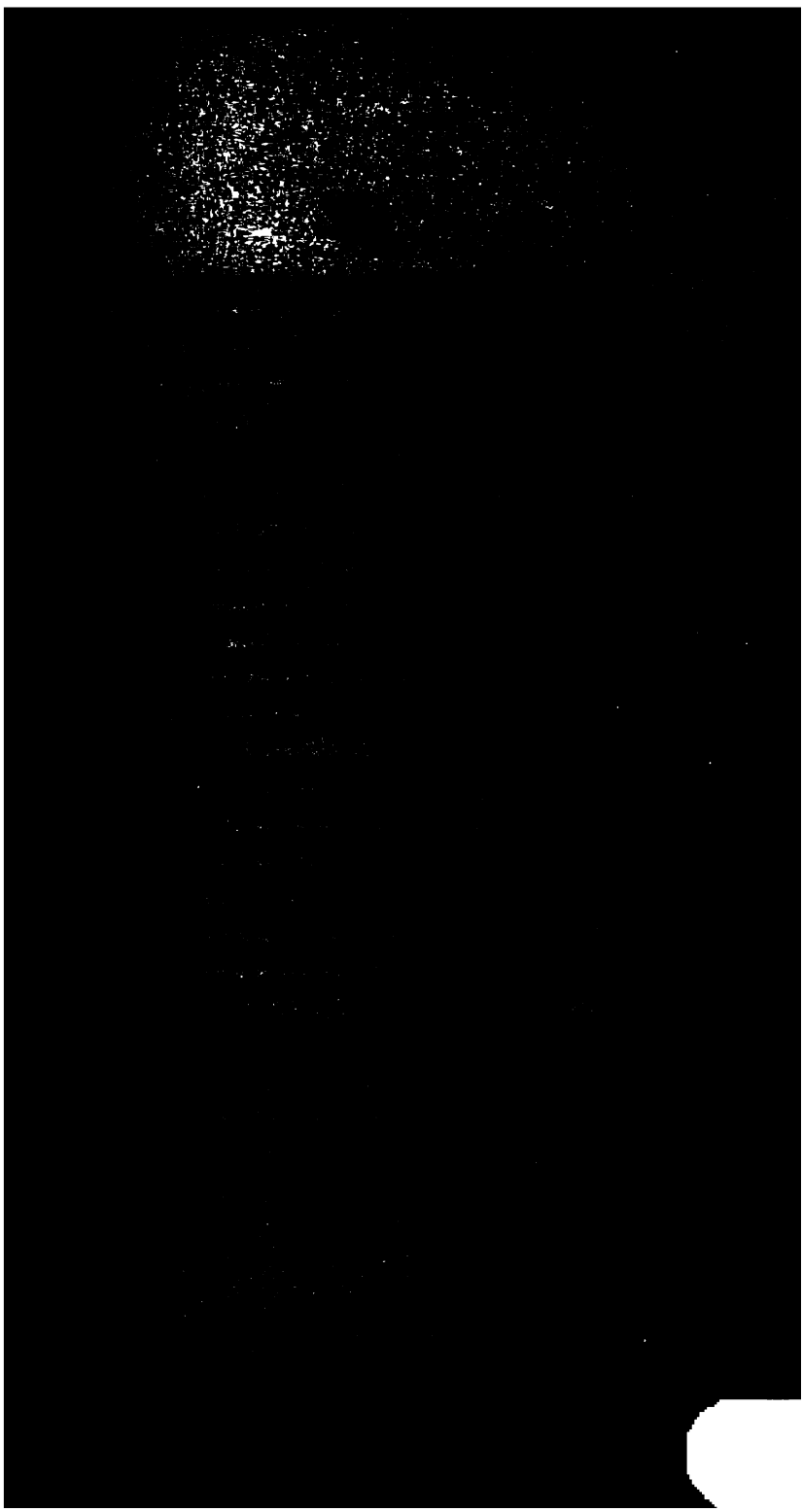

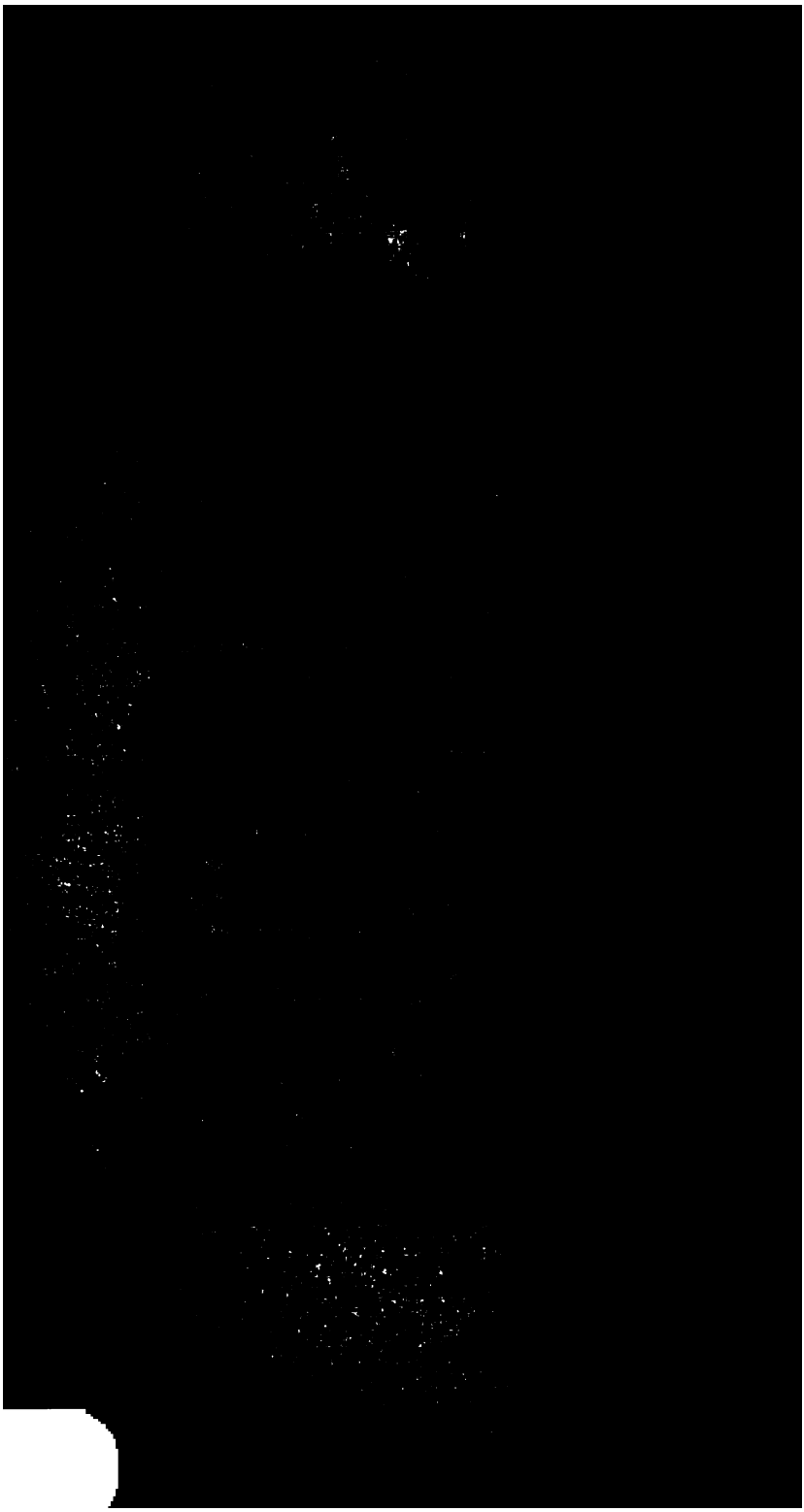

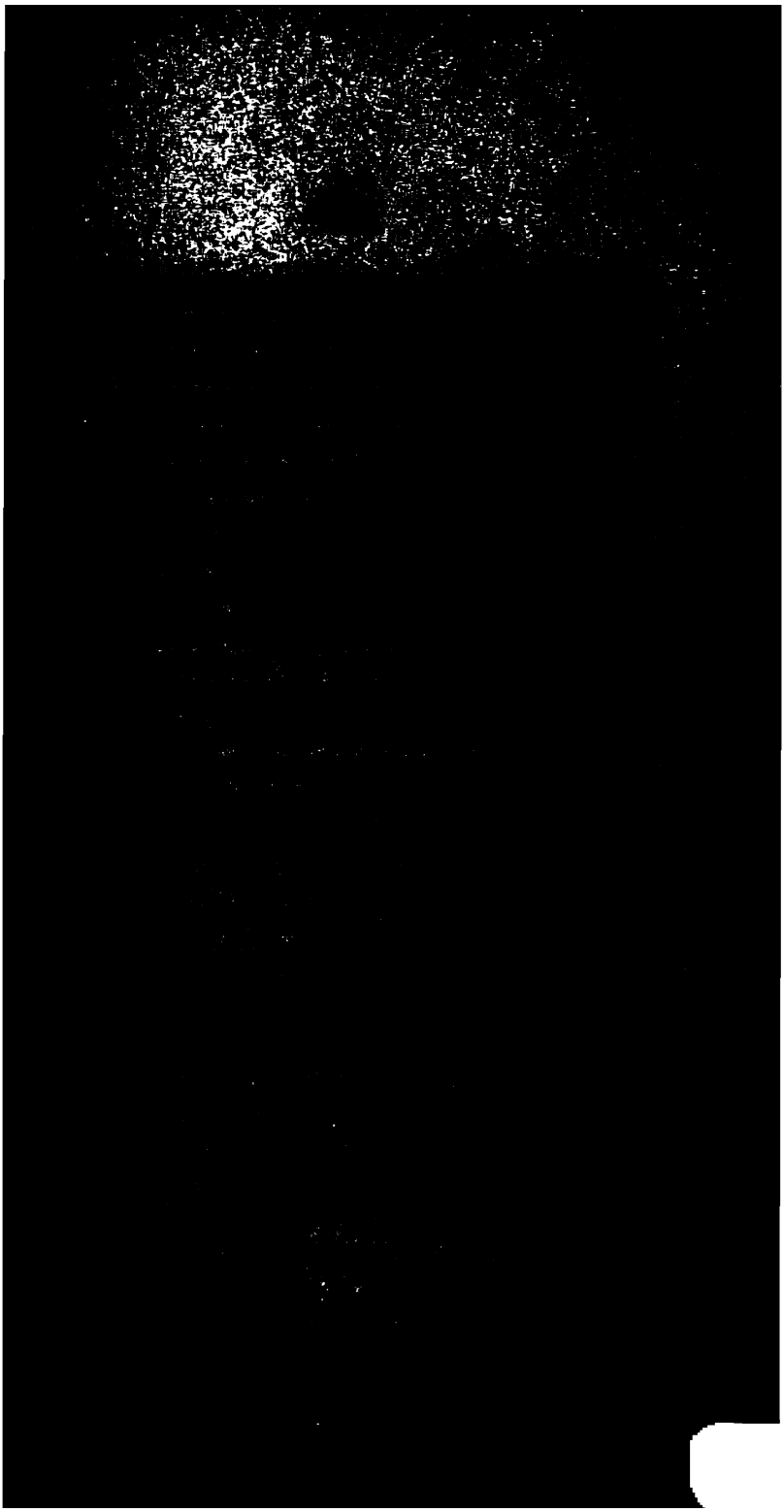

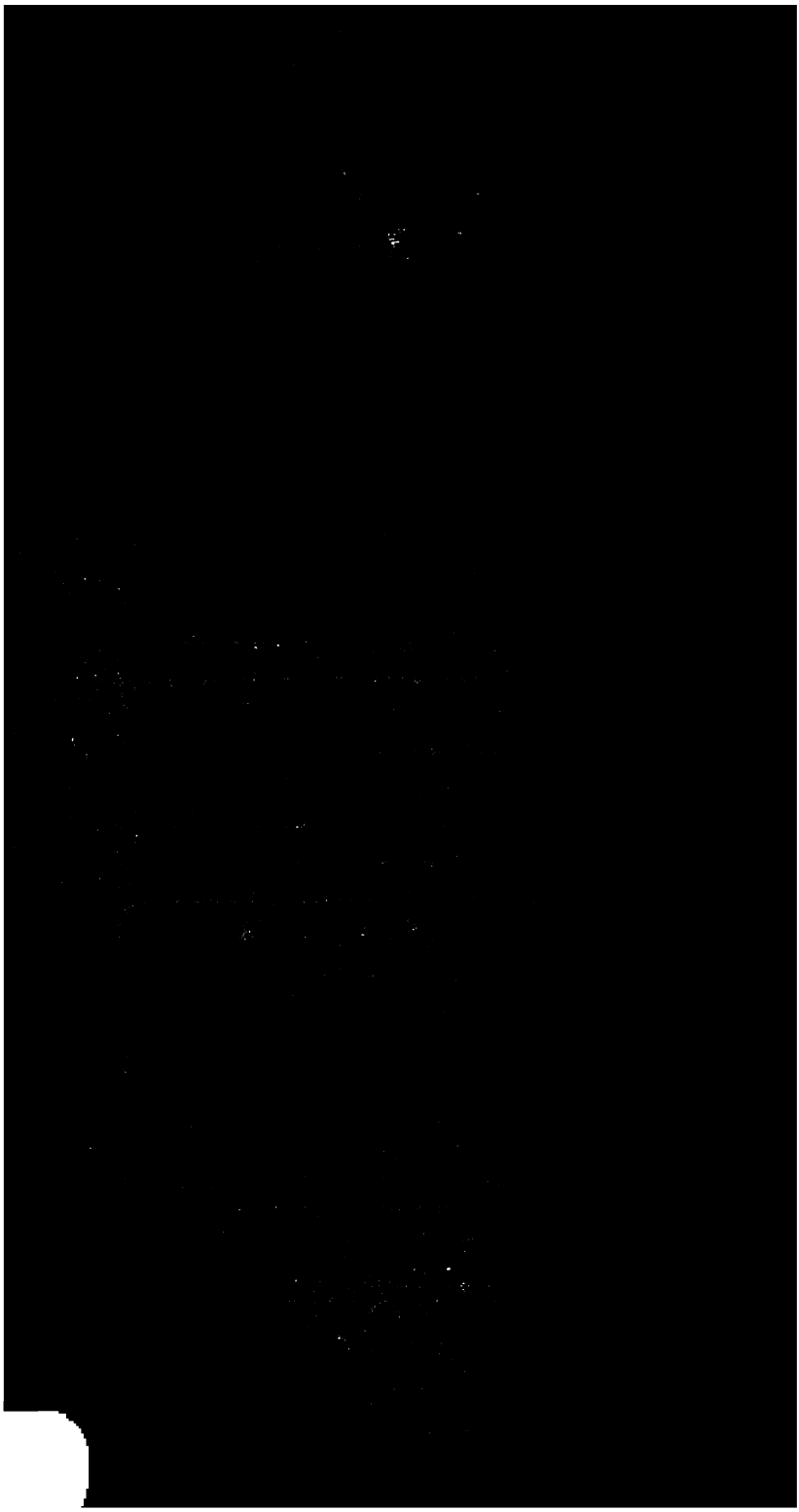

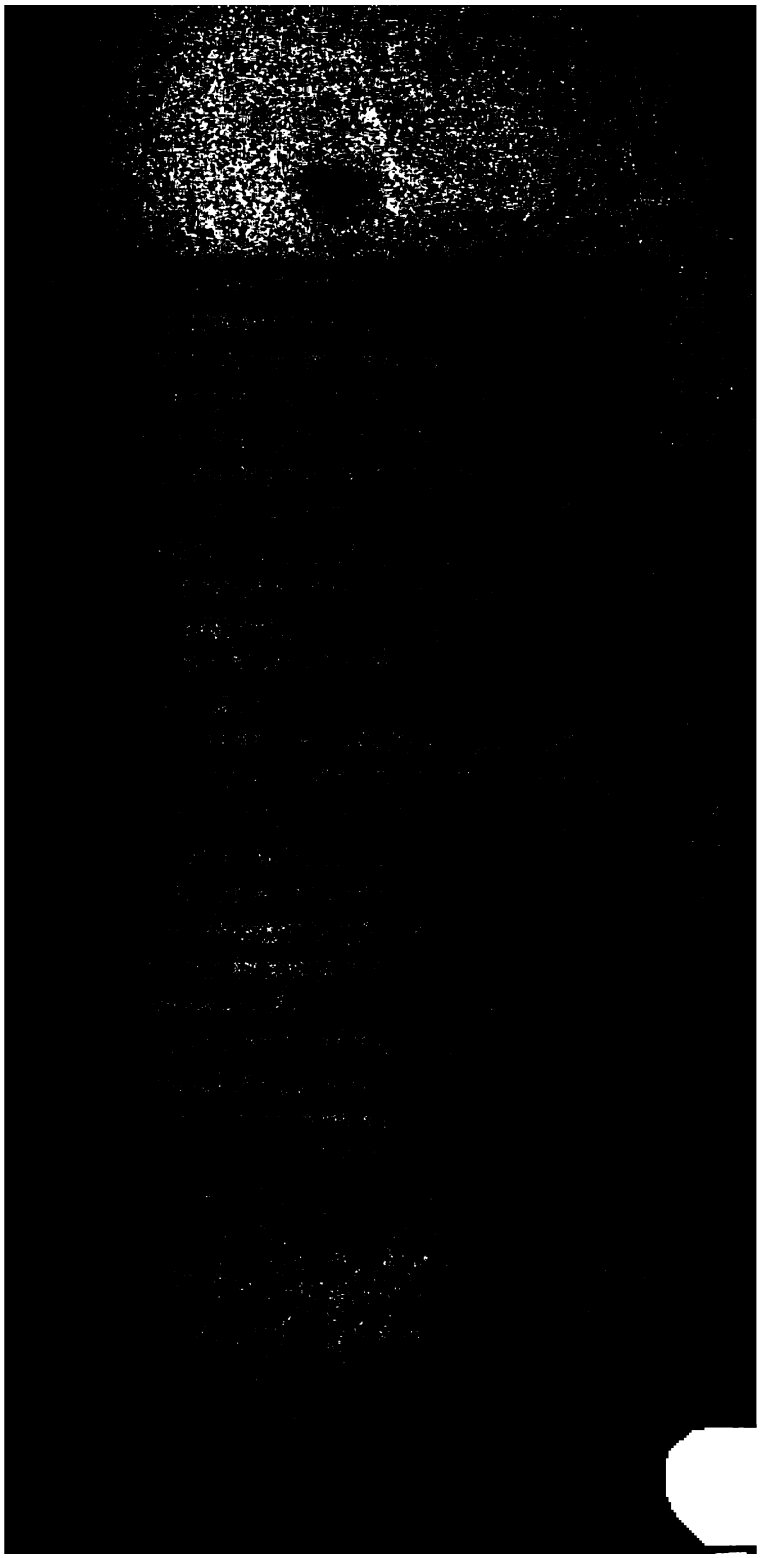

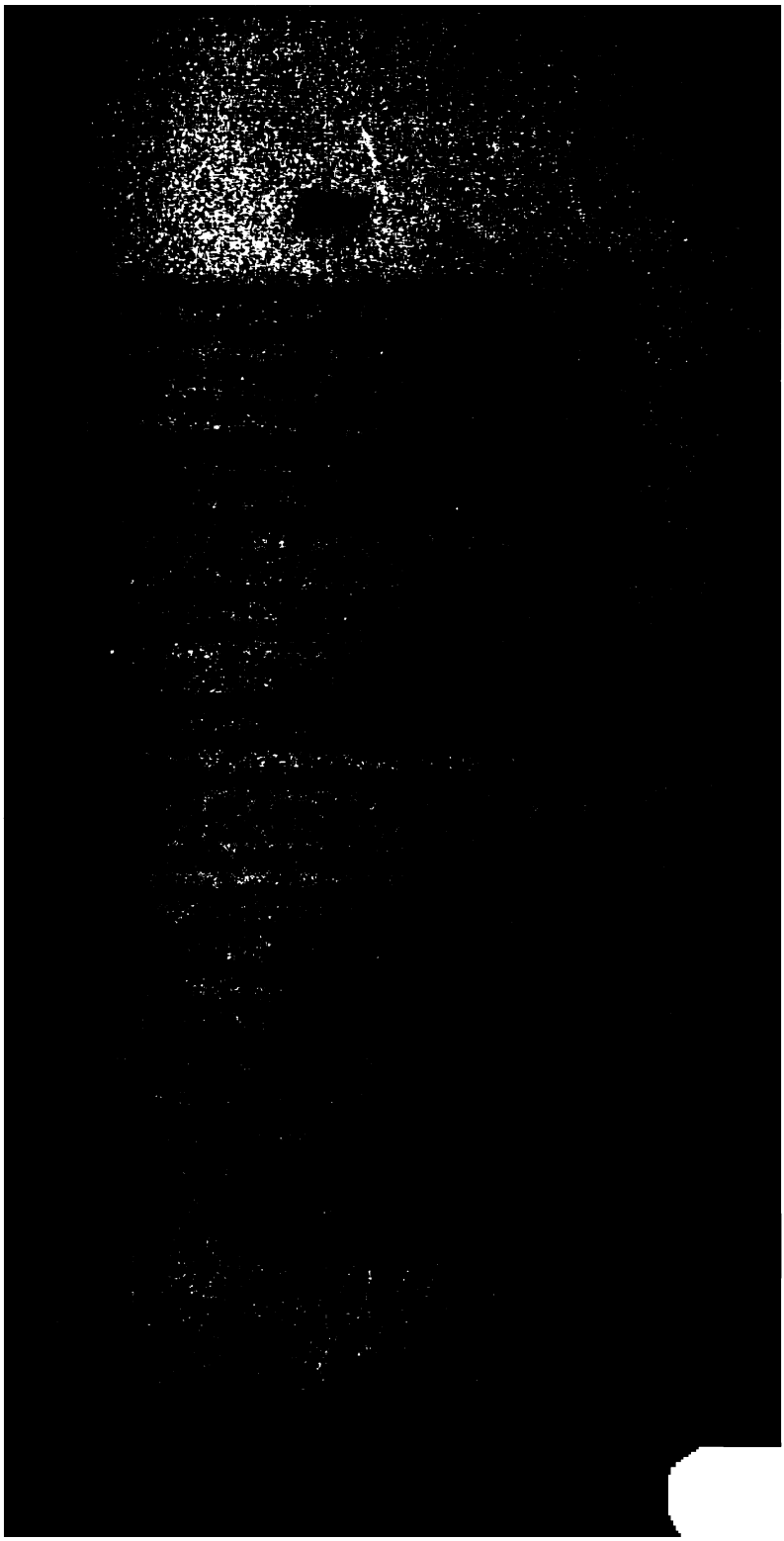

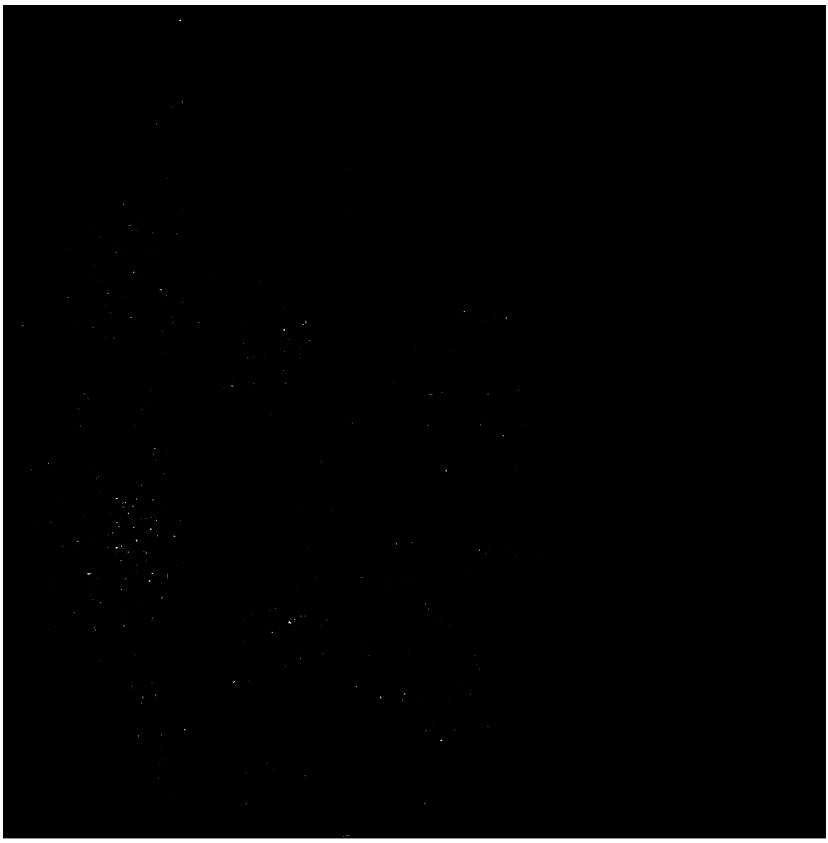

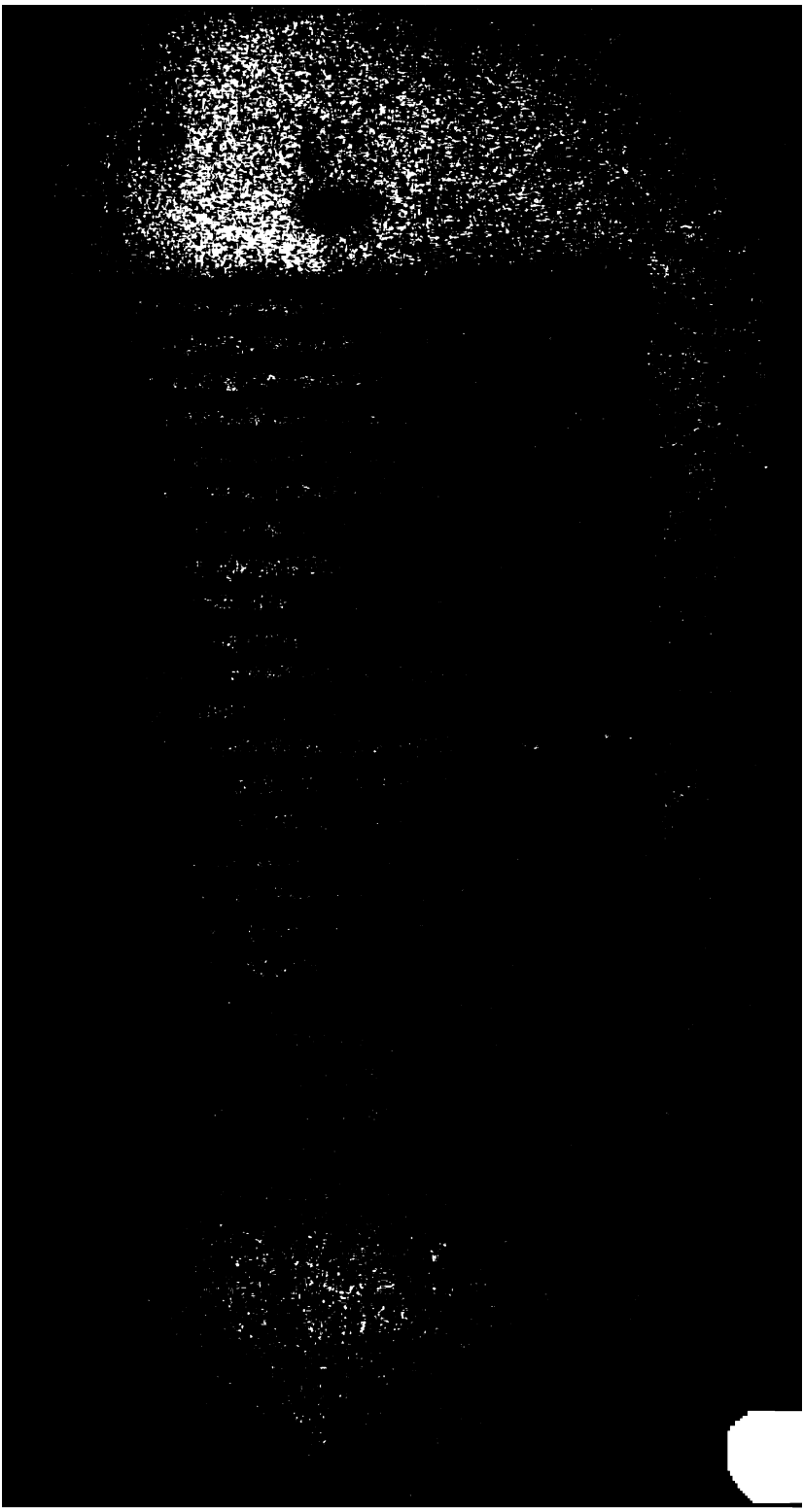

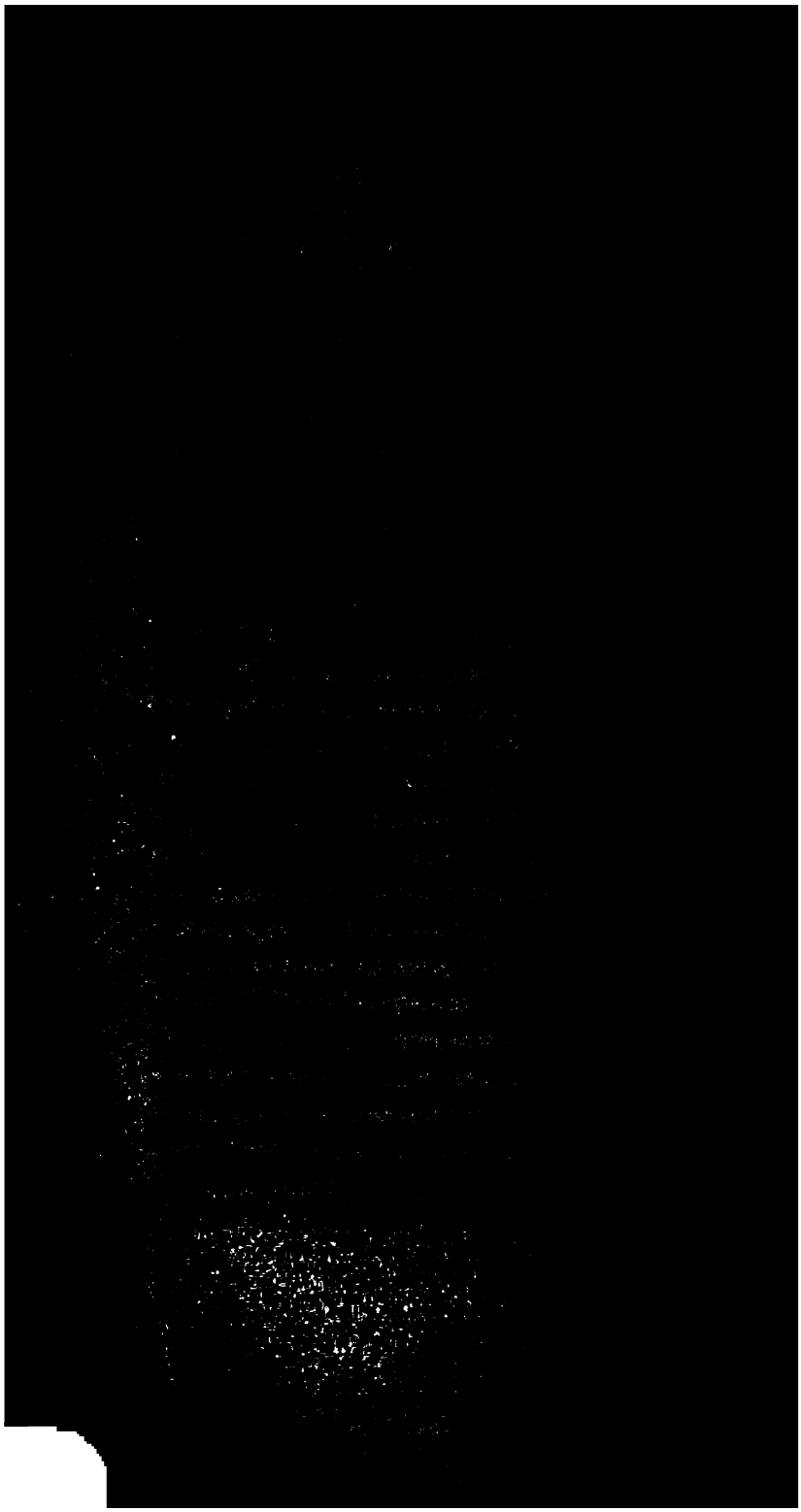

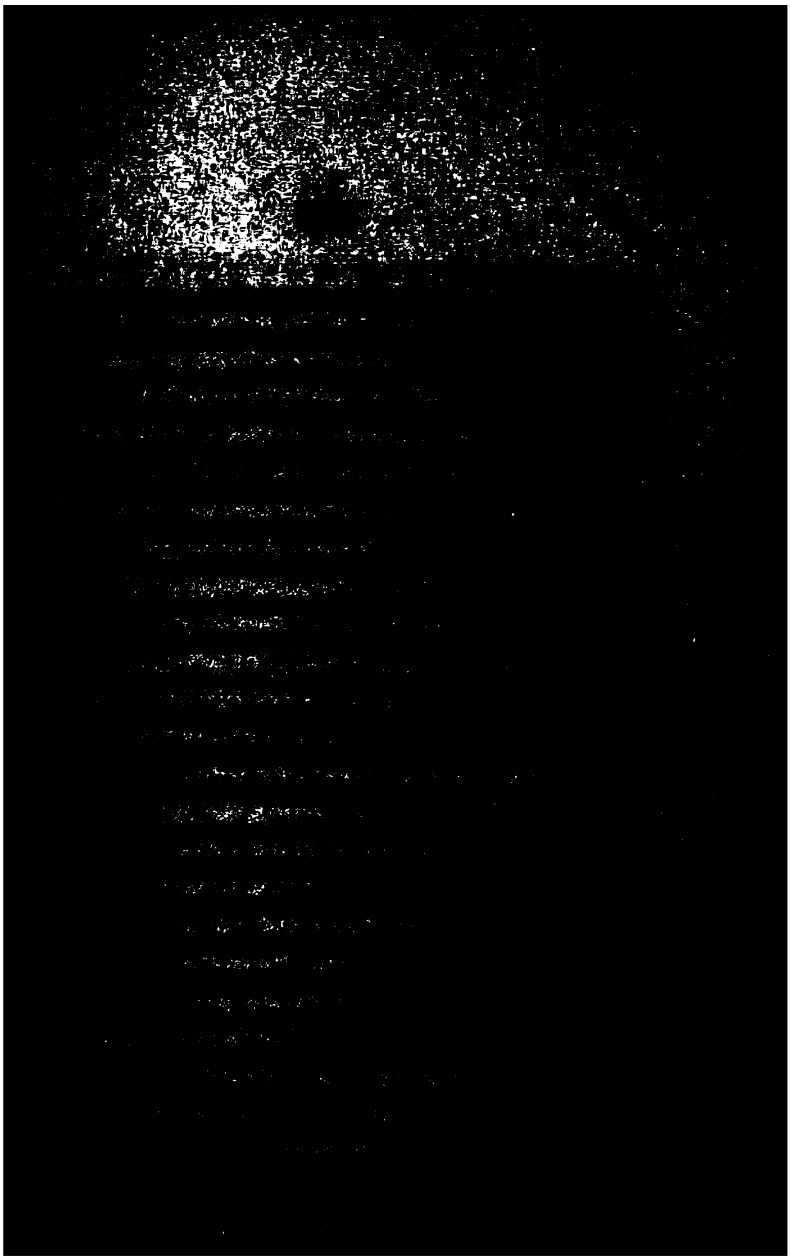

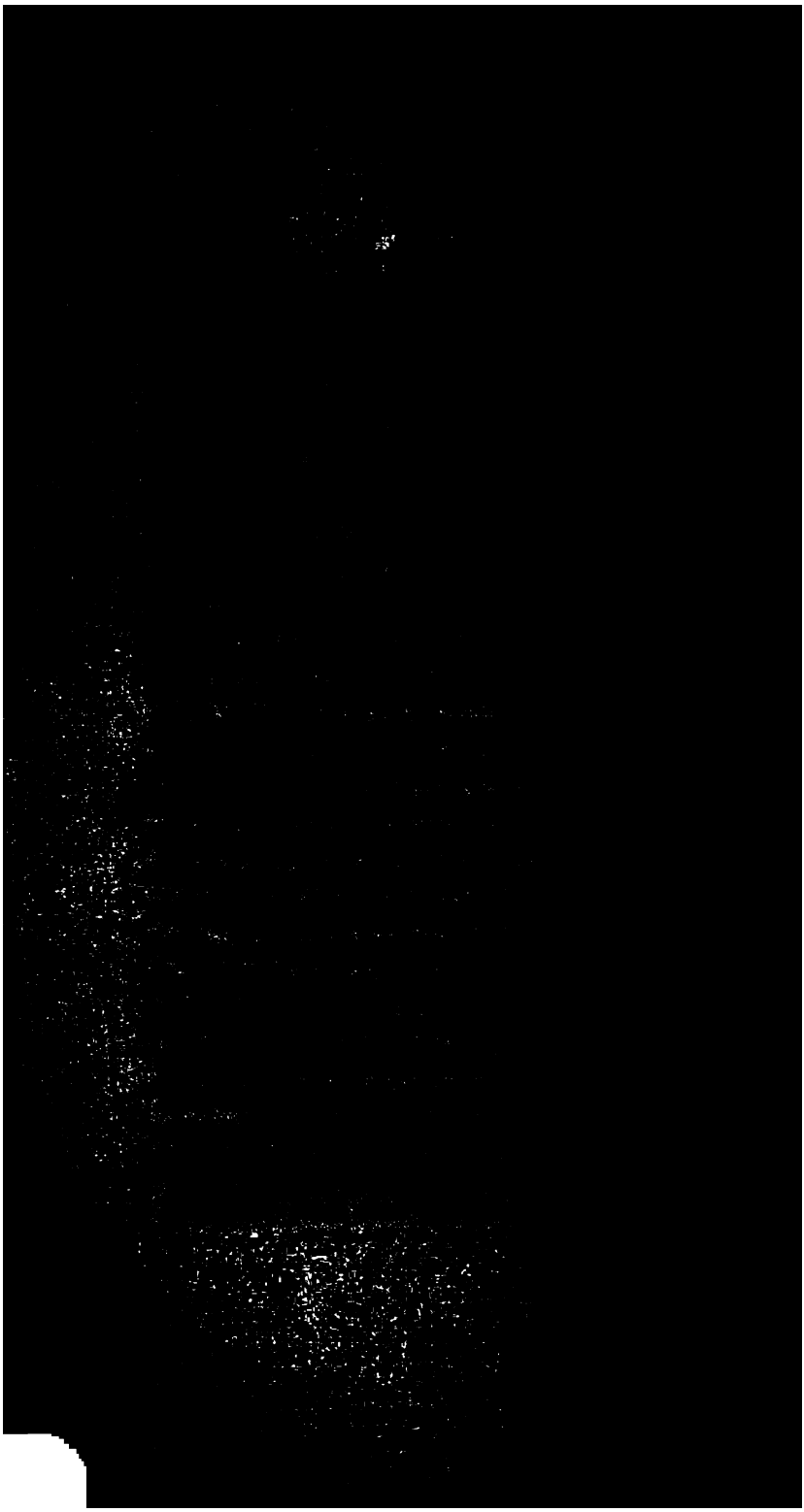

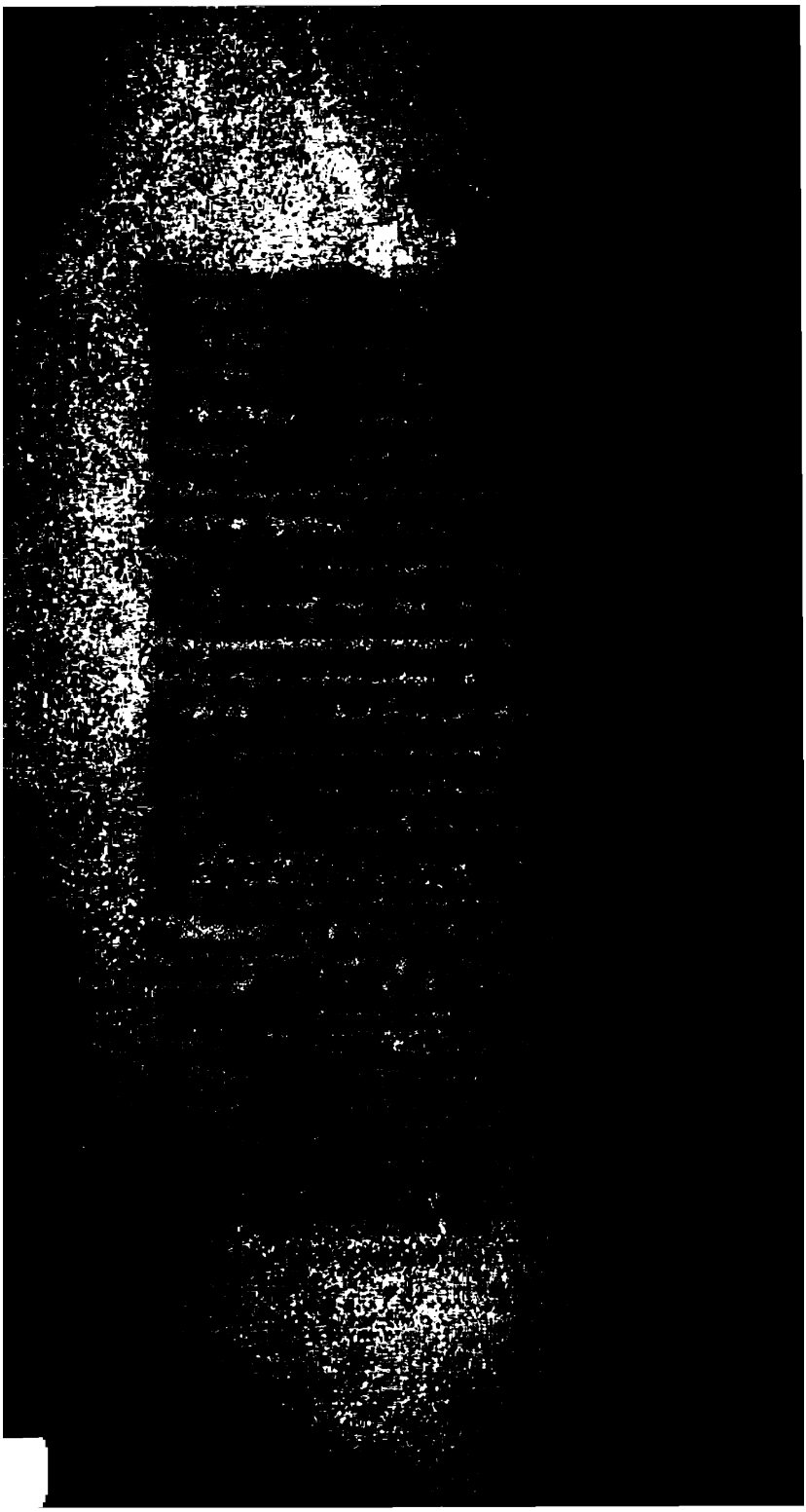

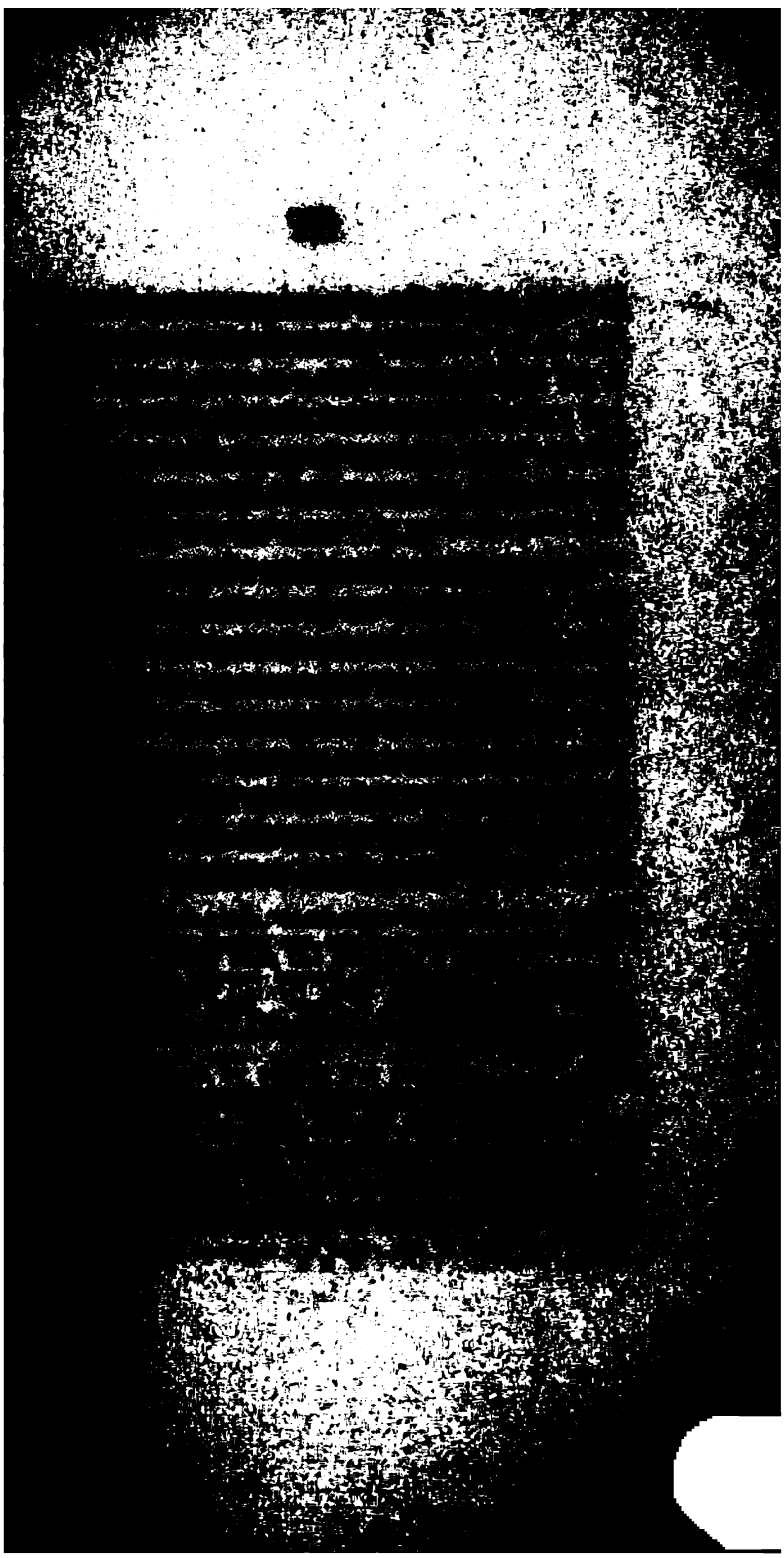

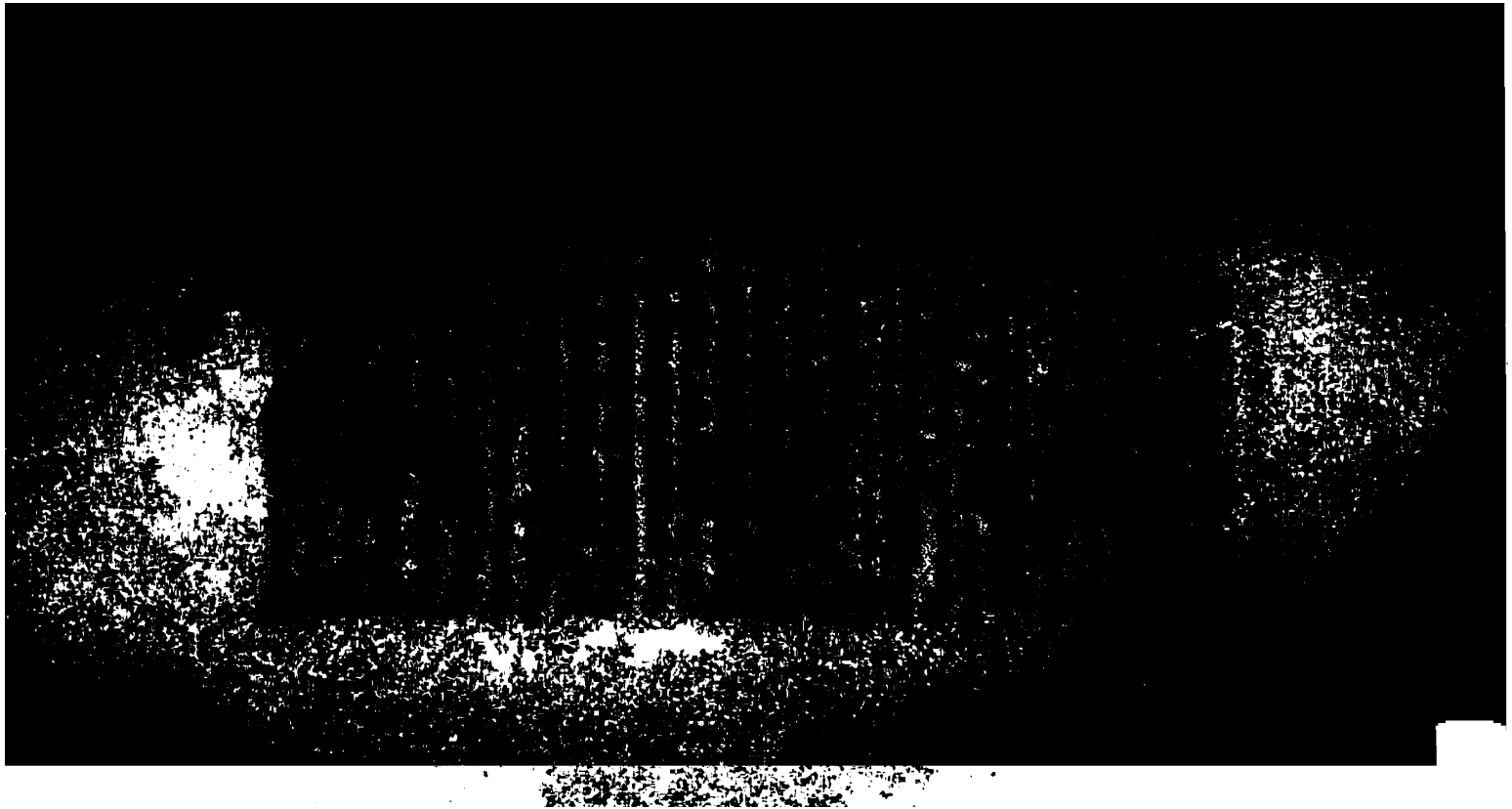

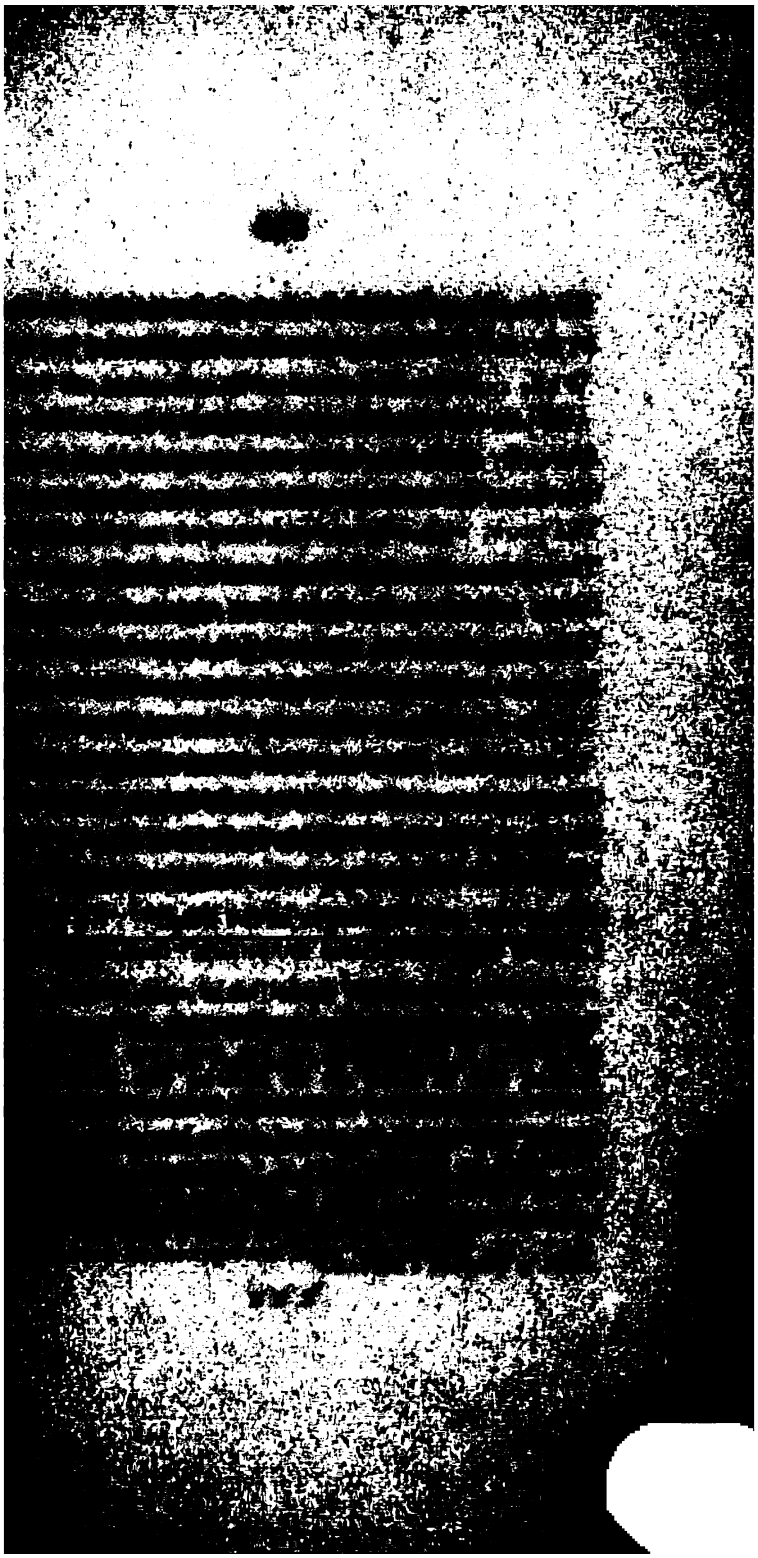

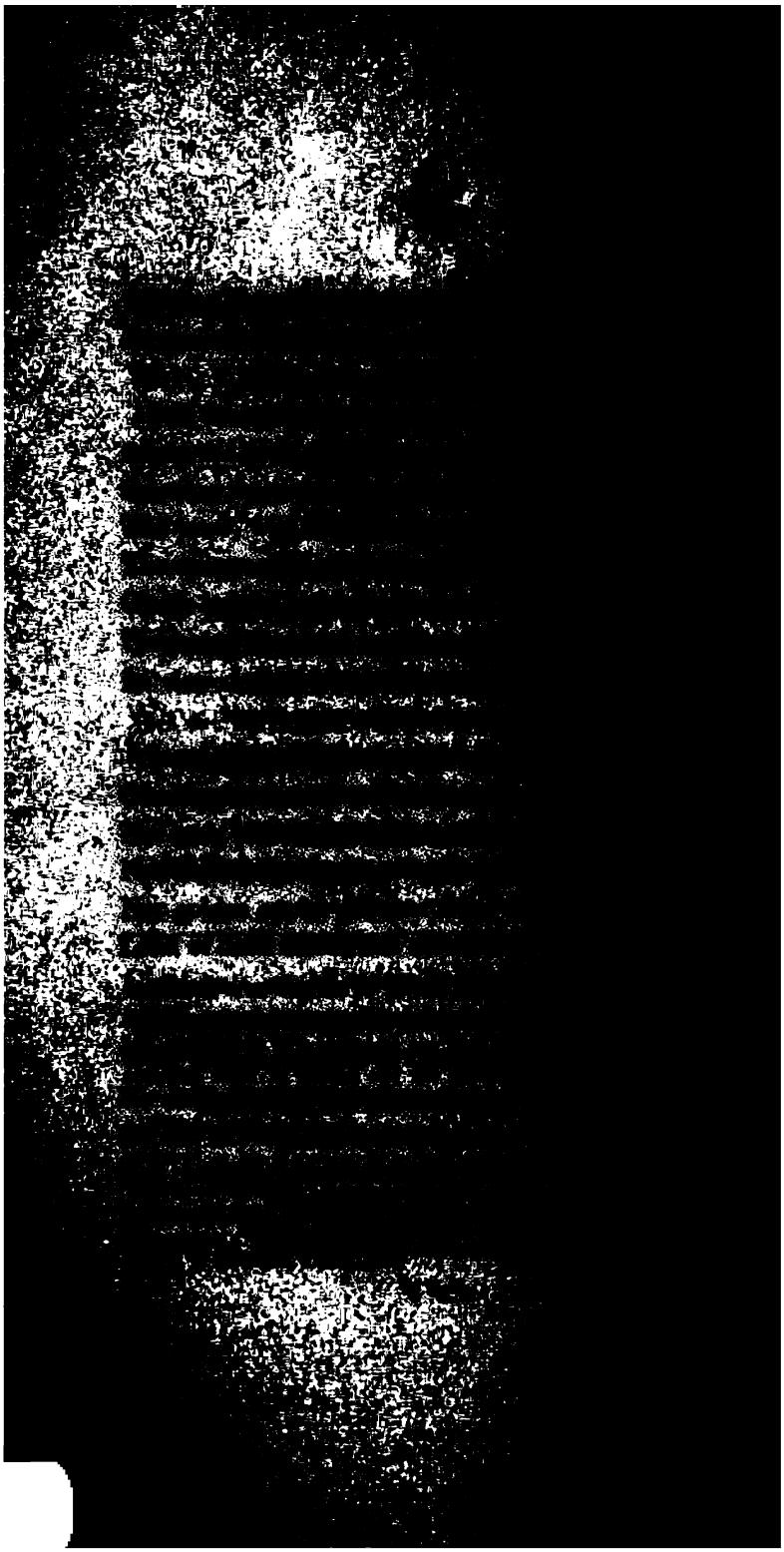

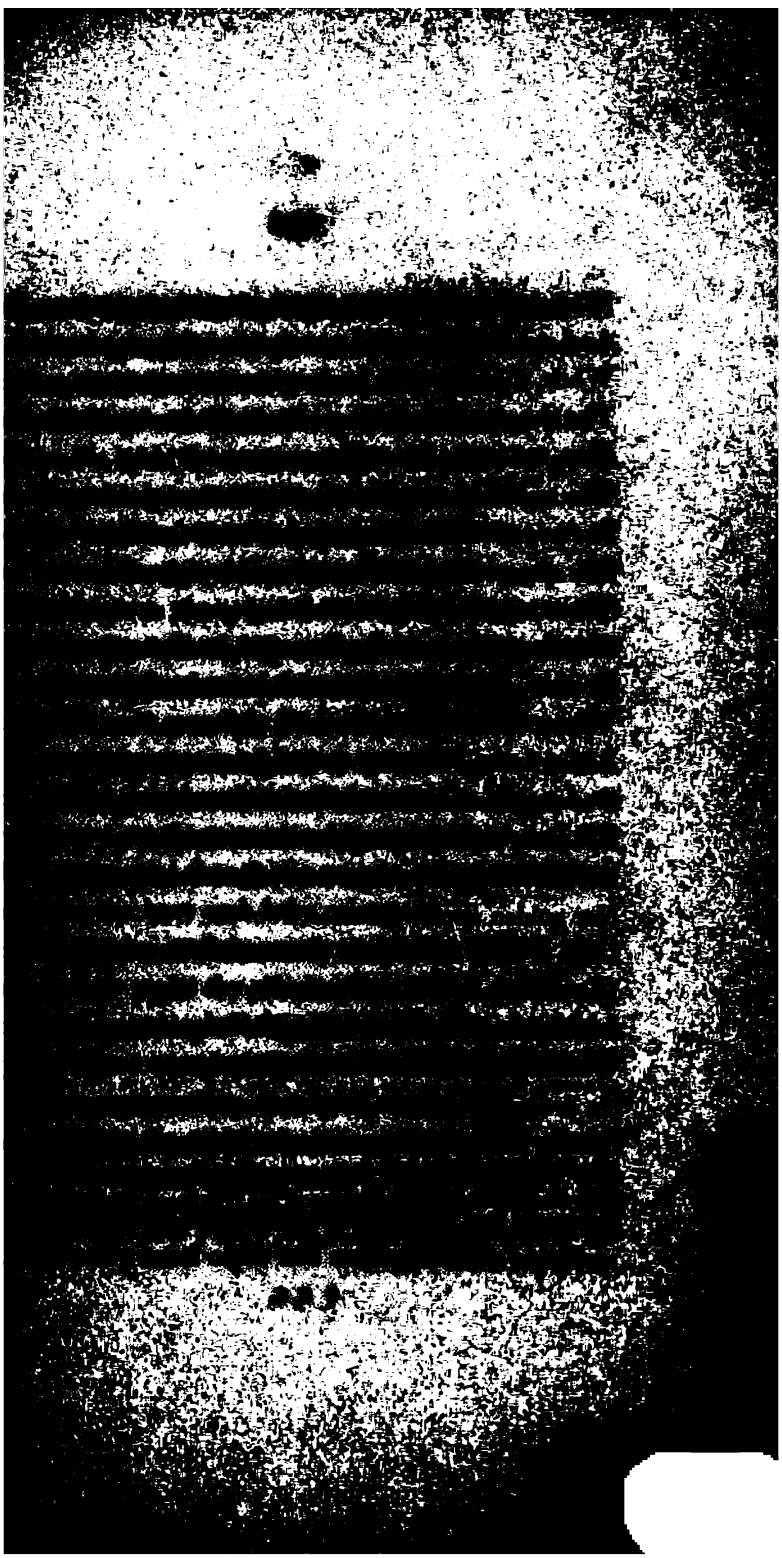

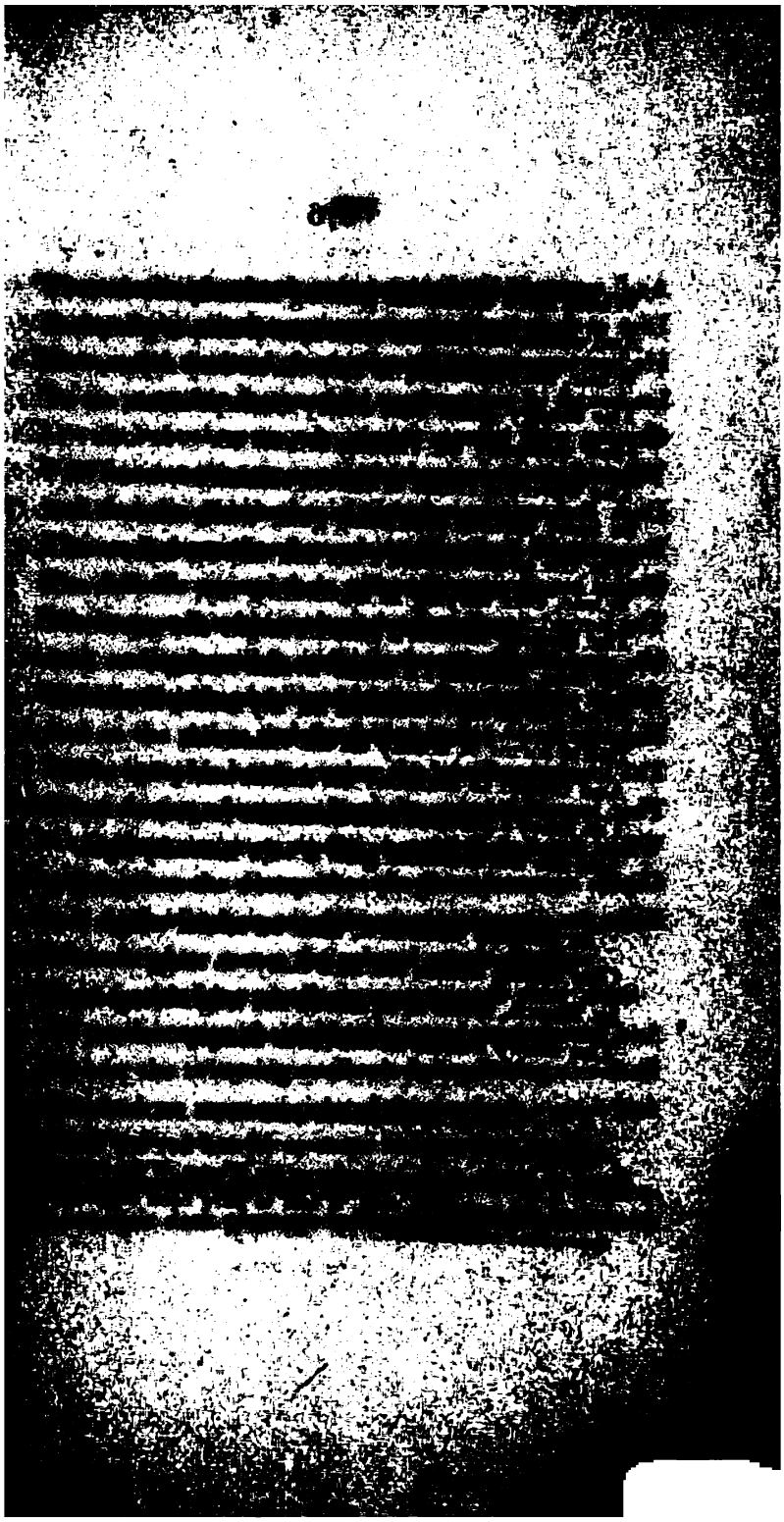

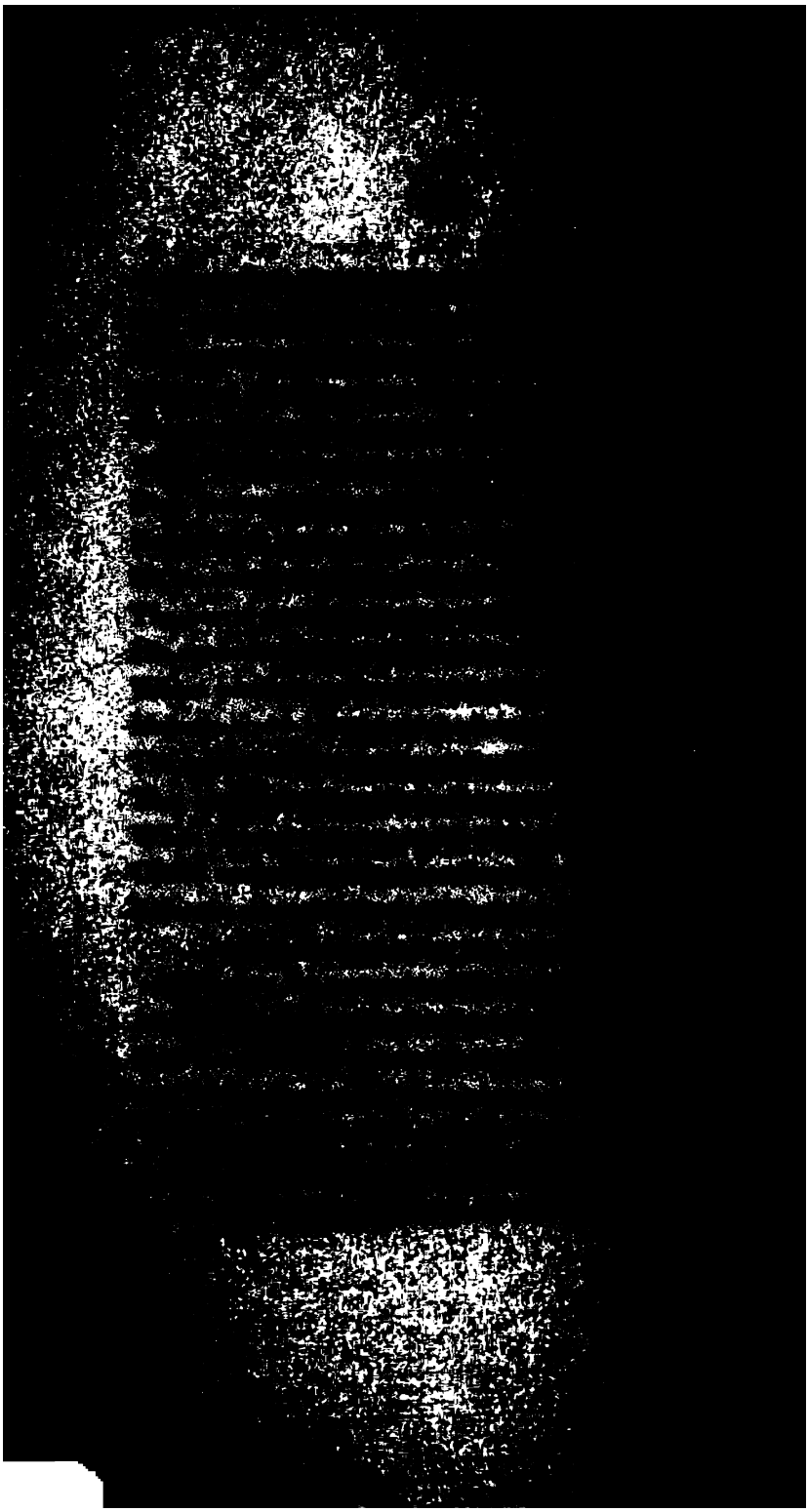

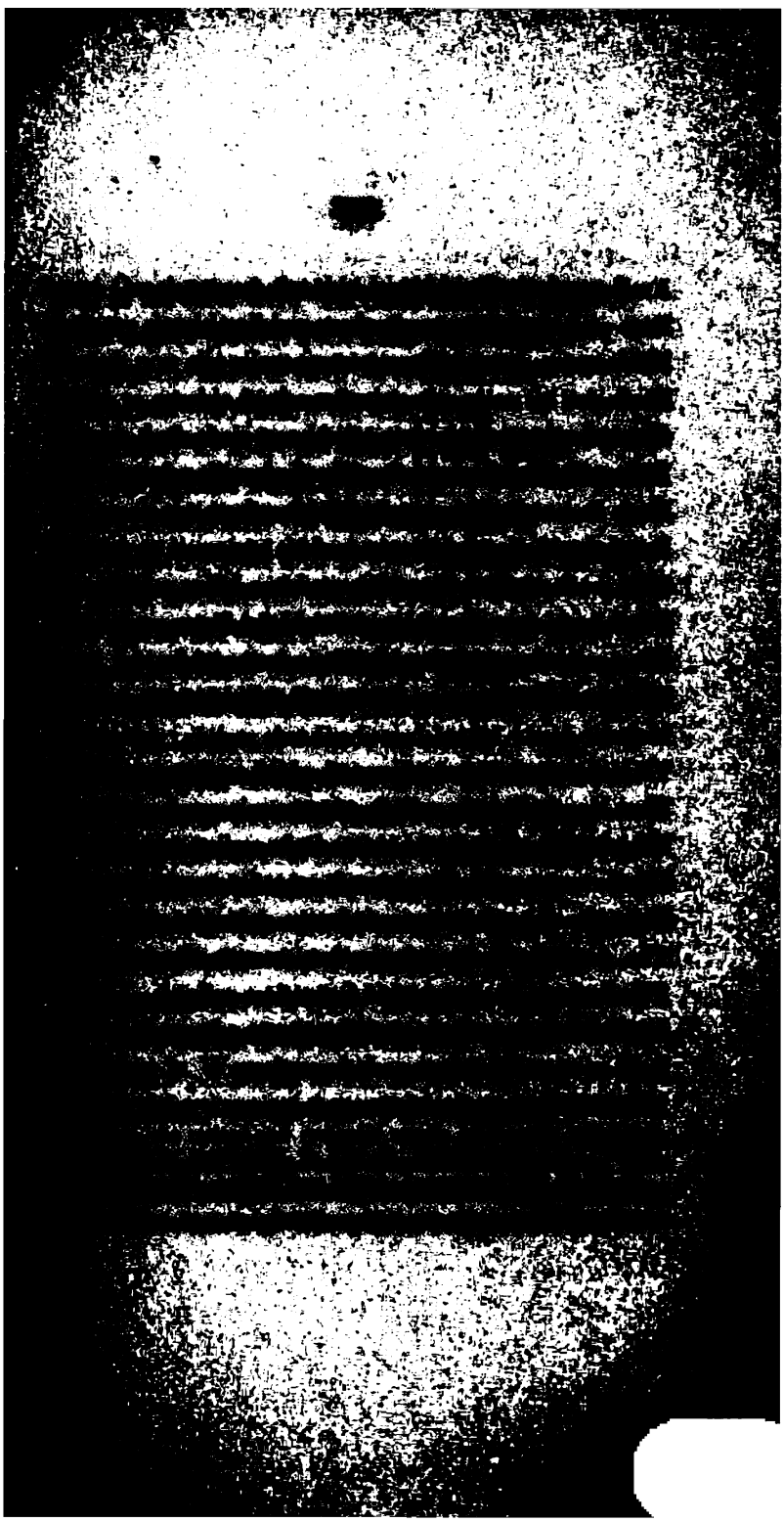

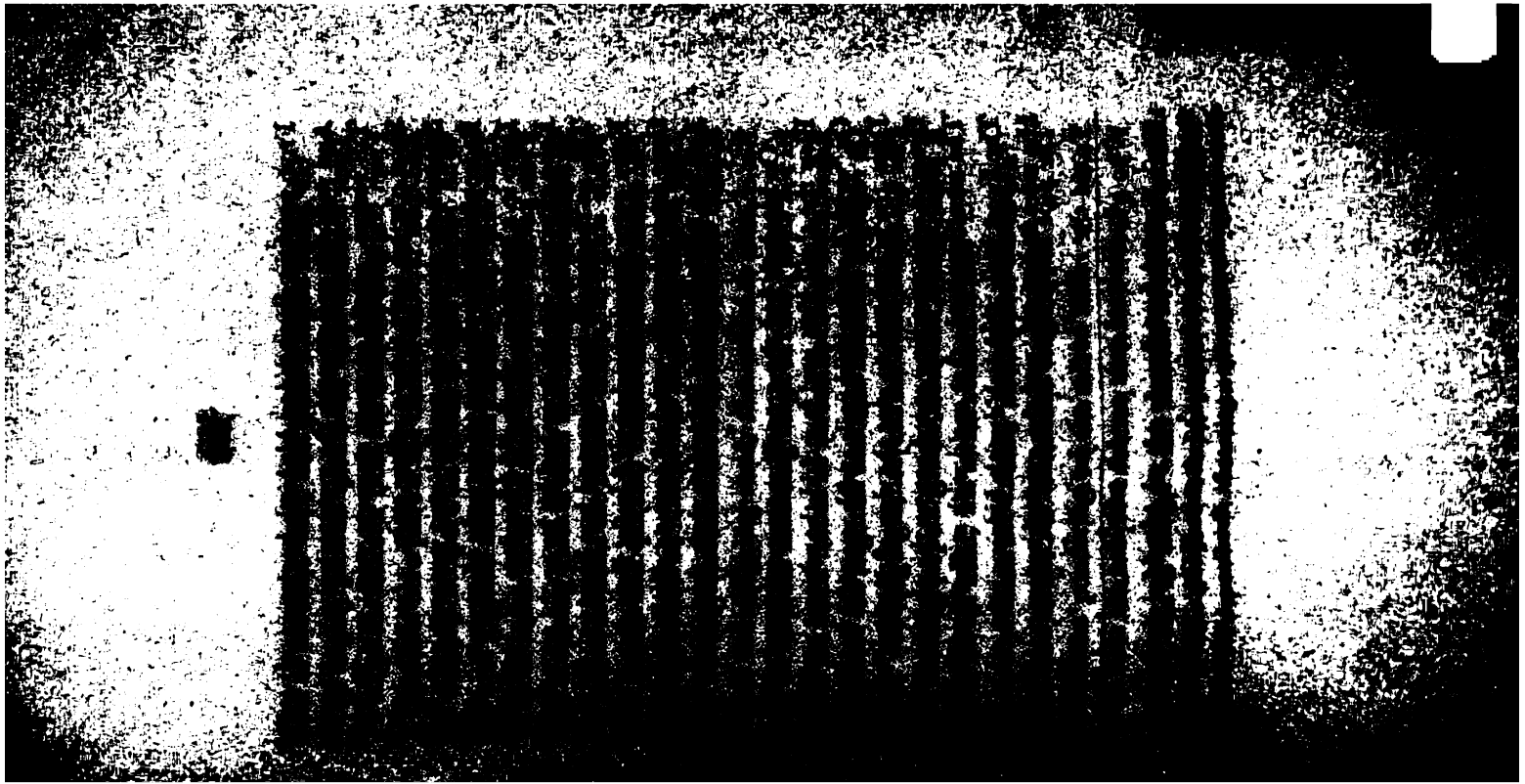

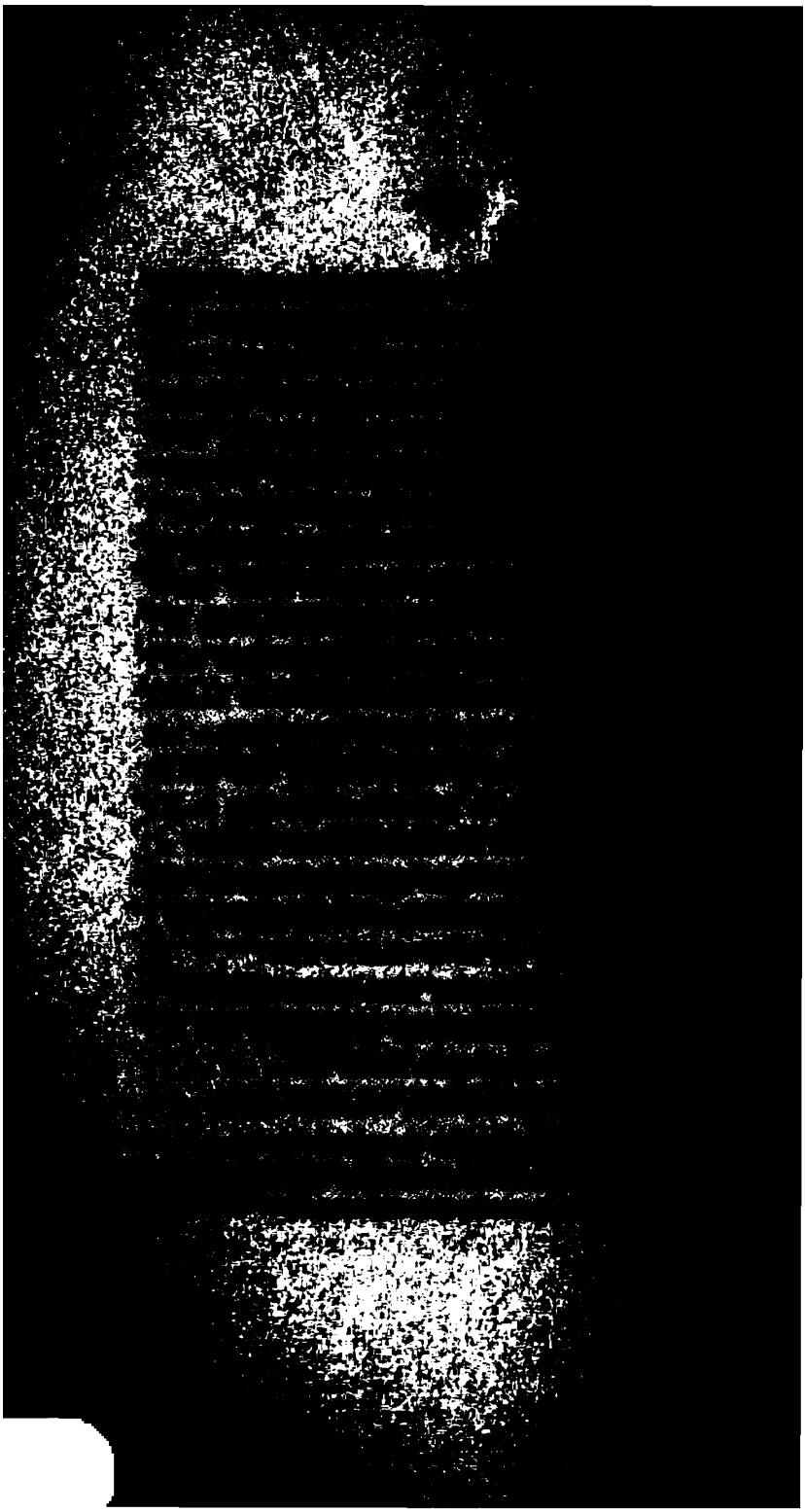

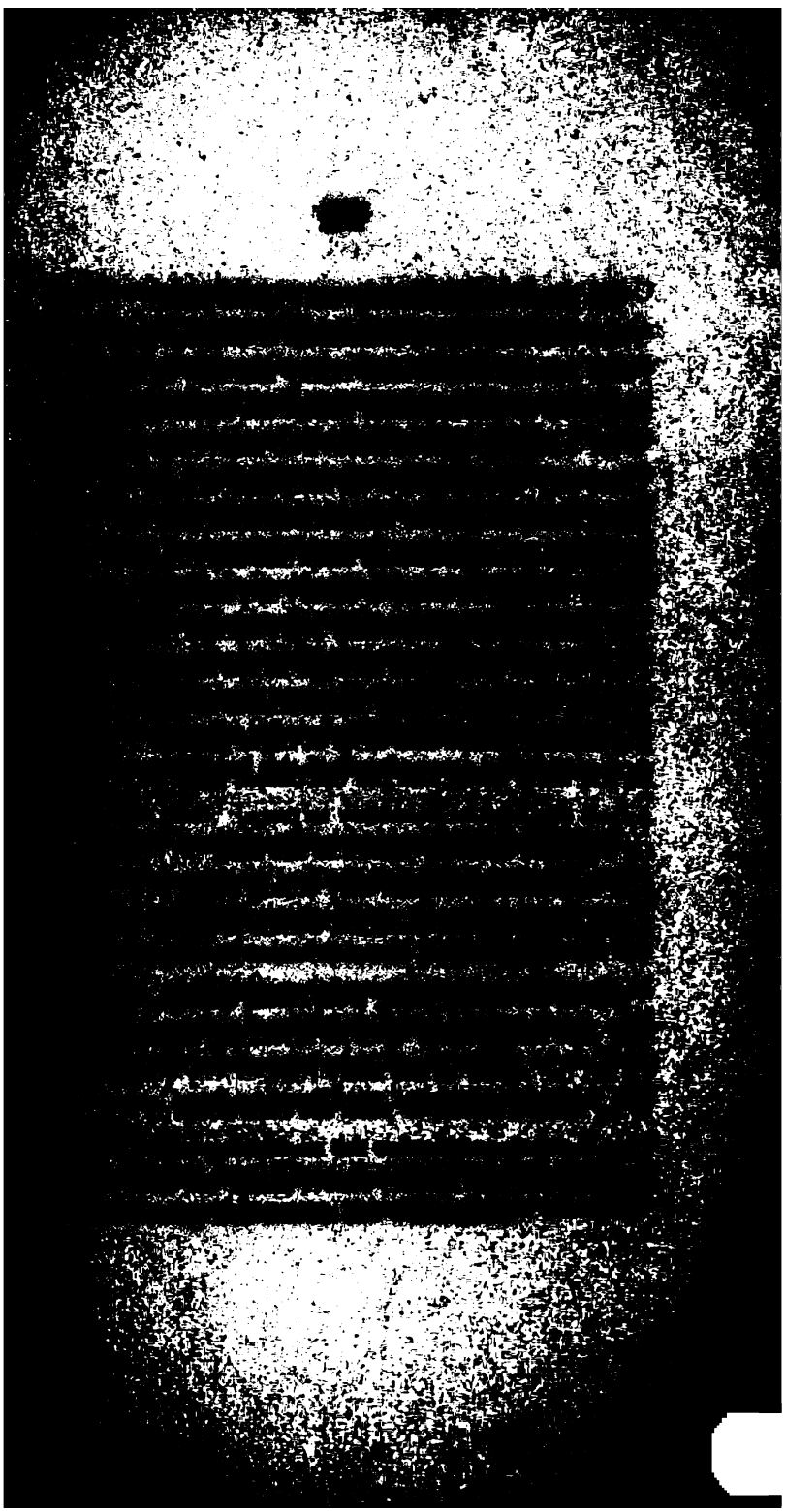

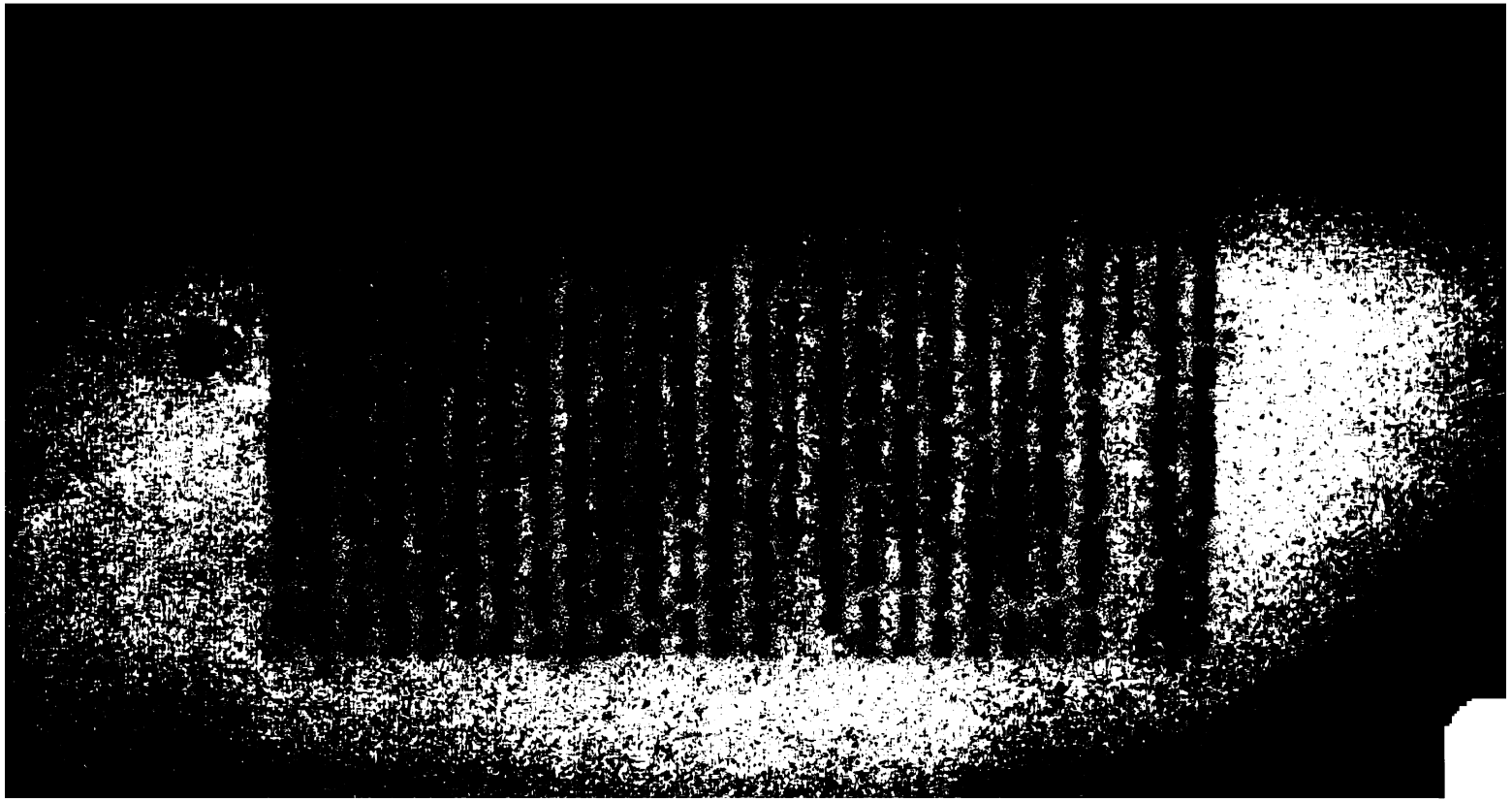

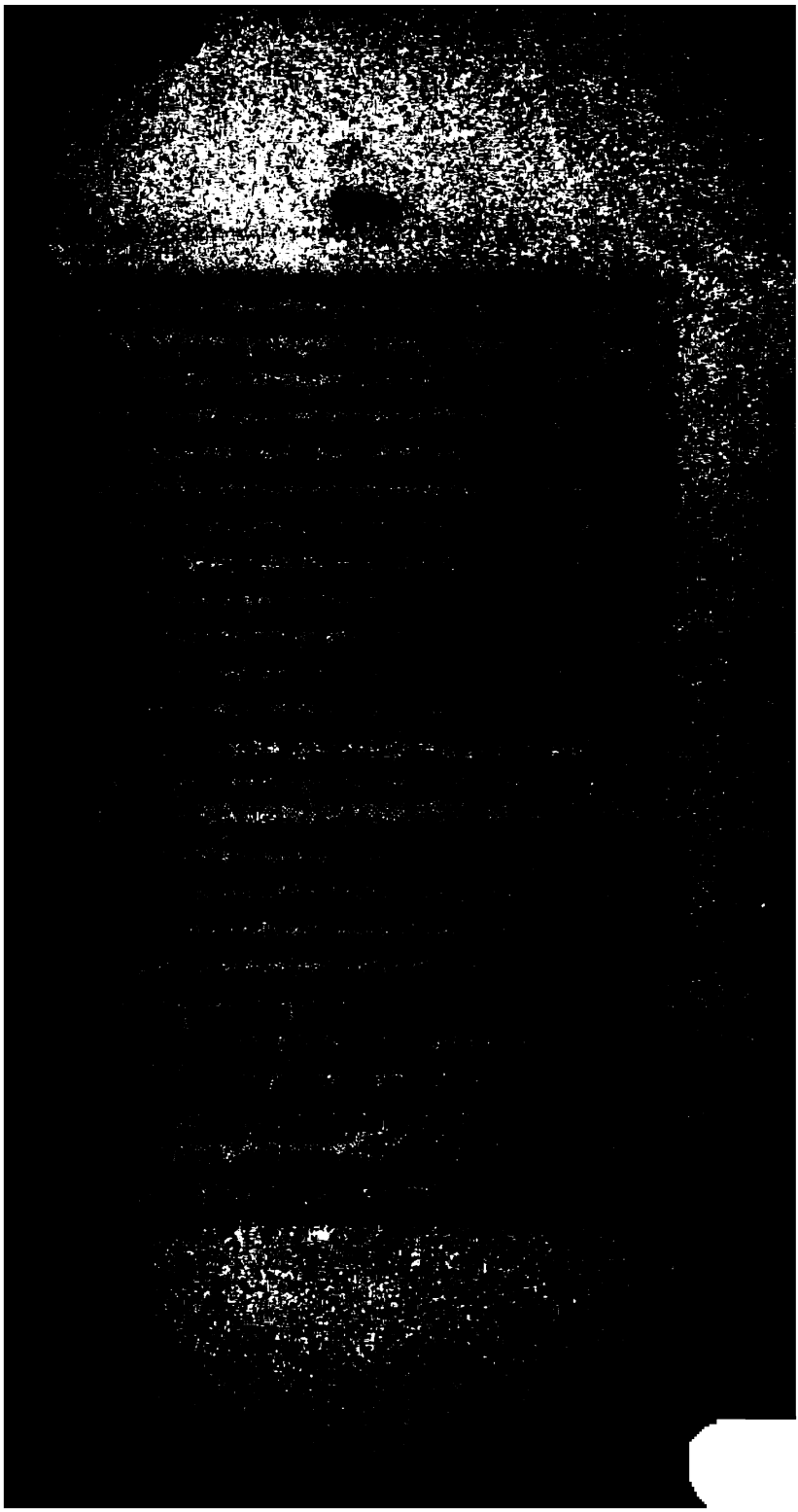

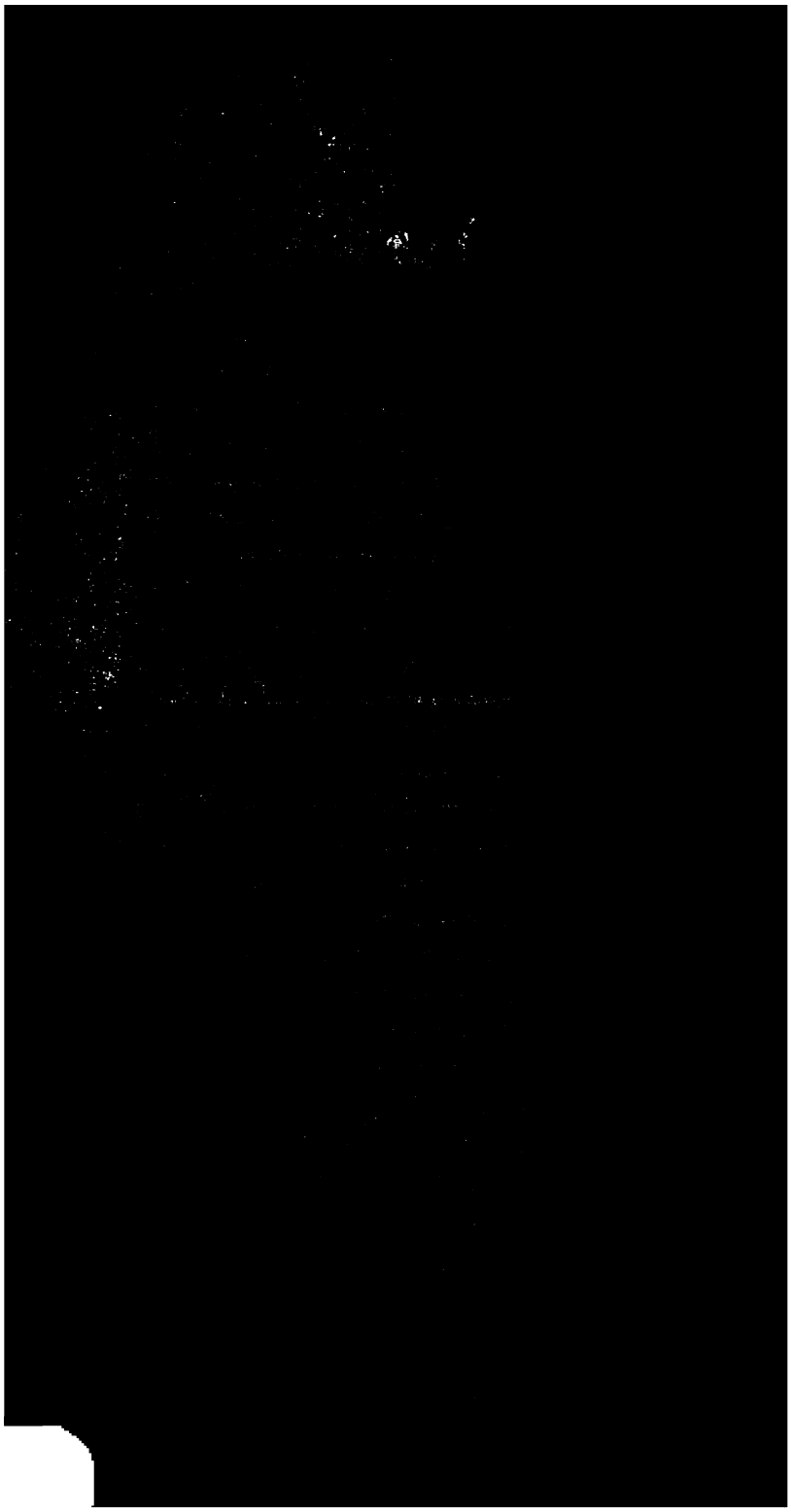

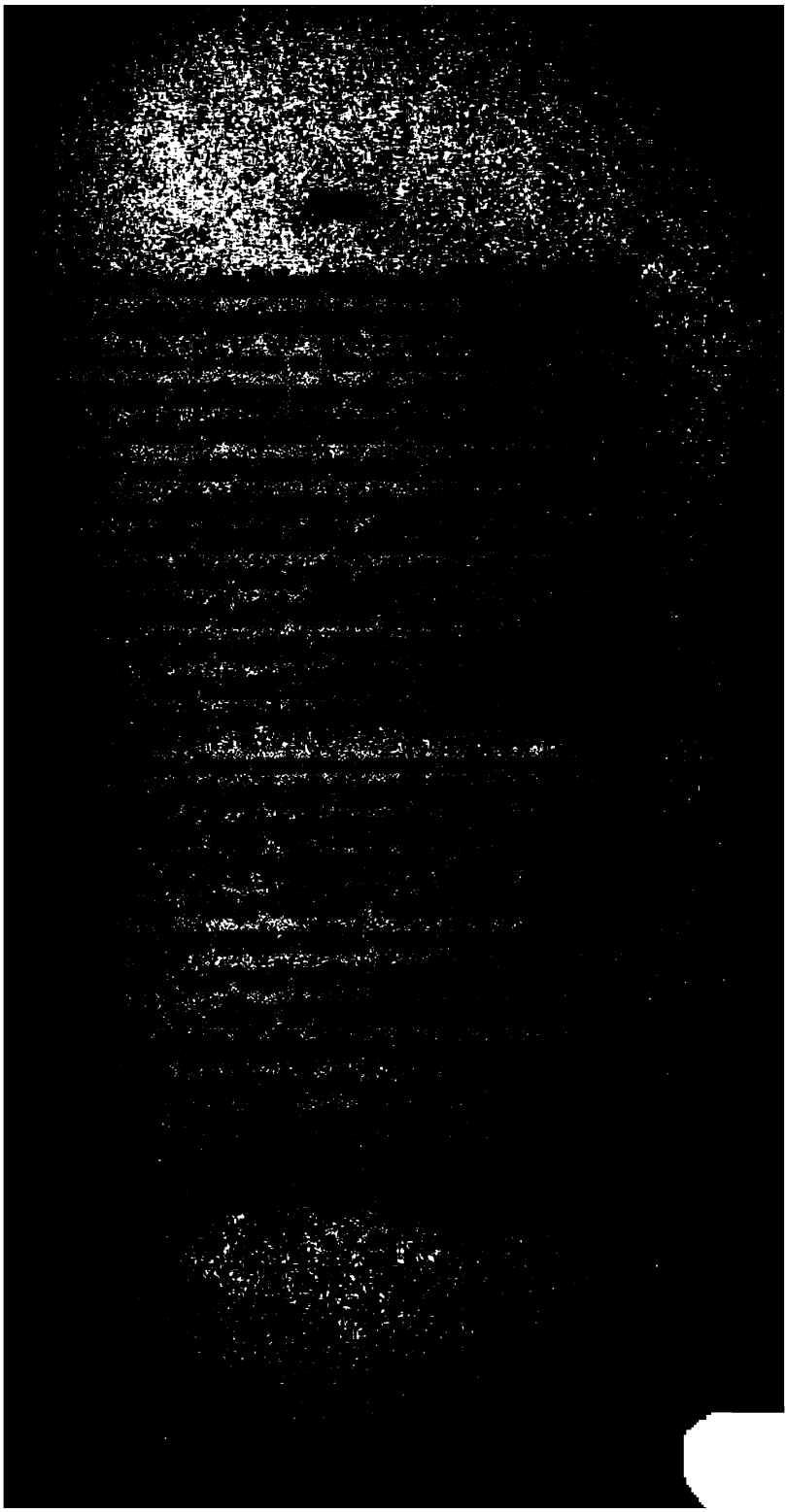

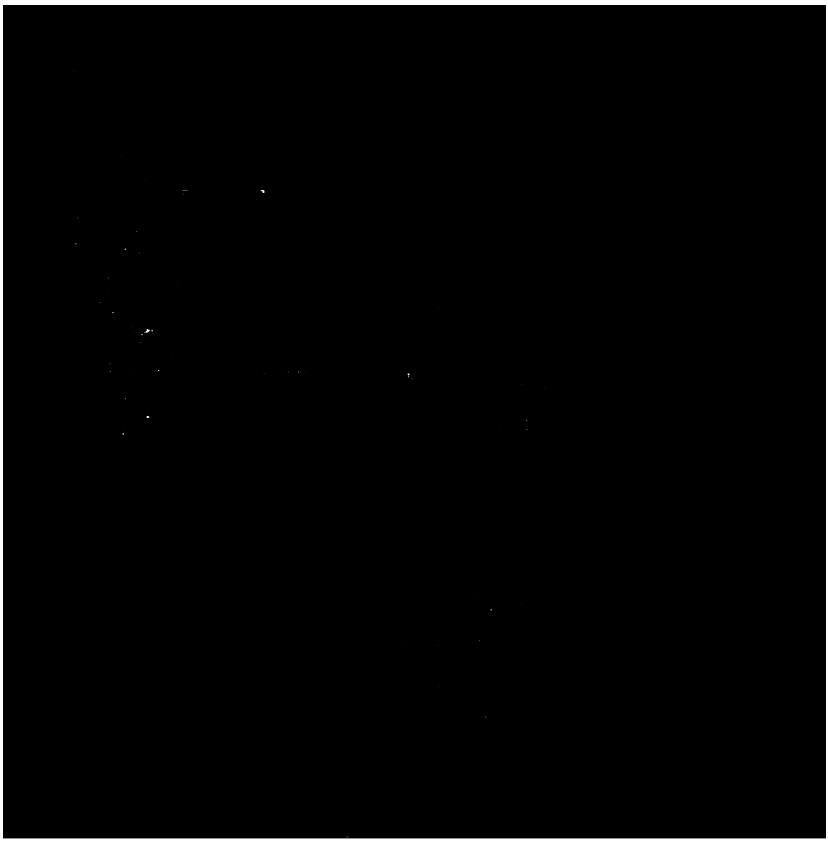

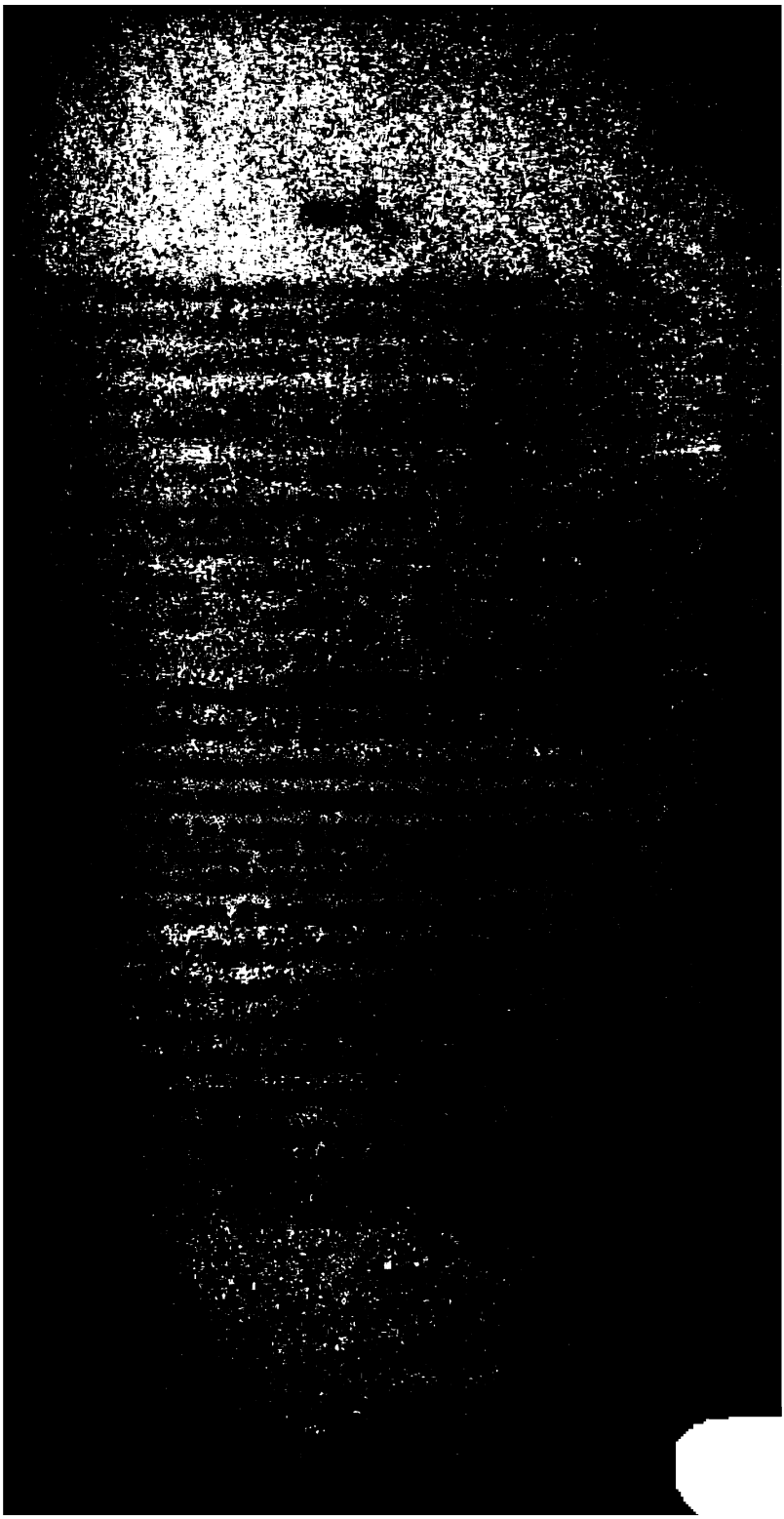

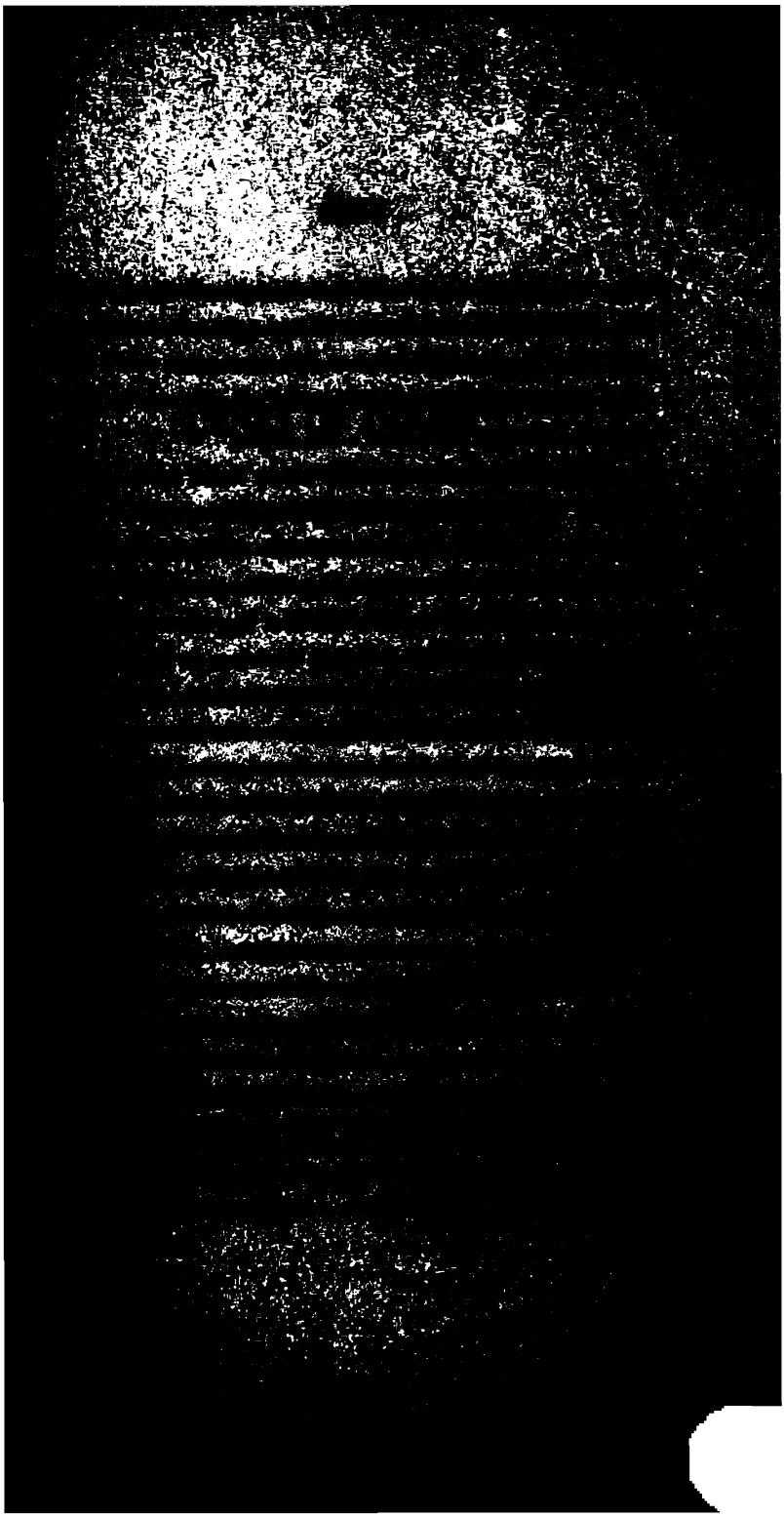

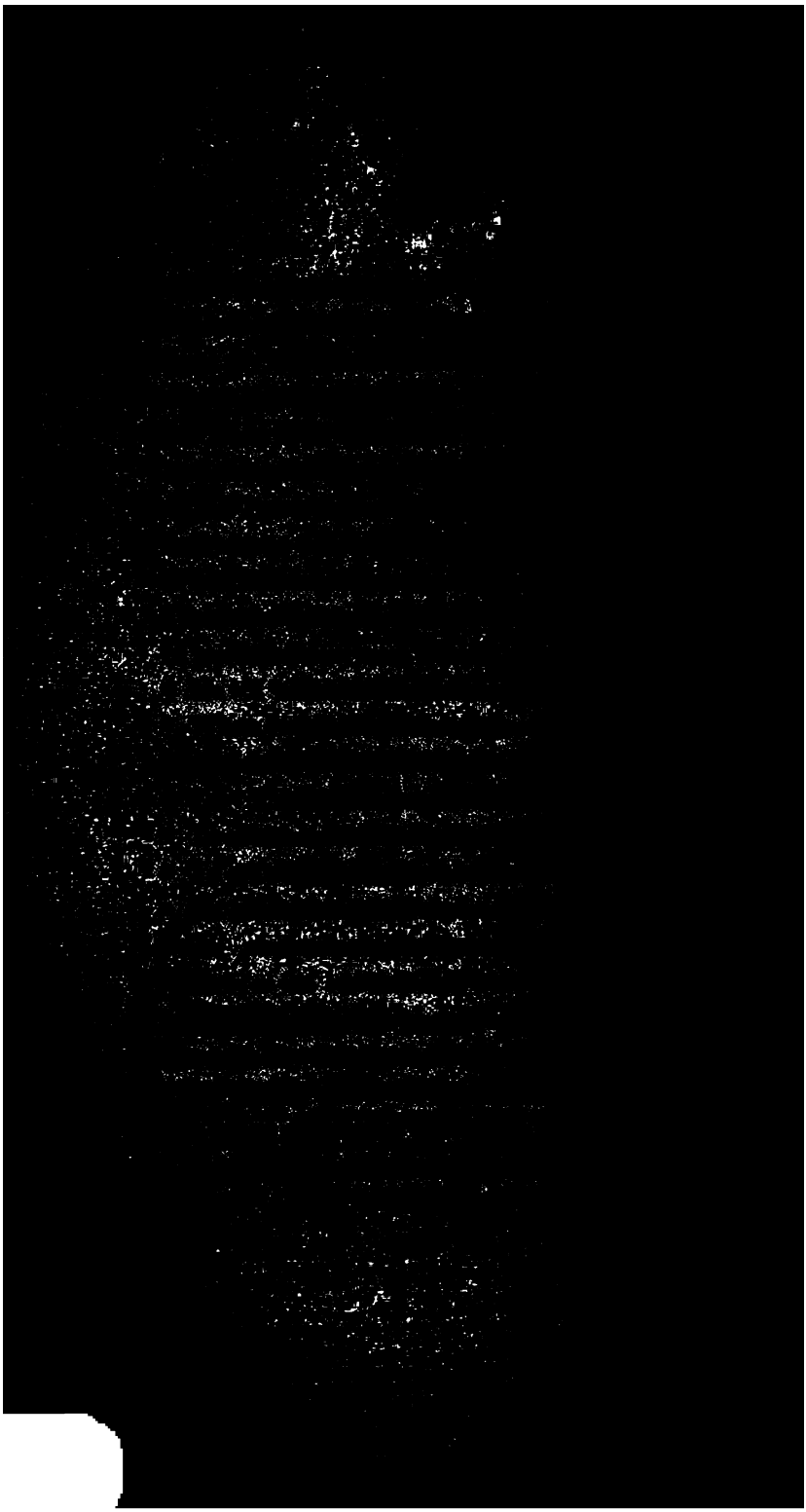

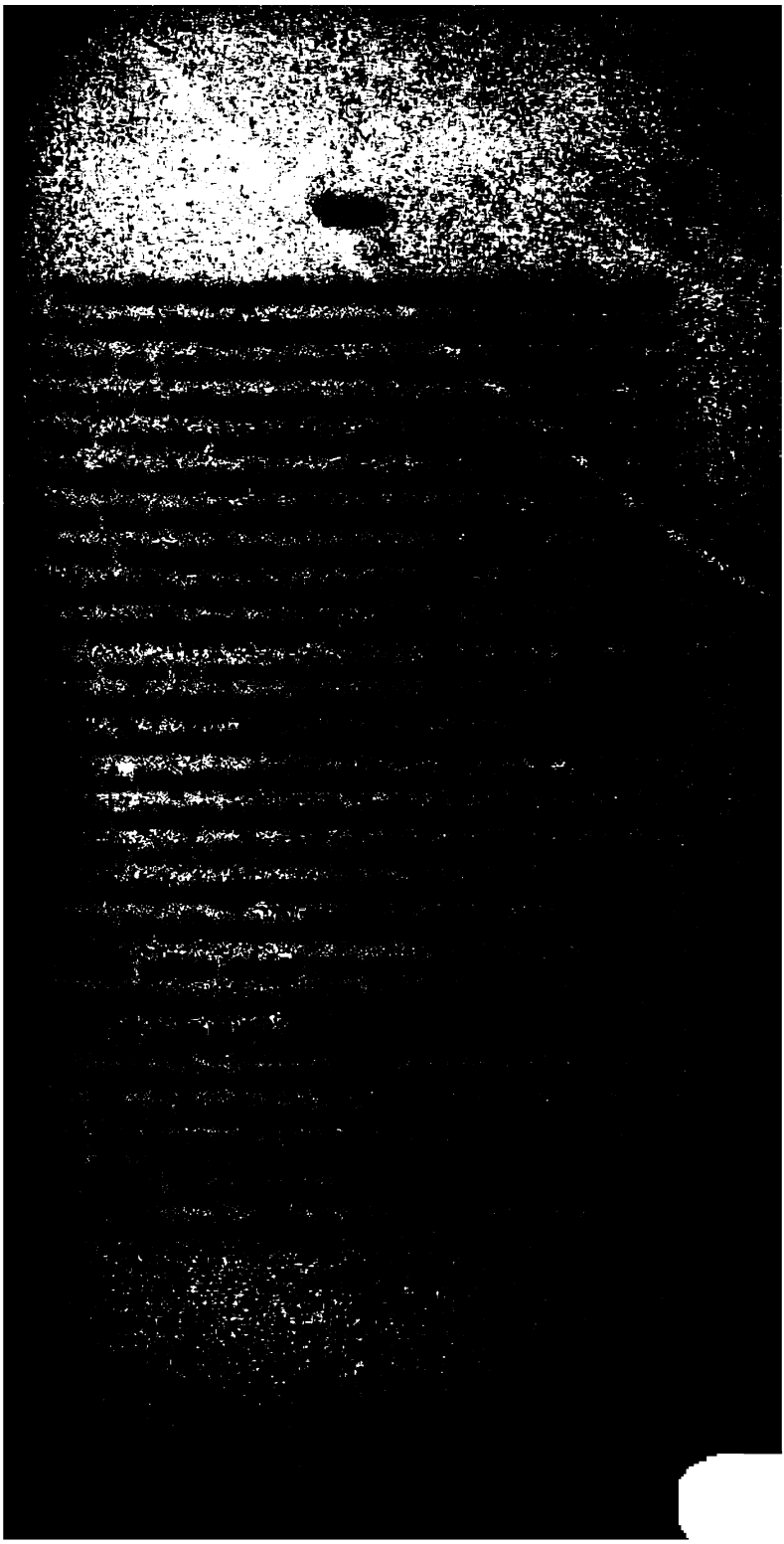

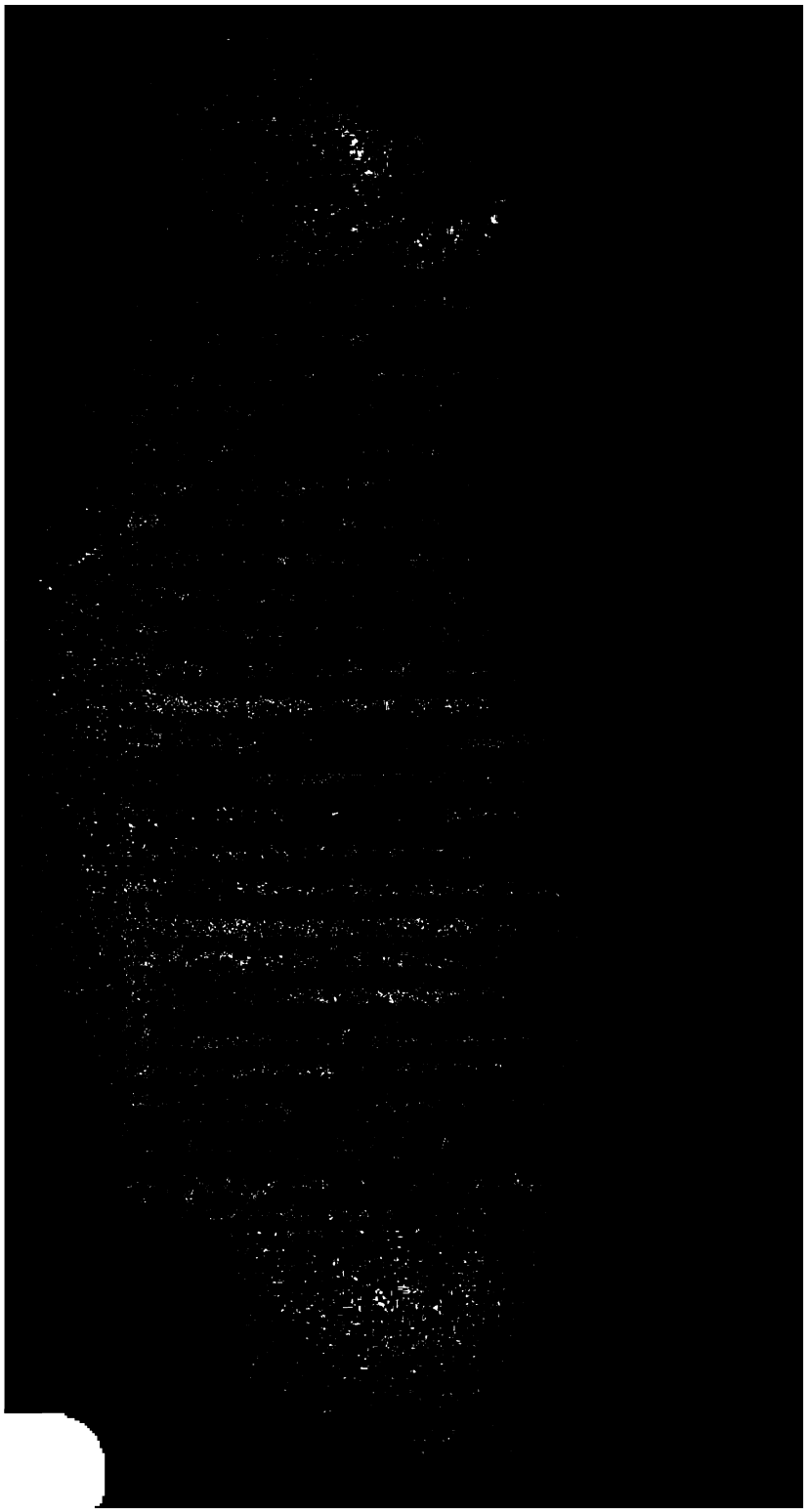

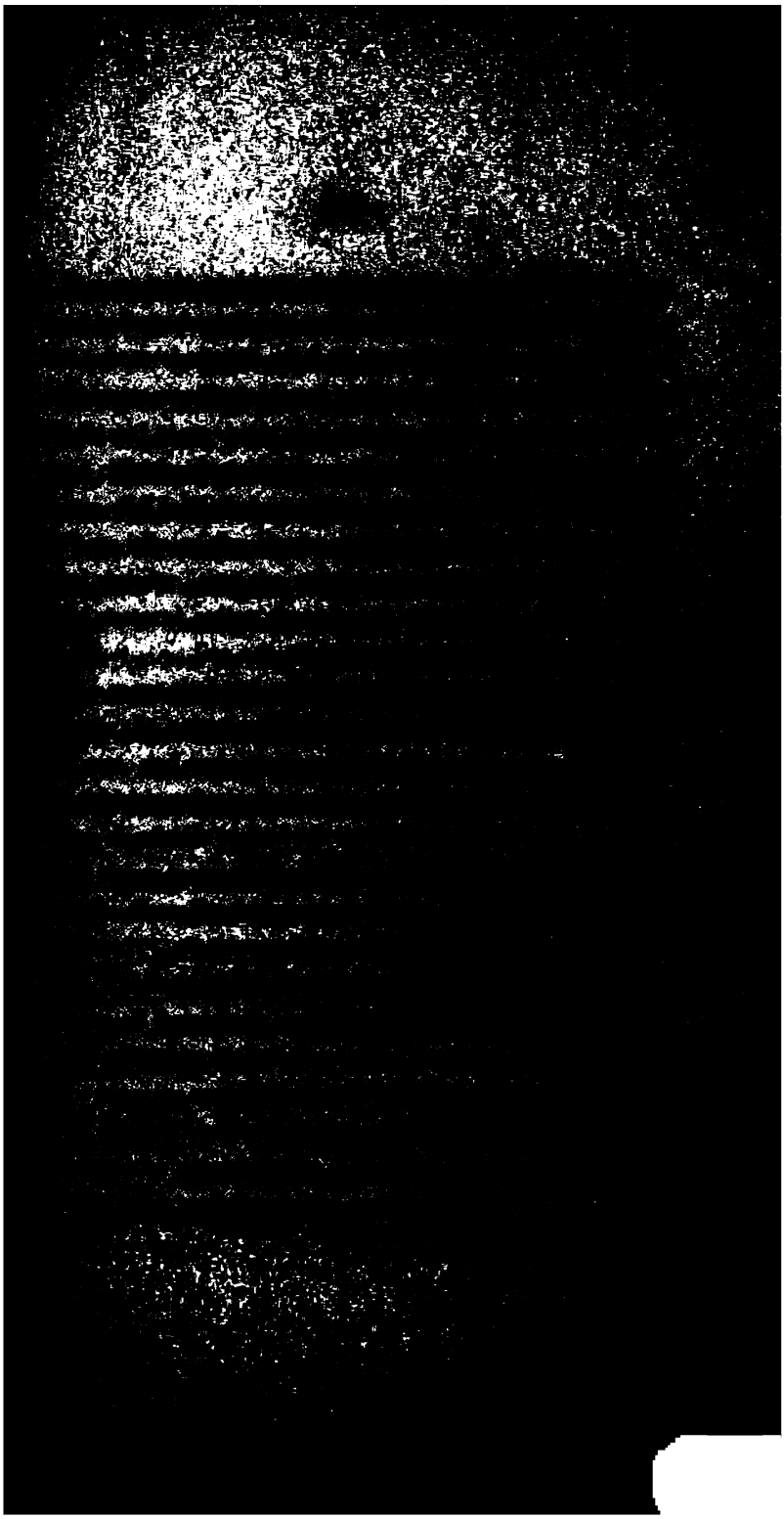

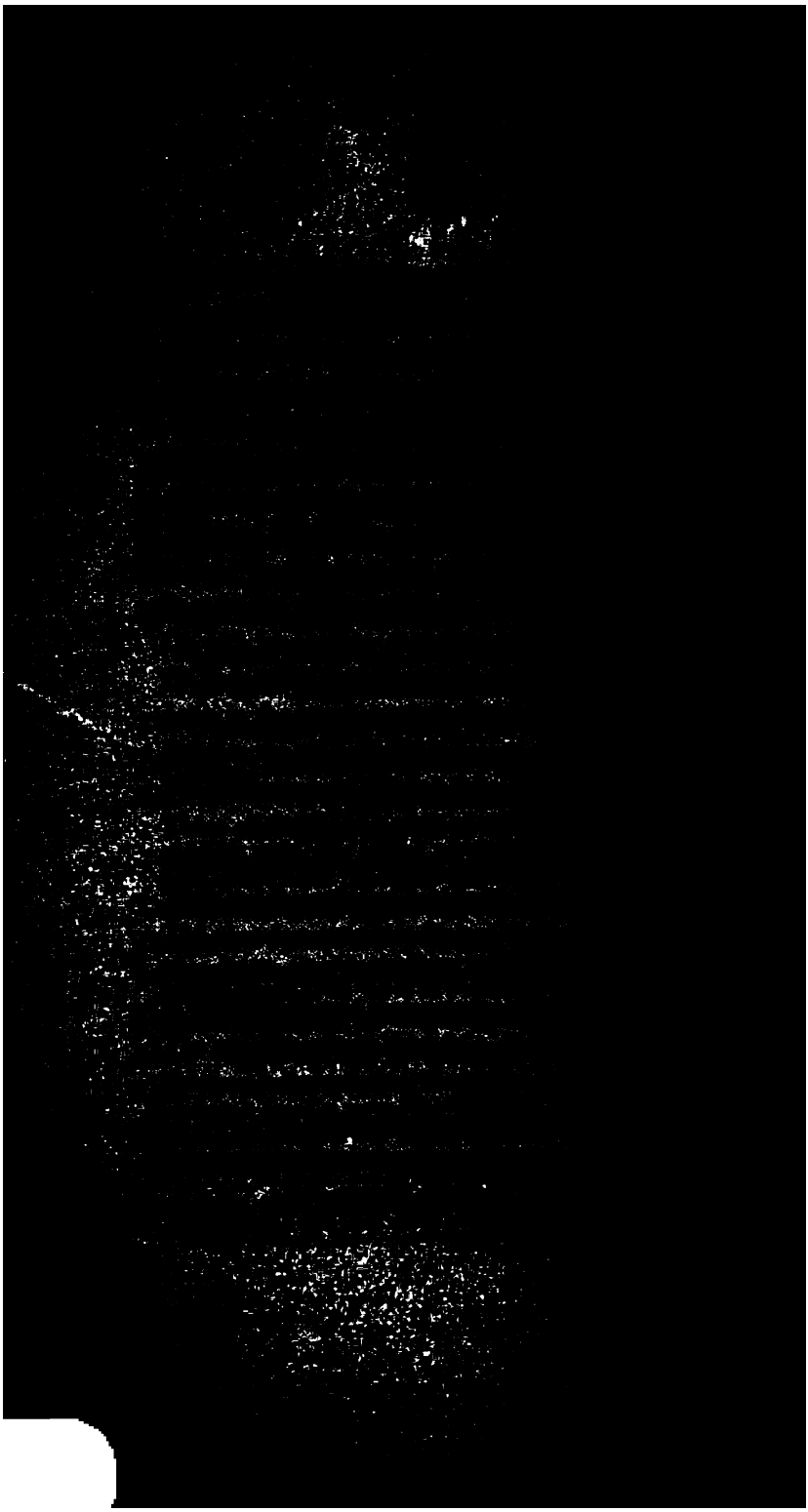

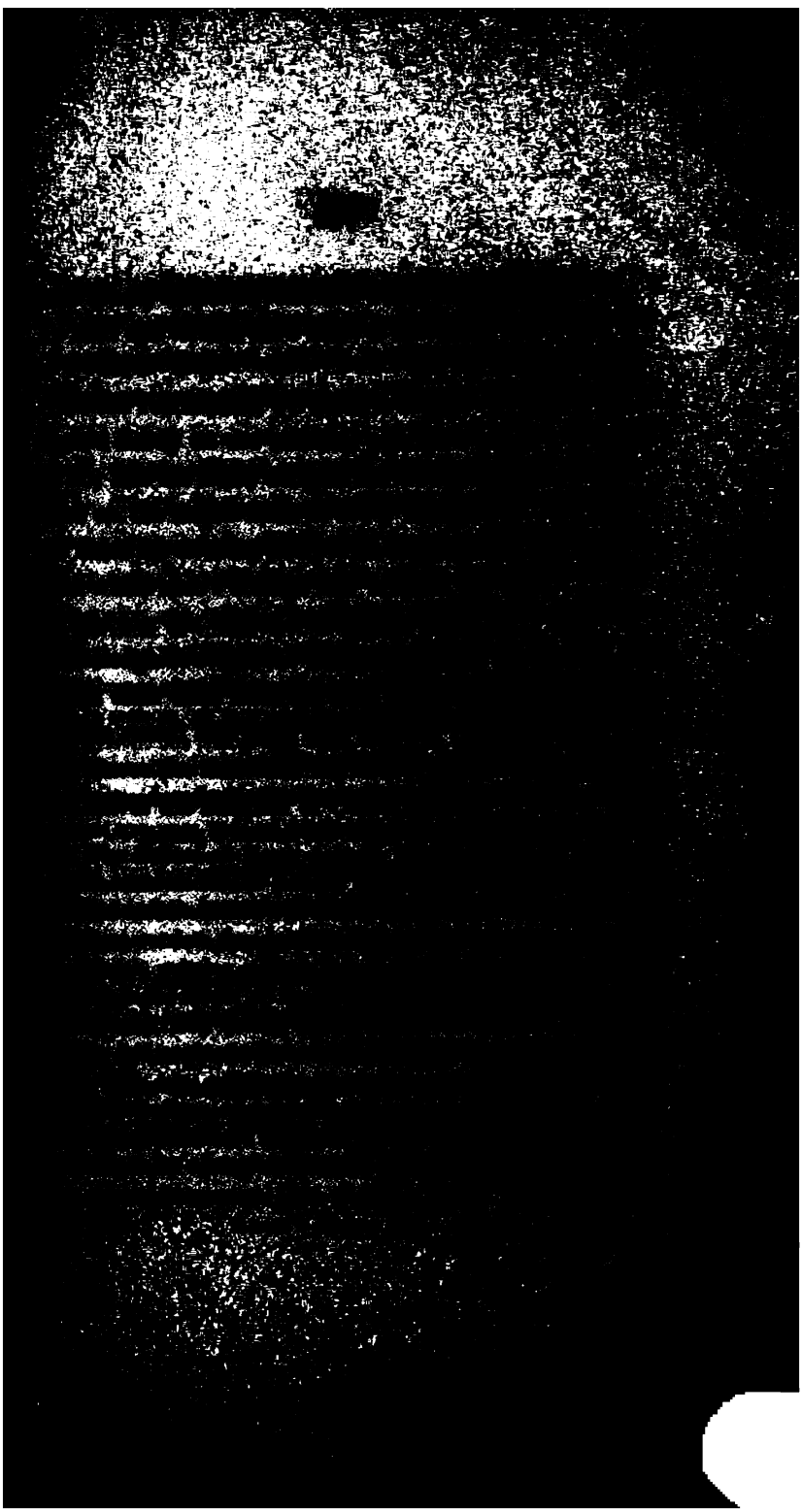

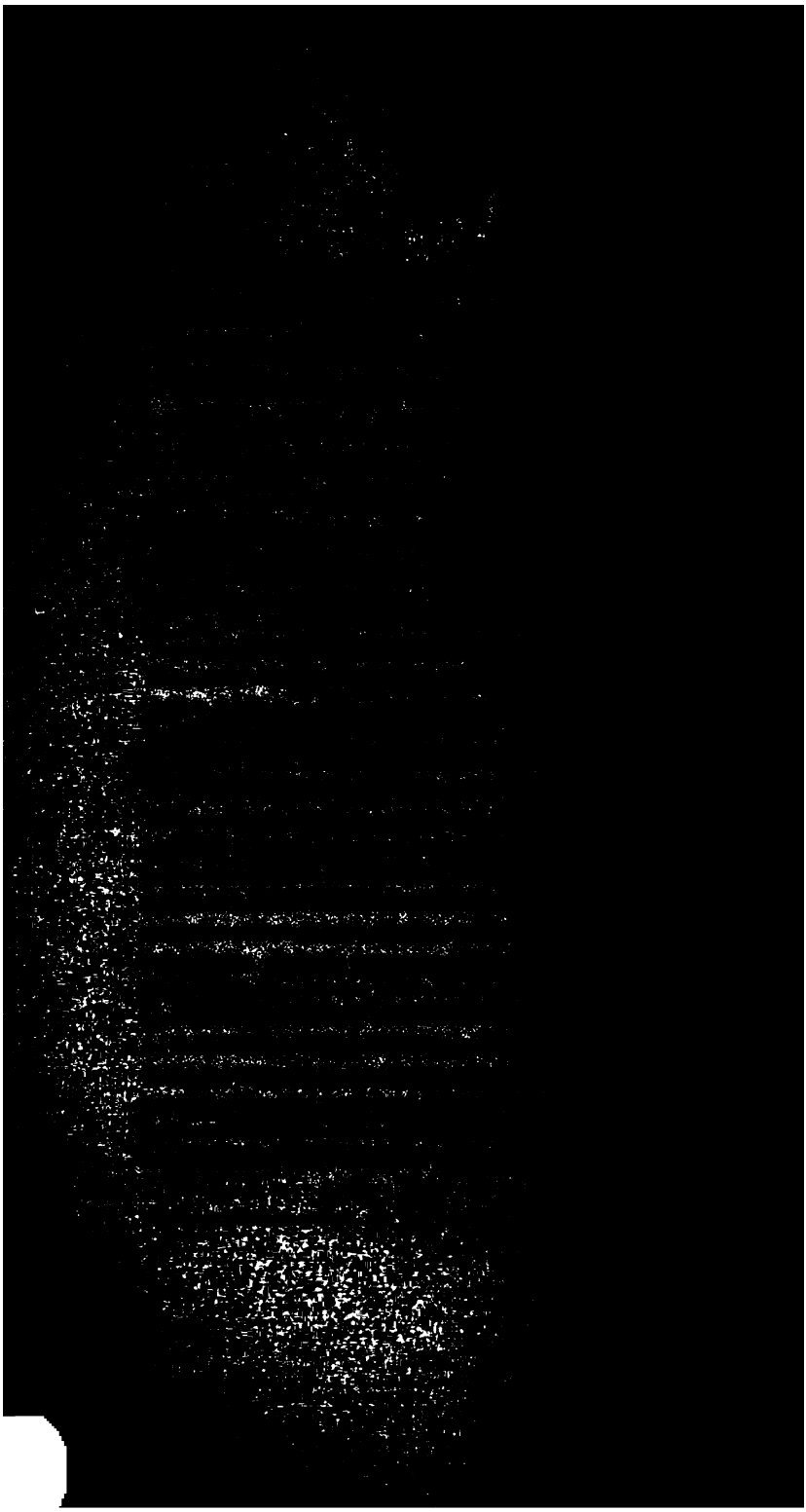

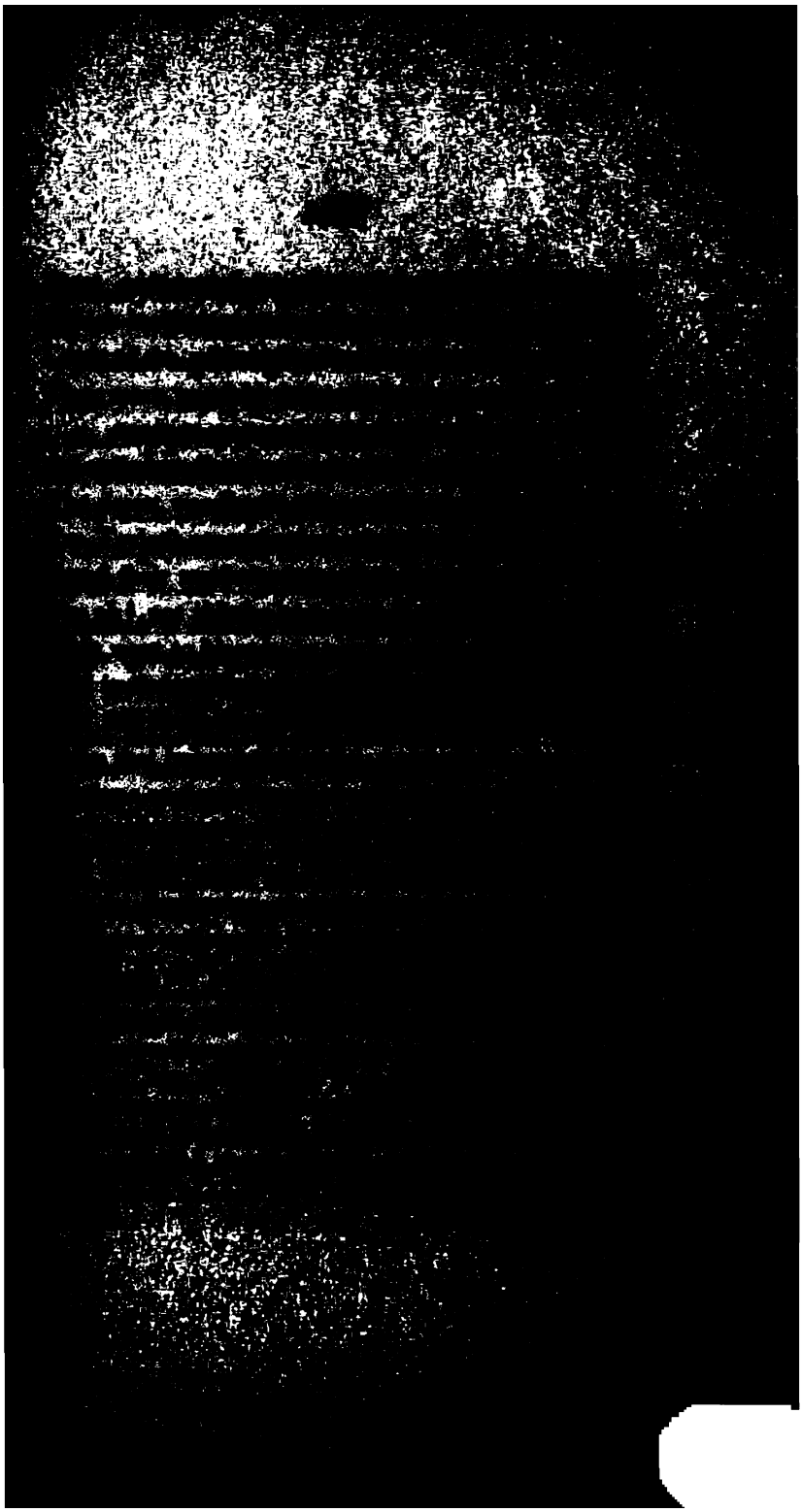

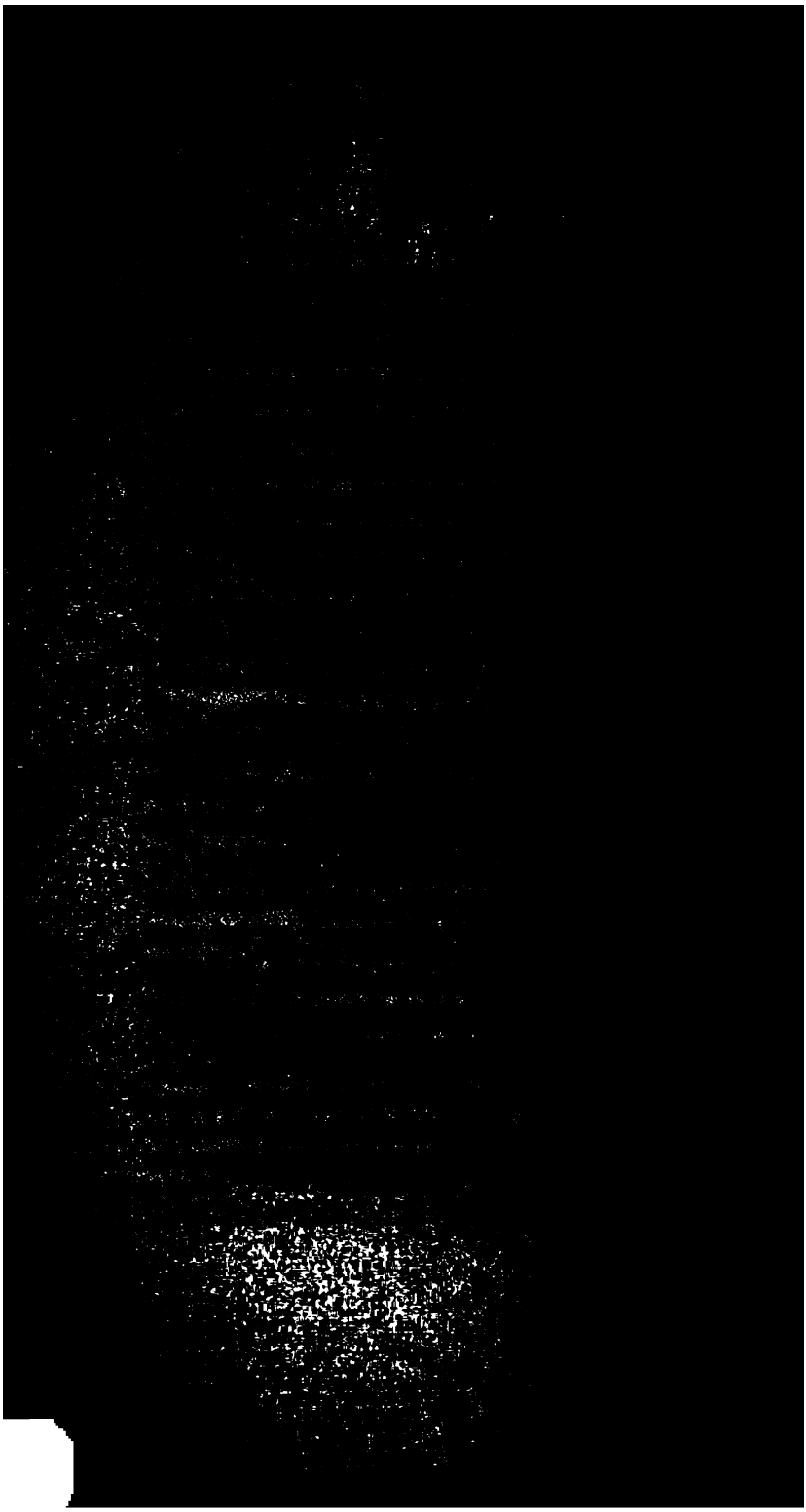

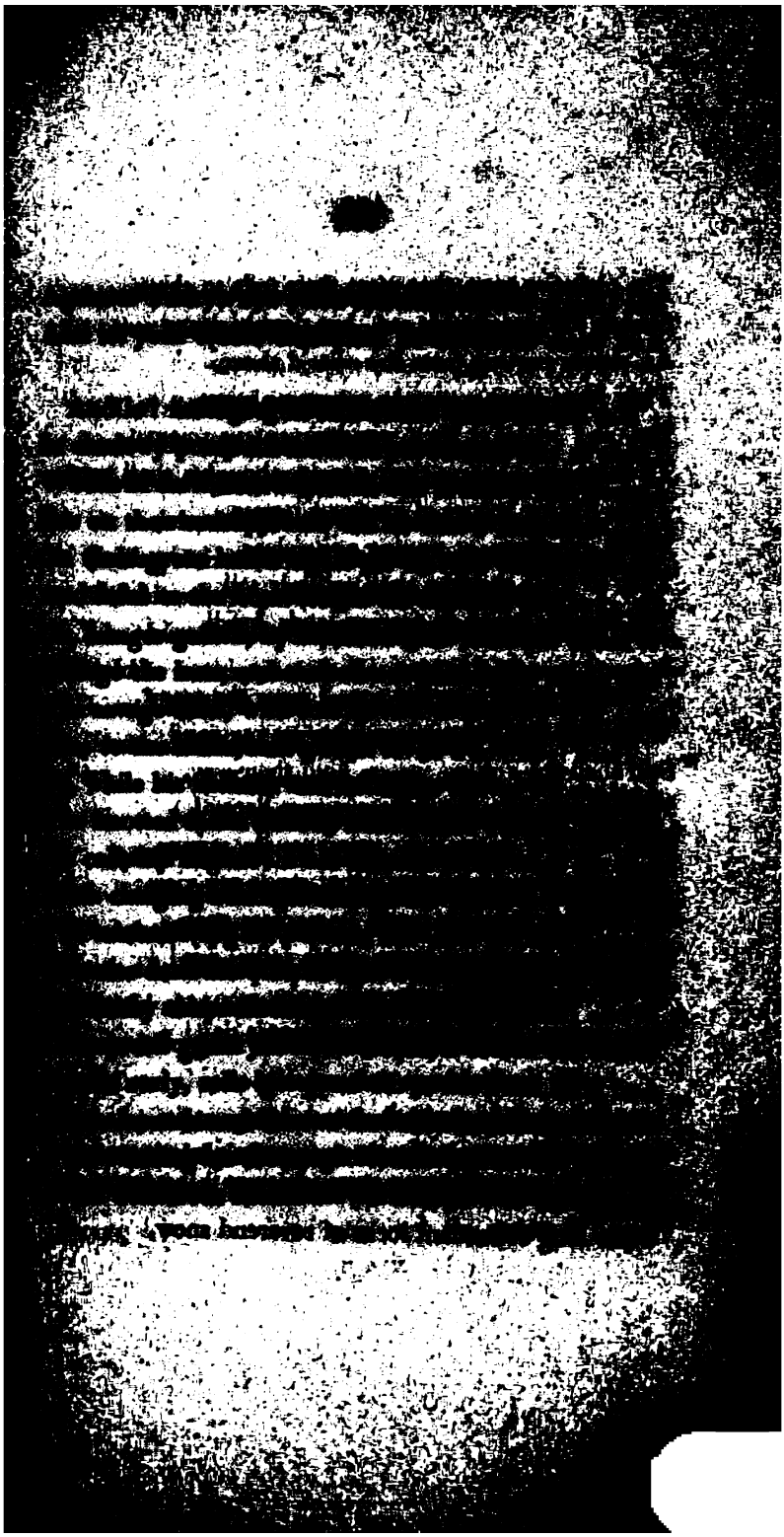

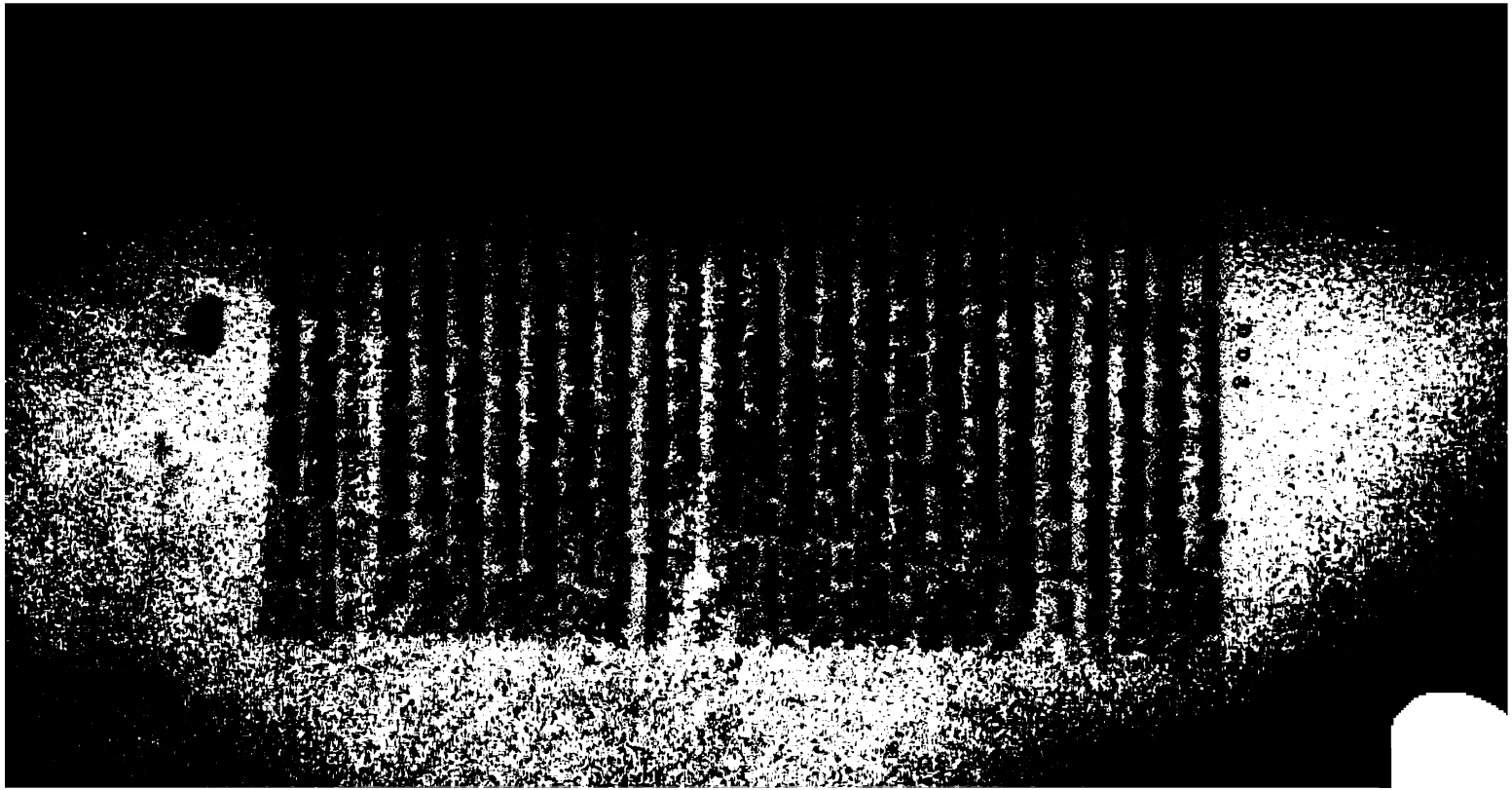

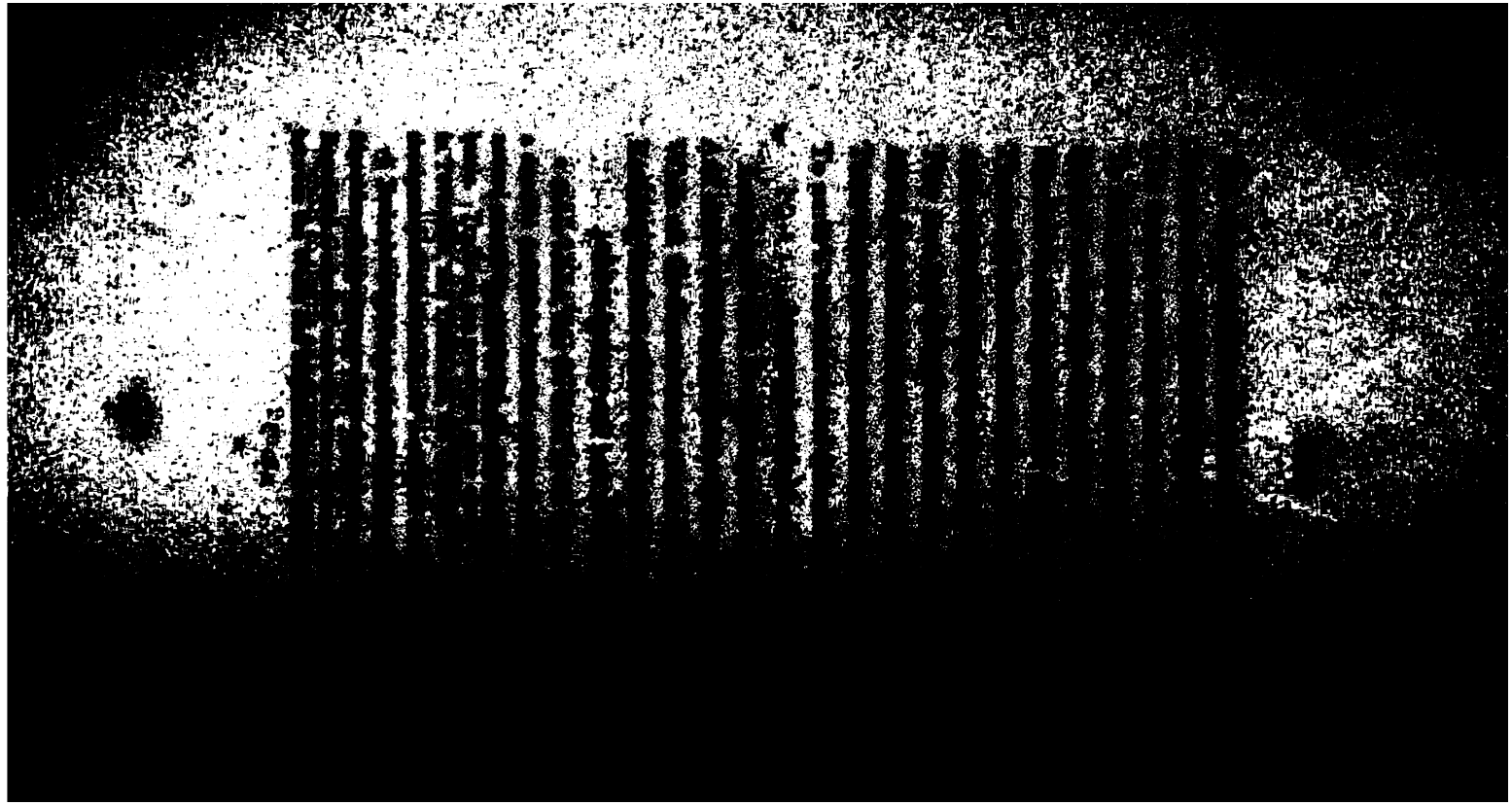

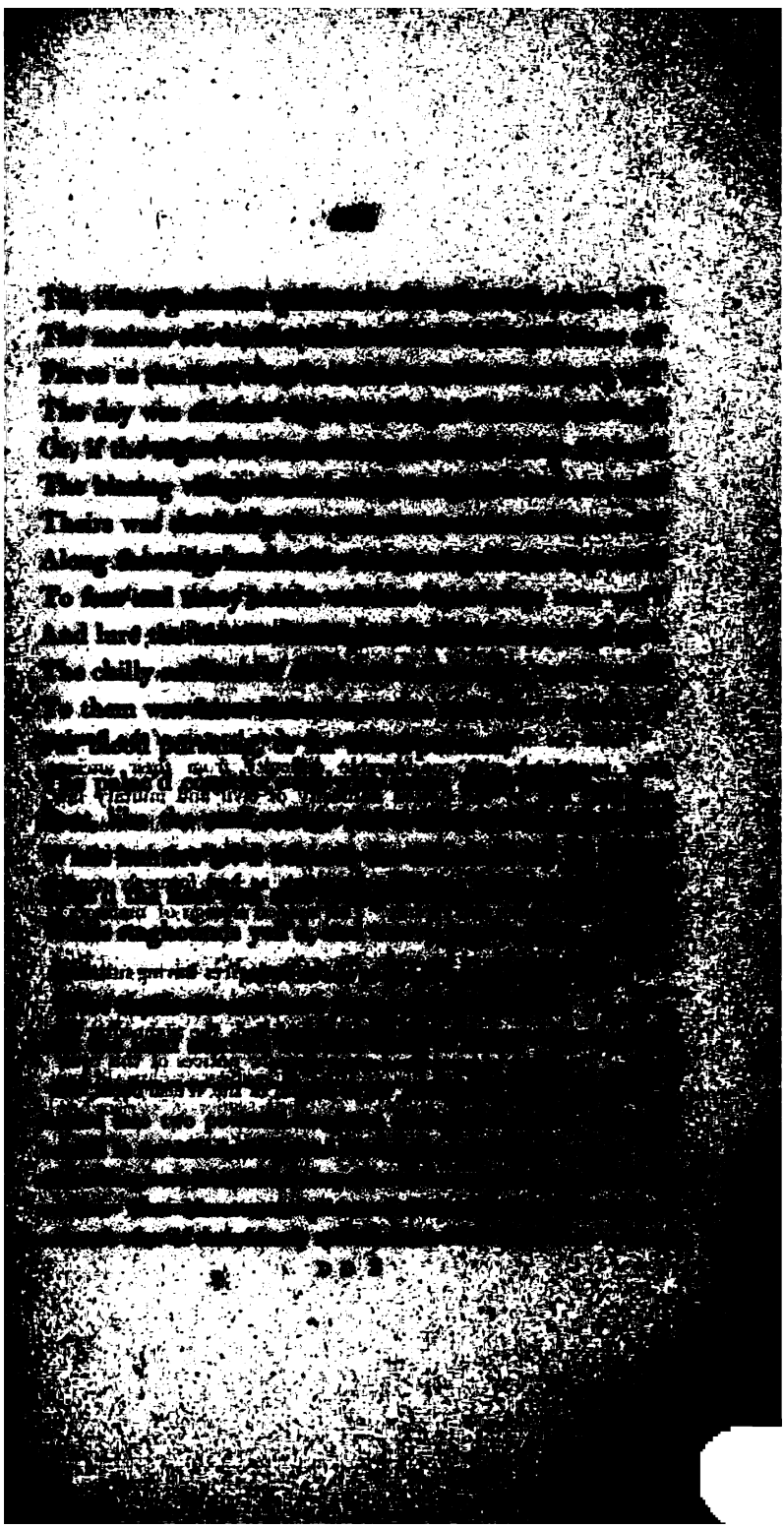

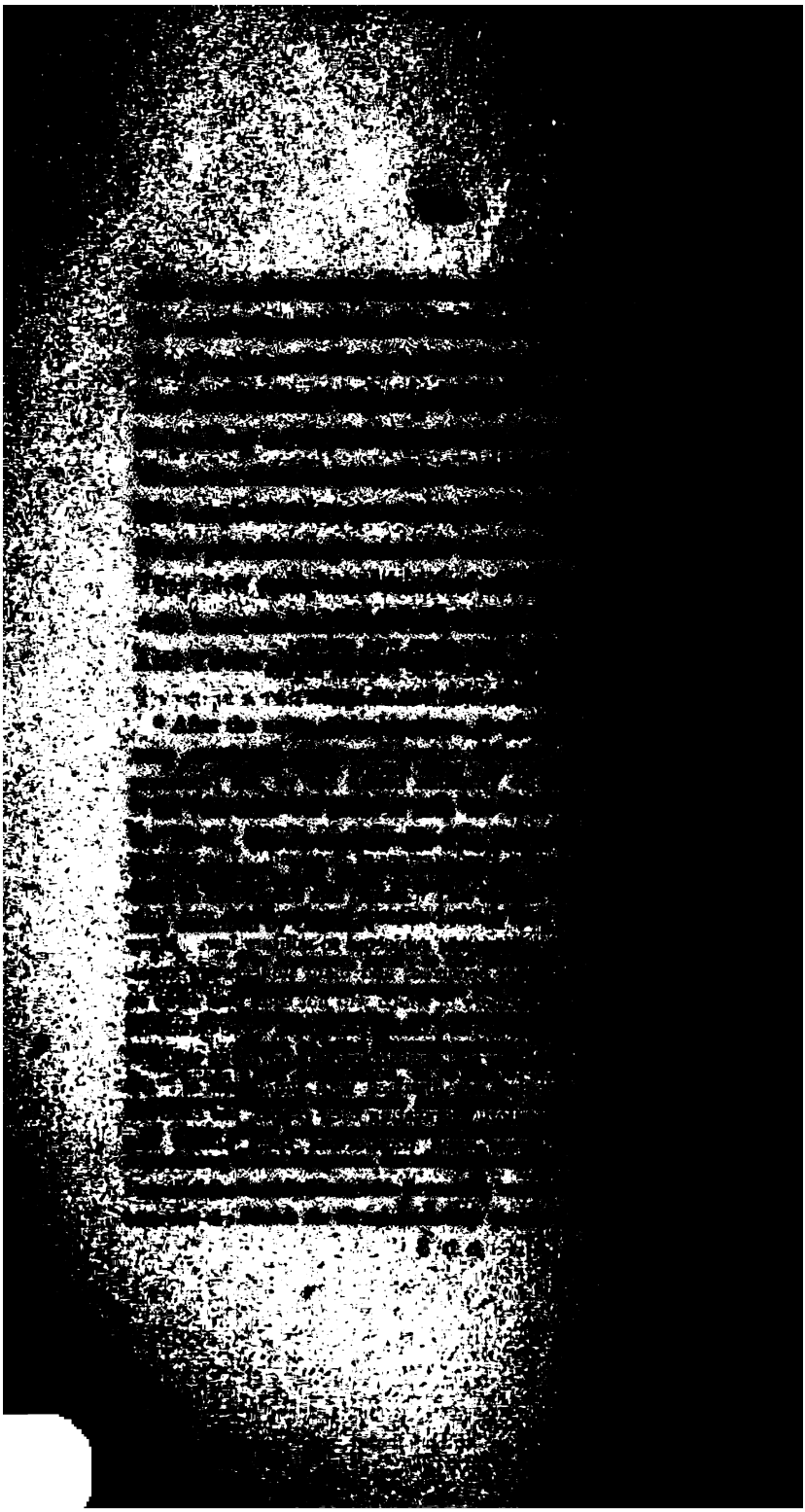

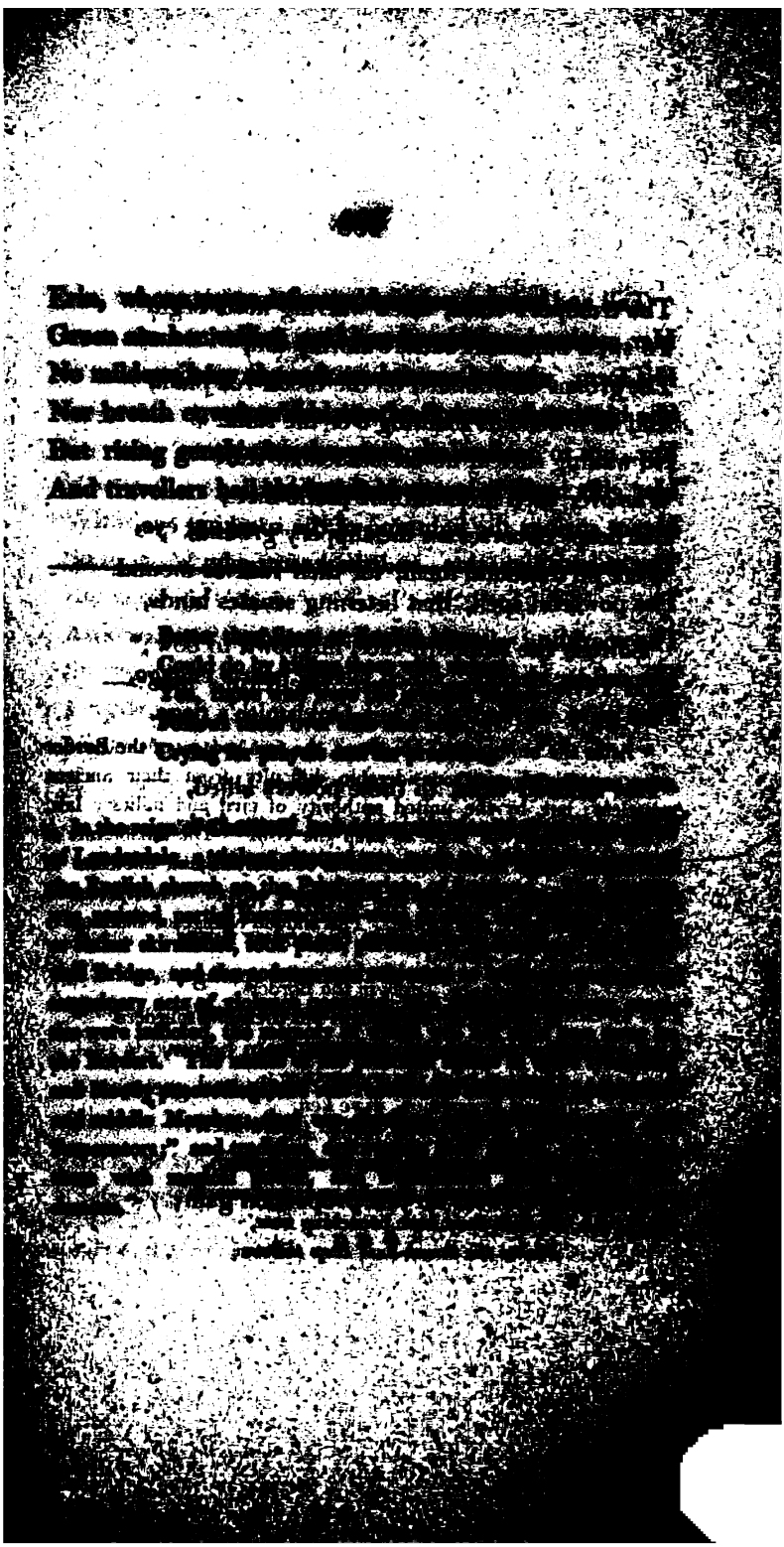

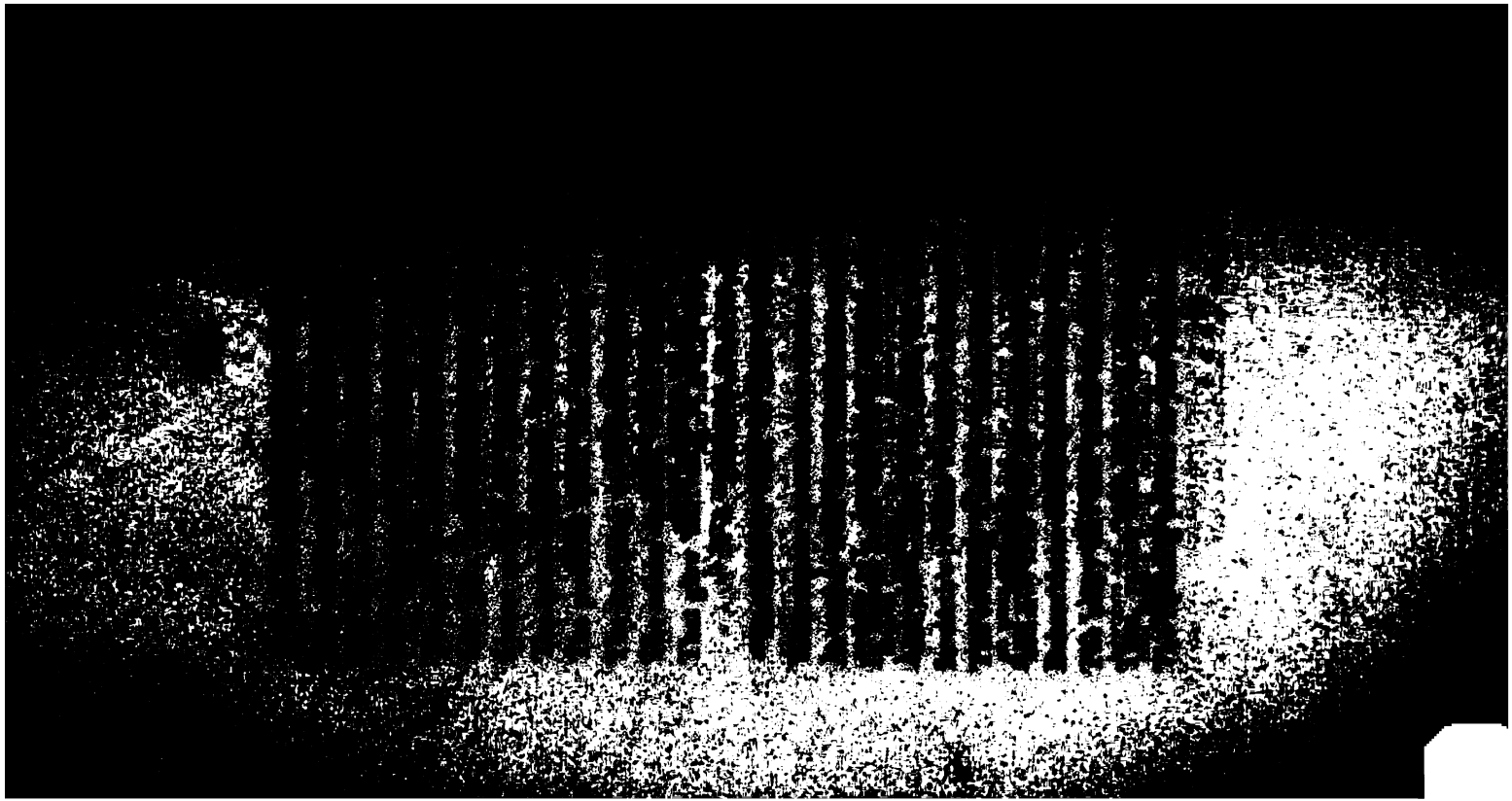

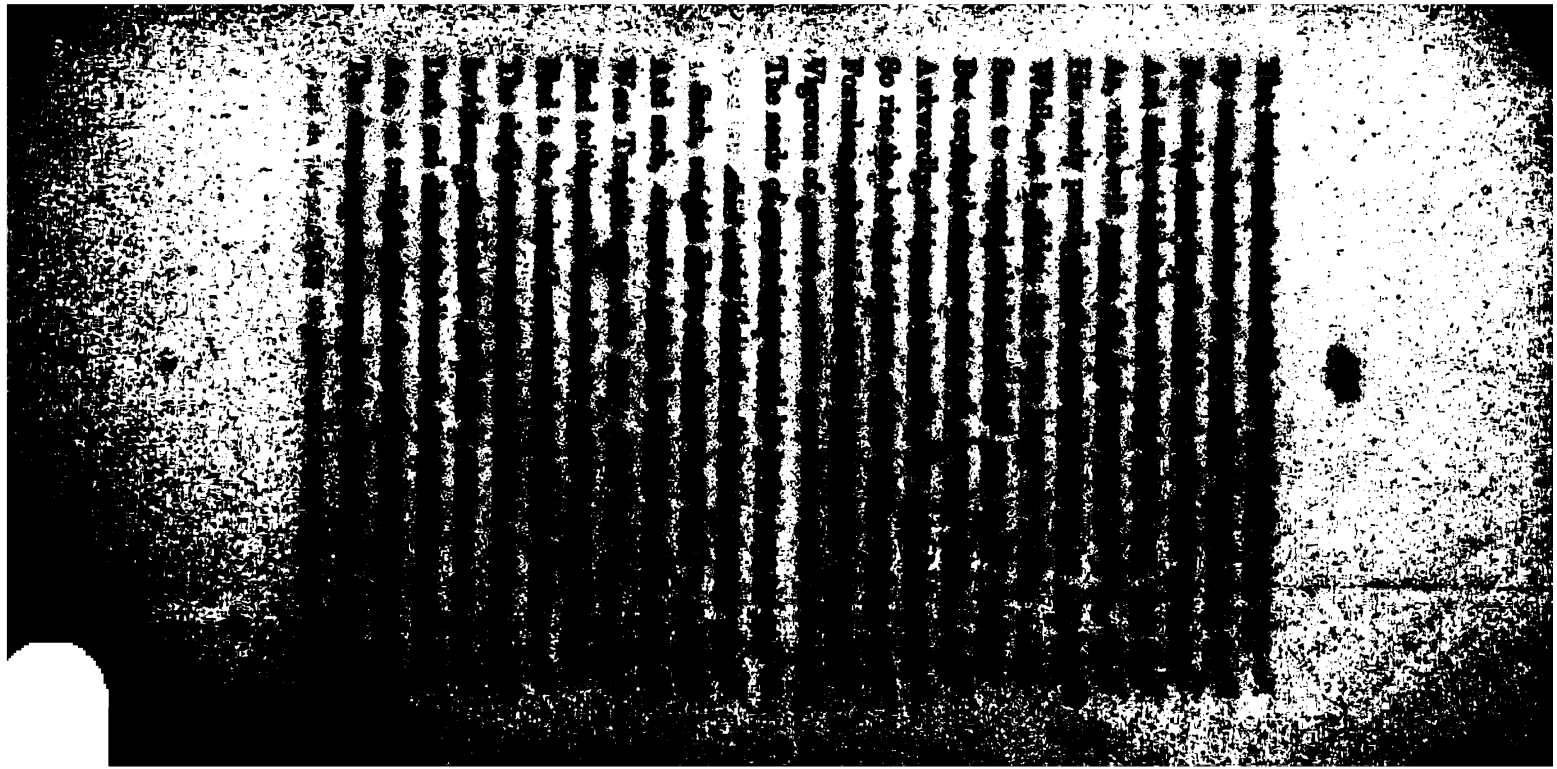

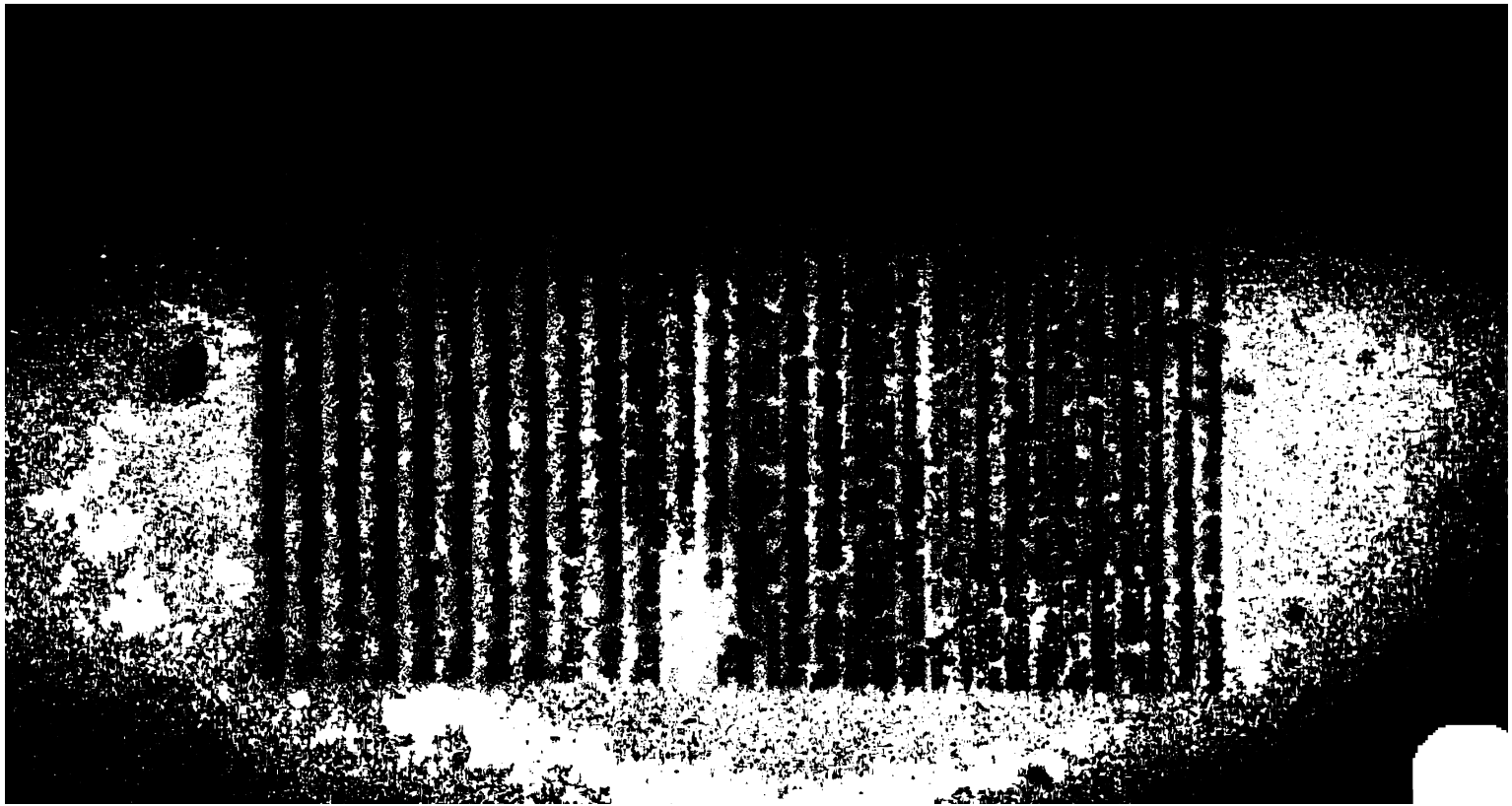

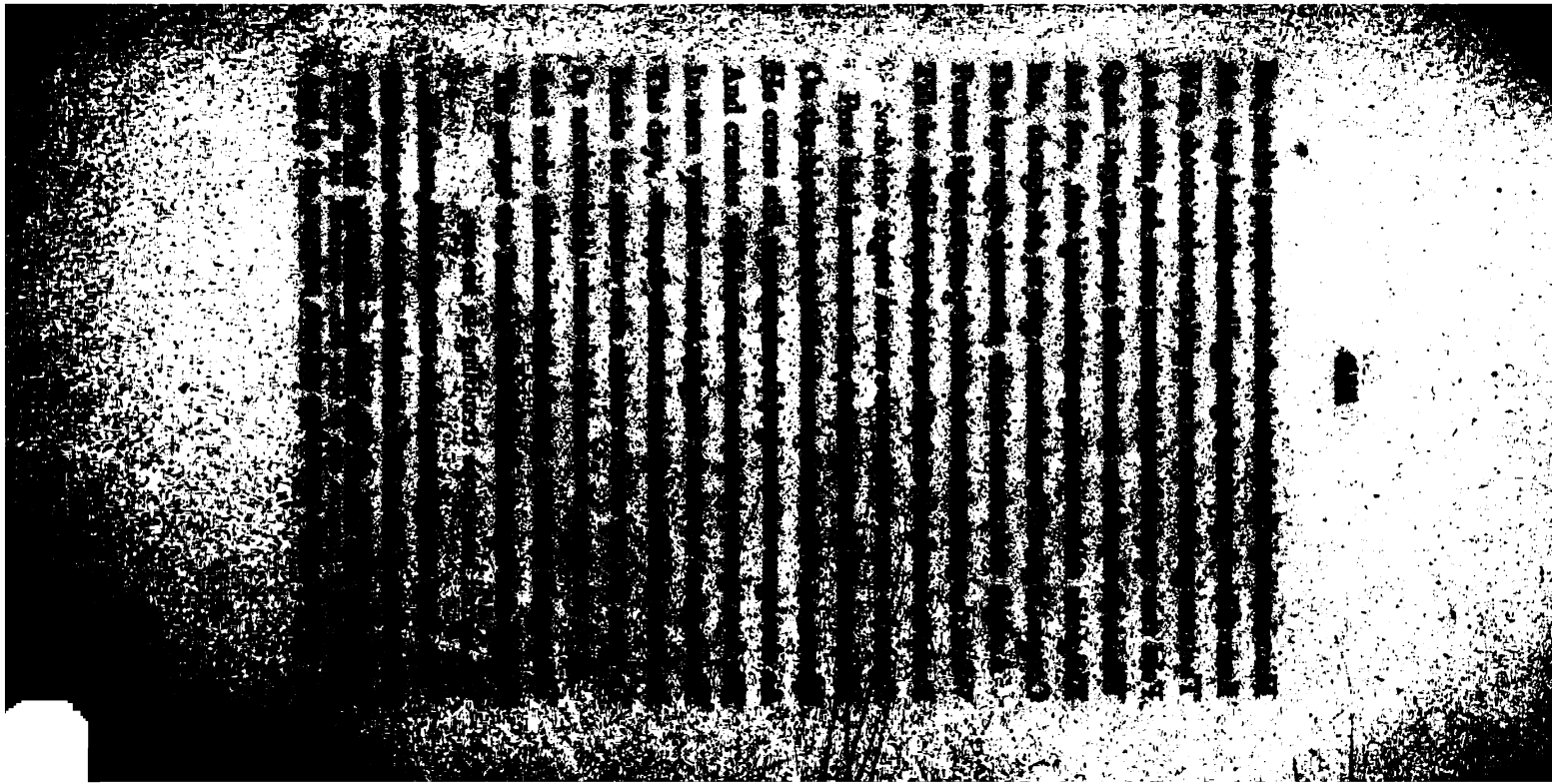

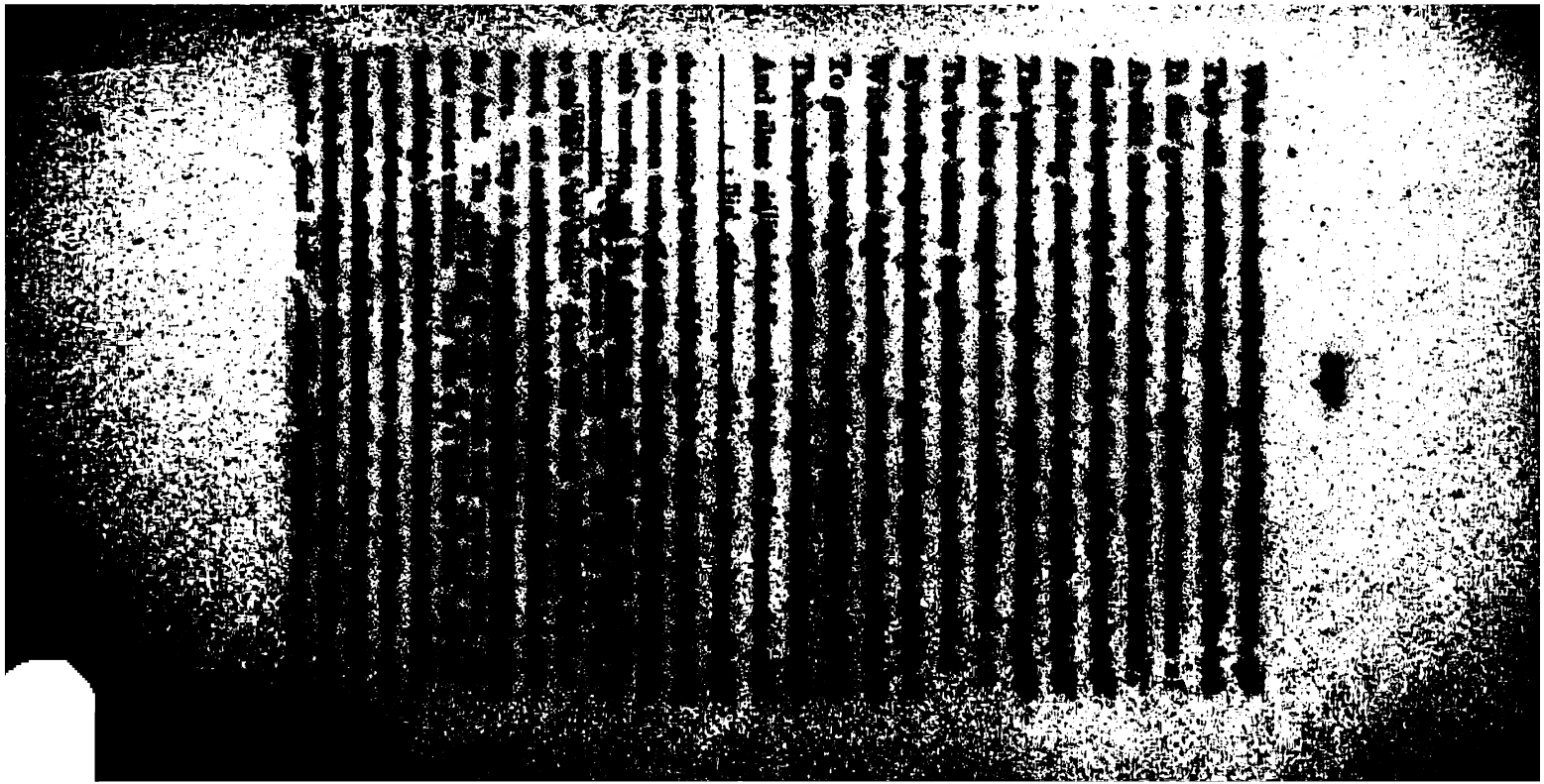

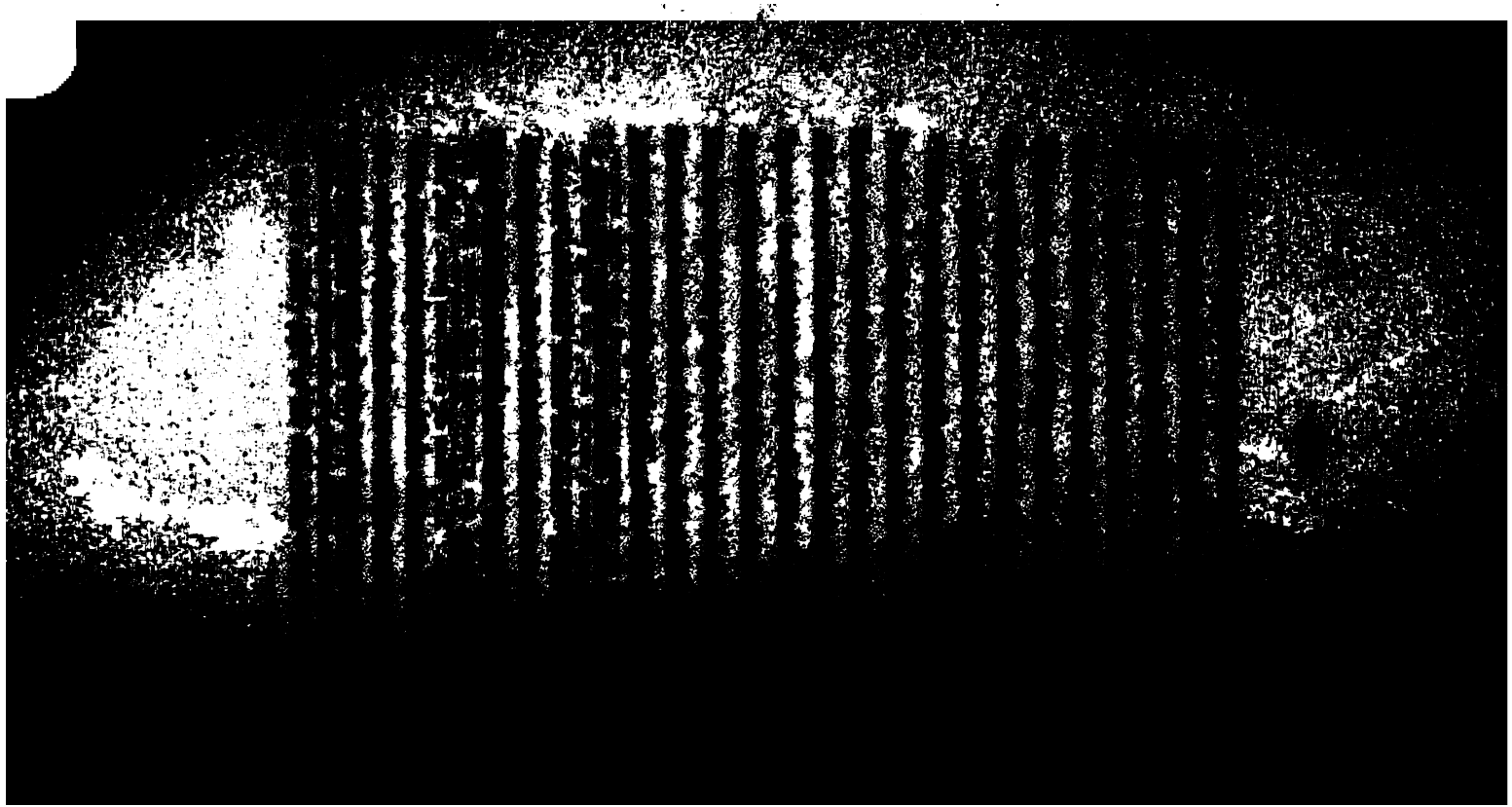

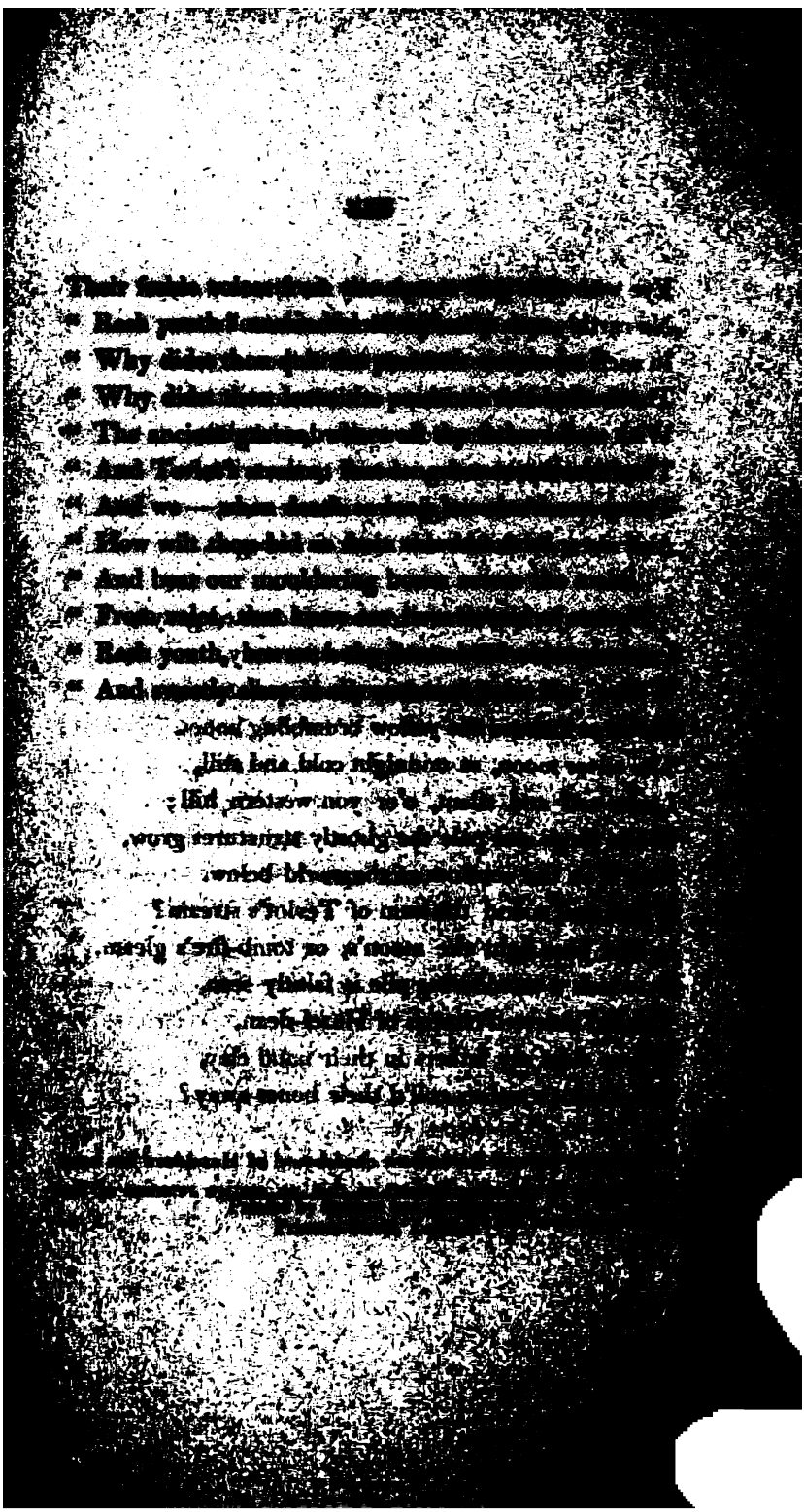

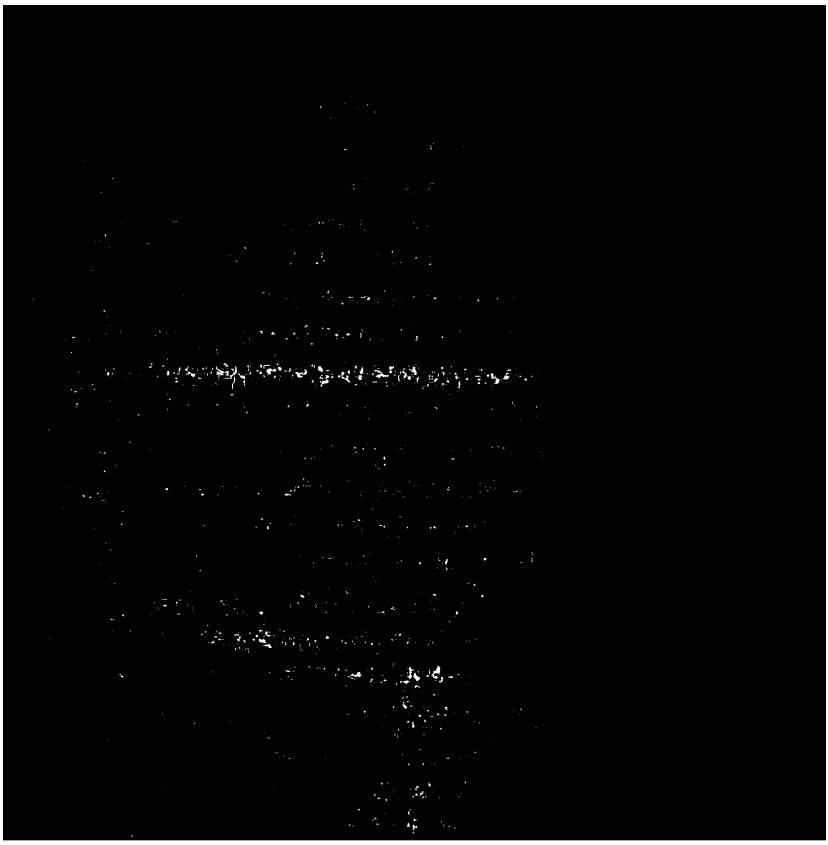

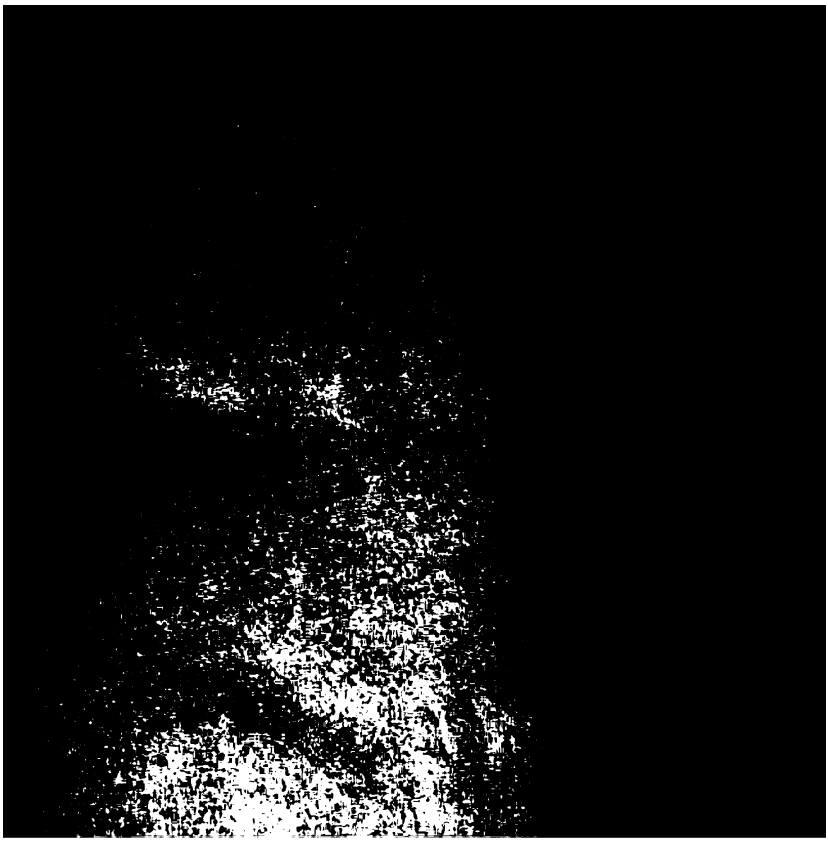

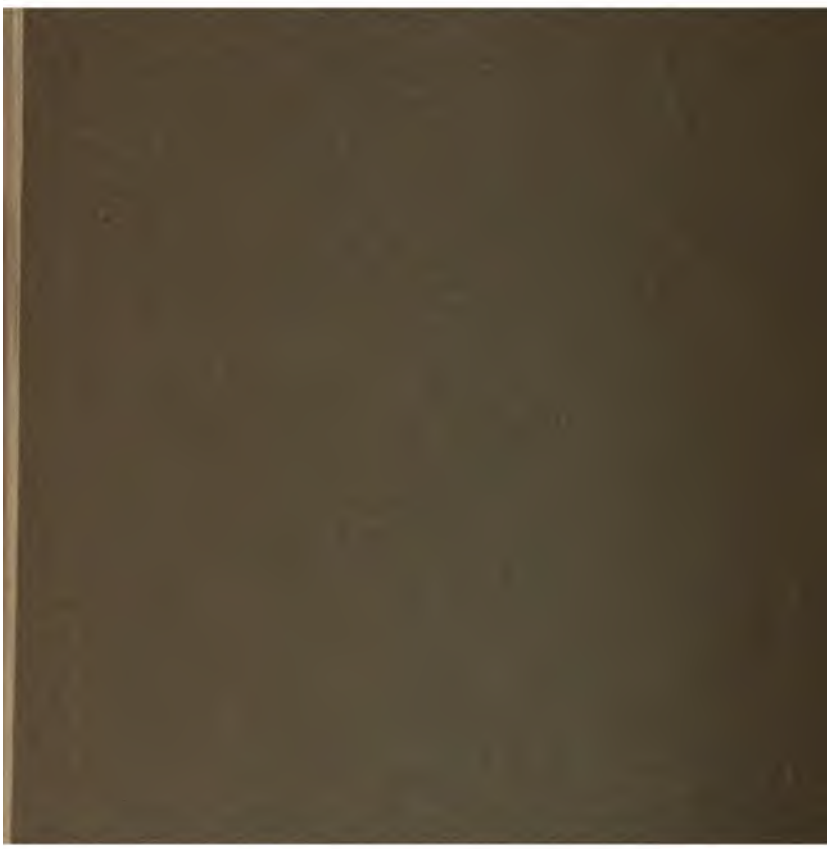

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